

★ SPORT

APRIL

HOW
THE WHITE SOX
ARE BUILDING
A WINNER

CHICO
CARRASQUEL



THAT HOME RUN SAVED ME!

By Bobby Thomson

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HIGH SCHOOL HERO

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Inside SPORT

ANYBODY who subscribes to the old-fashioned notion that star athletes can't even read, much less write, can learn something from our experience with Bobby Thomson, the celebrated author who is represented in this issue with "That Home Run Saved Me!" It's customary to assign a working sportswriter to help out when a ballplayer begins to make like Grantland Rice. The writer can guide the athlete's thoughts into channels he knows will produce interesting copy—and he can put those thoughts into English. Author Thomson required no such assistance. In fact, he wouldn't put up with it. He labored over his manuscript for hours, even days. He rewrote it. He showed it to his brother, Jim, and when Jim came up with a few suggestions, Bobby rewrote it again. All in longhand, mind you. We moved a few periods and commas around (had to get our hand in somewhere!) but every word of the article is Bobby's own. We're thinking of sending his original script—16 closely written longhand pages, all in pencil—to the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown. Like all real sluggers, Bobby hates pinch-hitters. And like all real writers, he has no use for ghosts.

* * *

THE foregoing should in no sense be interpreted as reflecting discredit on Marty Marion, who was glad to avail himself of George Johnson's help in preparing his piece, "So You Want to Be a Manager!" Marty simply feels baseball is his racket, not writing. It's pretty clear that Marty thinks he knows a good deal more about baseball now than he did a year ago when he was just starting out as rookie manager of the Cardinals. But despite his disappointment at moving out of the Redbird dugout, "Mr. Shortstop" refused to shout names at anyone. Around the big leagues, they have a name for fellows like Marion. They call them pros.

* * *

Stan Baumgartner, who wrote "Will the Phillies Sweat Their Way Back?", may very well be the hottest rooter in any major-league press box. Stan, who pitched for the Phillies himself from 1914 through 1922, and then joined the Athletics for a stretch, is still one of the Phils at heart, even though he now earns a living writing baseball for the Philadelphia Inquirer. To give you an idea of Stan's affection for the club, even during the National League playoff games between the Giants and the Dodgers last fall, the first thing he did when he settled into his pressbox seat was open his portable typewriter, take out a Phillies cap, and perch it on his head. Then he was ready to go to work.

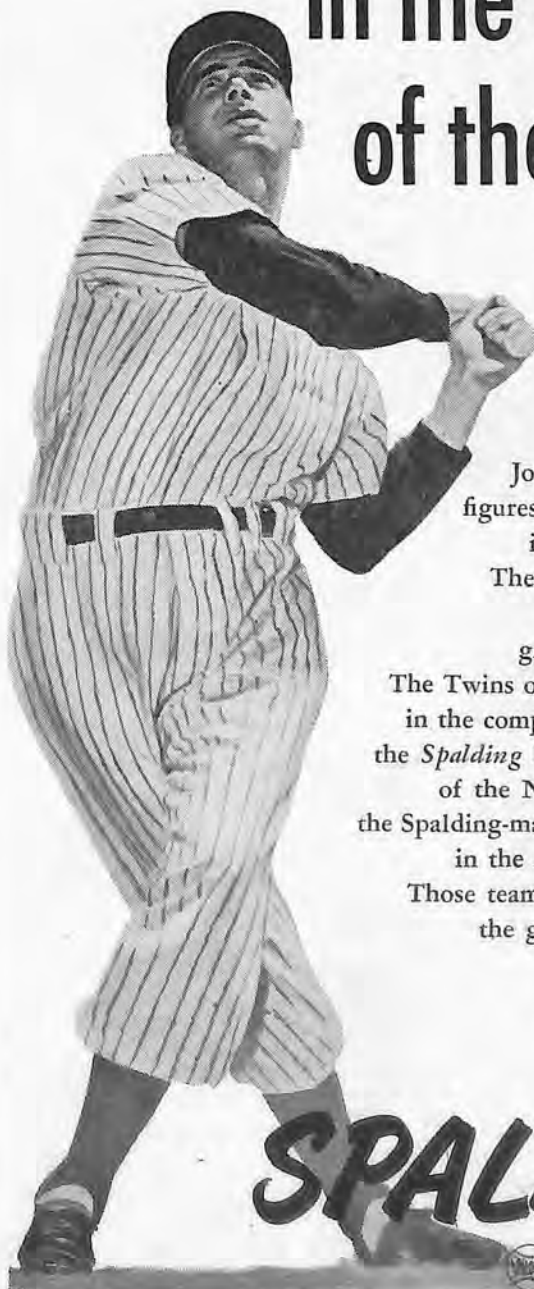
—The Editors

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SPORT

THE MAGAZINE FOR SPORT SPECTATORS

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Member of the Sport Men's Group



NEXT MONTH

ALL EYES ARE ON THE GIANTS

Nothing ever can change what they did in '51 but everybody's curious to see if the Giants can do it again . . . The answer will rest in large part with Captain Alvin Dark, who, more than anyone except skipper Durocher, symbolizes the new Giants.

THE BALLPLAYERS' ANNUAL NIGHTMARE

The spring barnstorming tours are a barrel of fun for everyone but the players. Jack Orr tells you why in "Barnstorming Is the Ballplayers' Bugaboo" . . . Read how "Mangrum Plays a Lone Hand" and you'll understand Lloyd's string of golf victories.

CAN STANKY REVIVE THE CARDS?

"It's Gas House Stanky Now!" says our SPORT Special for May. Don't miss the inside story of what peppery Fred Saigh expects the scrappy second-baseman to do for the Redbirds . . . If you're hoping to play pro ball yourself or you know someone who is, the plain-talking piece by Tommy Henrich, "How To Become a Big-League Ballplayer," is a must. Tommy ought to know the answers, and he holds nothing back. . . . You also get articles on ace bowler Junie McMahon, on the Kentucky Derby, on ballplayers Gil Coan, Al Rosen and Murry Dickson. Plus a heartwarming extra feature, "They'll Never Forget!" by hard-luck Ralph Branca of Brooklyn.

ALL IN MAY SPORT

At Your Newsstands April 2

Watch For That Al Dark Cover!

SPORT for MAY



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SPORTalk

Meet our Campus Football Queen . . . Watching

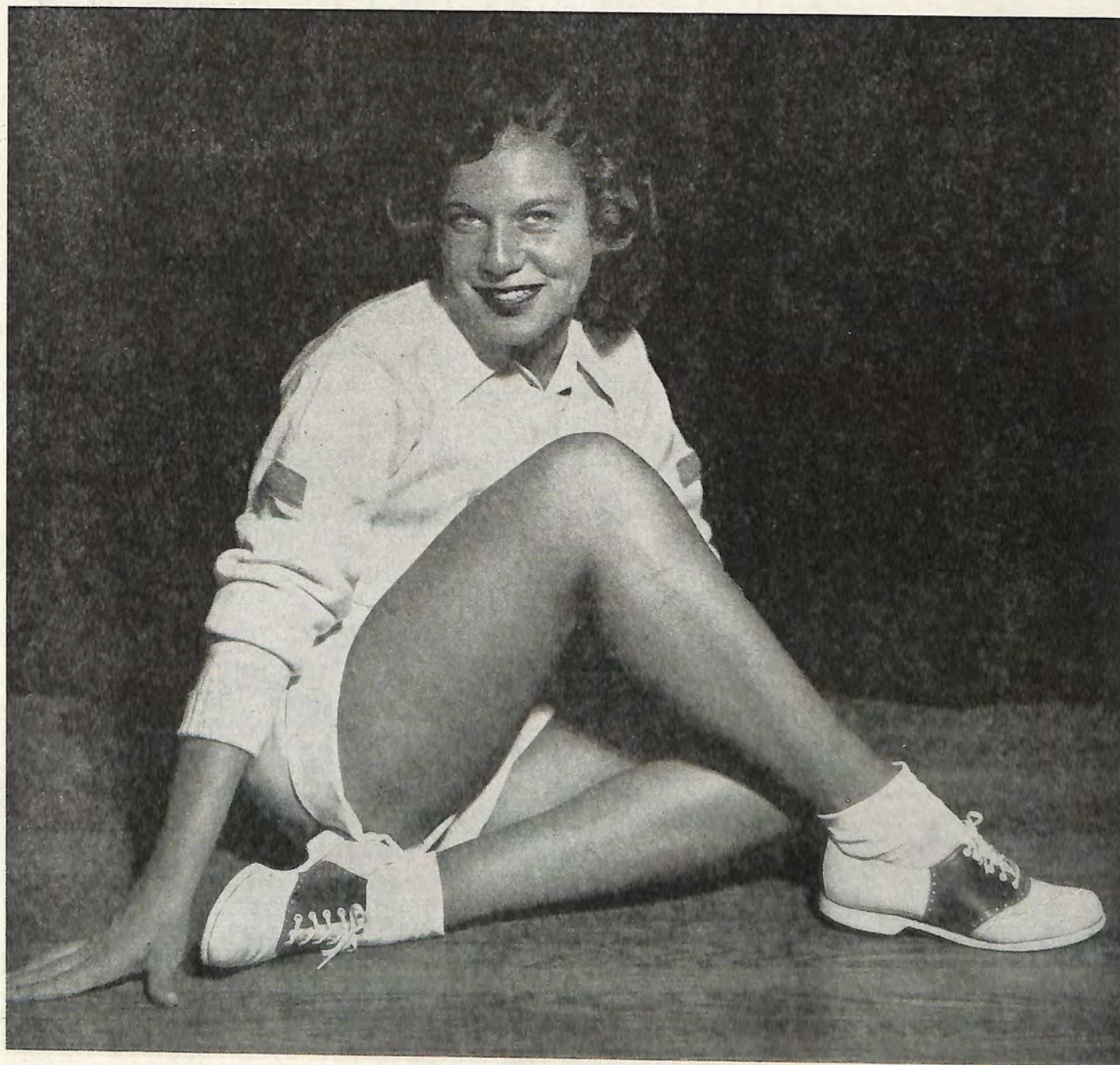
Rocky Marciano in the gym . . . Ralph Branca sheds

jinx number . . . Inside gossip from coast to coast

By BIFF BENNETT

THE Campus Football Queen of 1951 is brown-haired, 20-year-old Kitty Hartman, the University of Tennessee's effervescent cheerleader and its most flowering example of Southern womanhood. Kitty defeated her next rival in the poll by more than 900 votes, thanks to the enthusiastic support of her fellow students and to SPORTalk readers all over the country.

For those of you who are interested in statistics, Miss Hartman is five feet, three inches, weighs 122 pounds, has a 35-inch bust, 23-inch waist and 35-inch hips. She is a senior in the College of Education at Tennessee where she is majoring in physical education and minoring in sociology. Kitty says her main ambition is to graduate this June; then comes a European tour. She is a member of Alpha Delta Pi sorority and her favorite sports are swimming,



Now you can appreciate why pretty Kitty Hartman was voted Campus Football Queen of 1951. Kitty loves eating, attending dances and watching Tennessee play football. Her favorite type man is "a Southern gentleman."

tennis and bowling. Her Knoxville address is being withheld to protect her from any over-enthusiastic voters. Kitty is busy enough as it is.

Her victory should prove a balm to Tennessee partisans still licking their wounds from the Sugar Bowl beating the Vols took last New Year's Day. Her pretty picture has brightened our office these past few weeks, too. To Kitty, our best wishes and congratulations!

Because of the readers' enthusiastic response, Biff is already planning his 1952 Campus Football Queen contest. If any of you students think you have a candidate on your campus, we'll be glad to receive her picture. Only rule is that she be a cheerleader or drum majorette attending school next fall.

RAY Robinson was an eloquent speaker at the luncheon **SPORT** held in his honor as Man of the Year in January. The large group of sportswriters and guests who gathered at Toots Shor's heard a humble address by boxing's great middleweight champion. Sitting at the head table with Robinson, Mayor Impellitteri and **SPORT**'s Editor, Ed Fitzgerald, was Tommy Henrich, the former Old Reliable of the New York Yankees. Tommy won the Man of the Year award in 1949.

Henrich's presence and the memory of the World Series home run he hit off Don Newcombe inspired Robinson to reveal this bit of information. "I was visiting Newk one day a while ago and I asked him to tell me just what kind of pitch it was that he threw to Tommy in that ninth inning. Don said to me, 'I tell you, Ray, that was nothing but a change of space pitch.'"

In addition to receiving a plaque from **SPORT**, Robinson found a different kind of citation waiting for him when he left the luncheon. It was a parking ticket, tied to the antenna on his flamingo-pink 1951 convertible Cadillac. Ray had parked his car in front of the restaurant—in a no parking zone.

THE sign on the building read: "This Is A Youth Center—No Loitering!" Two flights up in the CYO gym on East 17th Street in New York, a group of amateur fighters were working out. They wore varying degrees of boxing trunks. One young boy wore blue polka-dot shorts. He was in the ring, shadow boxing. Most of the boys' faces were unmarked except for an abundance of pimples and blackheads, the disquieting symbols of adolescence.

A professional heavyweight named Bernie Reynolds was working the bag in a corner of the large room. Reynolds is the fighter who became involved in a brawl with movie actor Robert Mitchum. He had just been discharged from the Army after a stay in the hospital and was preparing to resume his pro career. His trainer, a short, thin man



Mainichi newspaper

Yoshio Shirai (left) kayoed Dado Marino and became the first fighter from Japan ever to get a title bout. It's set for May.

APRIL '52



Acme

New York's Mayor Impellitteri and **SPORT** Editor Ed Fitzgerald present Ray Robinson his plaque as Man of the Year.

with a large bald spot running down from the top of his head, sprinkled water on the floor around Reynolds, whispering instructions at the same time. He moved over to another bag to illustrate those instructions, his small hands moving frantically against the dirt-grey bag. Reynolds paid him no attention and kept on flailing at his own bag.

Rocky Marciano came through the gym door. He was alone. He was dressed in a brown plaid sports shirt and brown pants. Only one or two of the people in the gym looked up. Charlie Goldman, Marciano's trainer, wasn't one of them. Goldman, a gnome-like man with shriveled features, was busy applying liquid to a young fighter's hands. He wore a yellow-checked sports shirt and a faded bow tie.

In a few minutes, Marciano came out of the dressing room, clad in white trunks edged in black. He looked sheepishly at Goldman. "Sorry I'm late. I had to pay my income tax." Someone said, "This is the time of year you're sorry you make money." Marciano went over to where a photographer, his equipment all set up, was waiting to shoot some pictures. A young boy, looking on, one of the few who had stopped working to stare at the heavyweight contender, said, "What you tryin' to do, build him up? He's already built."

Charlie Goldman moved over to watch. His head staring at the floor, he remarked to the person beside him, "If you can punch, it's a short cut. It would have taken Rocky three more years to make it. A fellow with a good punch can make it in half the time. A good punch is a good equalizer."

The photographer gave Marciano a brief rest and Goldman went over to show Rocky a photo that recently had been taken. It showed Marciano and Goldman squared off in fighting pose. Rocky said, "You ain't got your right hand up. I'm surprised at you, Charlie." The photographer once more seated Marciano on the wooden, folding chair in front of a black curtain draped over the wall. "Show your muscles, tighten up the arm," the photographer implored. Marciano obliged. The biceps in his right arm bulged, curved gracefully at the shoulder and forearm. "I've got to get one more of you. You moved just a little." "I did?" Rocky said in self-disgust. "I'm sorry."

Goldman watched Rocky. "He's very cooperative. I call up and tell him to come down. He comes. No questions asked. He does anything I tell him. Not like other wise-guy fighters. Not a prima donna."

STANFORD may be having another Mathias playing football for them soon. He's Bob's younger brother, Jim, who has been playing fullback for Tulare High . . . When Kid Gavilan was in training for a fight recently, his fare at a hotel in the Catskills was rich with exotic foods. "I eat knishes, knadles, kartufels, and borscht—everything," he boasted. "I like American cooking." . . . (→ TO PAGE 91)

No other way
of shaving..
no other
shaving cream
gives you closer
cleaner, longer-
lasting shaves
..and is
so good
for your
skin!



LETTERS TO SPORT

205 EAST 42 ST., N.Y.C.



THAT GUY DUROCHER

I must say that the Lewis Burton article in the February SPORT belatedly "discovering" Durocher a managerial genius just about summed up the typical Giant rooster, a label Burton, strangely enough, seems to relish. Never let it be said they don't know good baseball—once they're hit over the head with it.

It will come as news to Mr. B., I'm sure, but ever since the front-office reluctantly allowed Leo to clean out the Giant fans' idols—Cooper, Marshall and Kerr (ugh!)—we fans who admire smart, peppery baseball (as distinguished from mere pennants) have been privileged to see 311 sparkling Durocher-type games, each as exciting in its own way as the much-publicized playoff game. In other words, if you savvy smart baseball and aren't one of those headline-hunting fans who show up once a year, you realize the truth of what Pete Reiser once said: "Playing for Durocher is fun. He makes every game a World Series game."

There is no team like a Durocher-managed team. To doubters I offer as Exhibit A the deterioration of the Dodgers since Leo's 1948 exit into a bunch of lethargic, choke-up crybabies.

New York City, N. Y. SAM LAWRIE

... What could be wrong with Mr. Burton? Was he born in the Polo Grounds? Does he own a share of the Giants? ... I have read many weird stories in my time but this one takes the cake—trying to make a baseball "goody" out of an established bad-man like Durocher! Brooklyn, N. Y. JERRY GRANT

A BET ON CORBETT

Jack Sher wrote a wonderful piece on Jim Corbett in the February issue. I bet a gamecock rooster on Jim when he fought Fitzsimmons in Carson City, Nevada, on St. Patrick's Day in 1897. I was 12 years old then. Corbett was a man in my book for many years. I saw the first fight pictures ever made of a fight and they were of that match. We rightly called them "flickers" then.

I saw Corbett in the show "Pals" that Jack Sher mentions in the article. Too bad that we have so few men like Jim Corbett and George Cohan around today. ... Edmonton, Alberta A. R. BETTS

TOP PERFORMERS

Congratulations are due on your Man of the Year choice (Sugar Ray Robinson) and the public's selections in boxing, golf, and horse racing. ... However, I can't bring myself to agree with choices for Top Performers in college and pro football.

Otto Graham has seen seasons in which he was truly great but 1951 was not one of them. A more logical choice would have been the LA

Rams' Bob Waterfield or Graham's teammate, the one and only Lou Groza.

And in college football ... while Dick Kazmaier may be a rough customer on the gridiron, he certainly can't be called "head and shoulders" above the pride of the Big Ten, OSU's Vic Janowicz. It takes a really remarkable player to rise above the handicaps presented by a second-rate coach and an equally second-rate team and be named the most valuable player in the nation's toughest conference.

My hometown has been called a "coach's graveyard" and the "football-craziest city in the world." It is that and more besides. It boasts a downtown quarterbacks' club of 90,000 which howls for a coach's scalp if the team has anything less than an unbeaten season. Pity the poor player who causes the loss of a single game!

Yet despite this atmosphere of tension Janowicz is spoken of with the reverence usually reserved for such greats as Harley, Fesler and Horvath, OSU stars of yesterday.

And you have the colossal gall ... to lightly dismiss the man who, besides being an almost unanimous choice for the All-America on offense, also distinguished himself by appearing on both the offensive and defensive Associated Press teams. ... Fort Campbell, Ky.

PFC. DON C. JOHNSTON

I am writing about your selection of Sugar Ray Robinson as Man of the Year. Randy Turpin beat the heck out of him in London and was beating him again when Robinson knocked him out in the return bout. My choice for Man of the Year is Rocky Marciano. ... Accomac, Virginia AL EDMONDS

... I want to thank you and the rest of the staff for selecting me for the award in pro football. Needless to say, I have always considered SPORT's selections as the tops and it really makes me feel good to think I have fooled you again. I am glad you didn't wait until after the championship game to make the selection.

Cleveland, Ohio

OTTO GRAHAM

MORE ABOUT MASSILLON

While we are satisfied that the fine story on our football program at Massillon, written by Jerry Brondfield, speaks for itself, we feel we must reply to the serious charges made in this column last month by Sid May of Salem, Ohio.

May, who is obviously a student at Salem High School, is not too well informed, even on matters which occur in Salem. He charges that "they (Massillon) took two potential varsity men from Salem High." ... Here are the facts of the case:

The father of the first boy was janitor in a Salem (→ TO PAGE 93)

AROUND THE

TV-RADIO



CIRCUIT

BY TED VERNON

Joe DiMaggio (right) may miss playing with the Yankees this season but it won't be because of the lost revenue. The Clipper's television and radio offers already total almost twice the \$100,000 in baseball pay he gave up . . . Incidentally, suggestions continue to pour in from amateur critics on how Joe and ex-teammate Tommy Henrich should conduct themselves in their new sportscasting roles. DiMag, with several competent radio and TV assignments behind him, is expected to display the same dignity in his new job that he did in baseball. The loquacious Henrich is in his natural element behind a mike. Tommy has always been a willing and entertaining conversationalist . . . Saturday afternoon TV wrestling has become a hot item in several cities . . . Theater TV hopes to install larger video screens in 4,000 of the 23,000 movie houses it uses within a couple of years . . . Tom Gallery, former sports head for DuMont, has joined NBC-TV as sports director.



Acme



Jack Horner (left), sports director of KSTP, in St. Paul, who handles three daily sport shows, is one of the most popular as well as one of the busiest broadcasters in the North Country . . . At their winter meeting, the Baseball Writers Association of America called on the major-league presidents to define the privileges of broadcasters working for their clubs. The writers noted that radio men have adopted the habit of second-guessing the official scorer and want it stopped.

Recent reports indicate that Mexico is ahead of the U.S. in television proficiency and technique, especially in the coverage of baseball. In games south of the border, some cameras are located right on the field. One is set up directly behind the home-plate umpire, with the cameraman posted in a big, round plexiglass shell, recording the picture from over the shoulder of the arbiter. This camera is able to show the path of the ball from the time it leaves the pitcher's hand until it crosses the plate. Similar shell-cameras are located just off first and third. Another hangs from the overhead girders in the stands and two are set in the outfield . . . Hal Totten, former Chicago baseball commentator, who owns a radio station in Keokuk, Iowa, has taken over as president of the Three-Eye League . . . TV film rights to the Olympics, being held this summer in Finland, are being sold by the U.S. Olympic Committee in a bid to make up a considerable portion of the \$850,000 needed to send our athletes abroad . . . Joe Louis is reported considering an offer to become a TV disc jockey . . . Television took a severe rap for missing the first-class brawl that followed Ernie Durando's TKO of Rocky Castellani in January. While Castellani's manager, Tommy Ryan, was dashing across the ring and taking a punch at referee Ray Miller, the viewers were being treated to a commercial. As its critics have pointed out, TV still needs to learn how to handle the unexpected.

Jim Woods (right), sports director of WAGA in Atlanta, handles all games of the Atlanta Crackers and does re-creations of big-league games of the day . . . Ronald Reagan, former WHO (Des Moines, Iowa) sportscaster, has the lead in "The Big League," movie on the life of Grover Cleveland Alexander . . . Indoor track promoters have won their battle to keep major meets off TV. Crowds at many of the meets have been up over last year's figures.



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50 seconds' brisk massage with stimulating Vitalis and you **FEEL** the difference in your scalp—prevent dryness, rout embarrassing flaky dandruff.

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the difference in your
HAIR!



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and the
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WILL THE PHILLIES SWEAT THEIR WAY BACK?

The hardest-working club in Florida is Eddie Sawyer's gang of ex-Whiz Kids. They're paying for their sorry flop in 1951 with a Spartan training grind designed to make or break them

By STAN BAUMGARTNER



Acme

Some Phillies, like Robin Roberts (opposite page), do their own conditioning; others sweat under trainer Frank Weichec.

WILL the Phillies, champions of the National League in 1950 but fifth-place finishers last year, "sweat" their way back to a position of respectability—and maybe a pennant—in 1952?

At least one close observer thinks they will. He is Eddie Sawyer, the fellow who shared the club's joys and bitter disappointments in the last two seasons. Sawyer believes the Phillies *must* sweat their way back, and he realizes that his fate as a manager and the immediate futures of many of his players are certain to be greatly influenced by his decision.

When manager Sawyer, with the support of club president Bob Carpenter, made public his comeback plans for the Phillies, it was evident he had decided on an all-or-nothing campaign. In spring training at Clearwater, Florida, the Phillies are operating under the stiffest rules of conduct in the Grapefruit Circuit. At the top of the list of do's and don't's are the following: (1) No swimming; (2) No wives at camp; (3) No card-playing for money; (4) All players must be in their rooms by midnight; (5) No automobiles. The daily work schedule is demanding. Few college football teams, much less major-league ball clubs, go through a more Spartan training routine than the one put into effect by Sawyer.

The notice that wives and automobiles would not be tolerated at Clearwater this year drew some angry reactions from the ball-players. Sawyer expected it. "I don't think wives are 'poison' at a training camp," he said. "But I want my men housed in one place. I want them to think, talk and eat baseball. When wives or families are around, there are too many outside interests. I see no reason for automobiles at camp. Walking is good exercise. I want my men to be tired when the day is over. It keeps them out of trouble."

Sawyer's statements, made a month and a half before the Phillies opened their camp at Clearwater, startled others besides his players. They sounded pretty harsh coming from a man who, in 1950, had been described as a taciturn ex-professor, paternally guiding the Whiz Kids to a pennant. What happened to the gentle manager of two years ago?

The answer, of course, can be found in last season's National League standings. Eddie believes he can no longer afford to be mild-mannered with a team that slipped so badly in such a short time. He knows he is on the spot. A two-year contract does not immunize him from strong criticism by the fans. He heard plenty of it last summer. Bob Carpenter has expressed firm confidence in Sawyer but it (→ TO PAGE 72)

Color photo by Ozzie Sweet



Phillies

SO YOU WANT TO BE A MANAGER!

The man who was fired for bringing the Cardinals home in third place learned a lot about the hazards of piloting a major-league team in one season. He speaks freely of his problems and how he met them

By MARTY MARION



The strongest conviction I carried out of my first season as a major-league manager is that it's the players who are chiefly responsible for where a ball club finishes. The manager really doesn't have much to do with it.

It was mostly due to the players that the St. Louis Cardinals finished third in the National League last season, after almost everyone—including me—picked them to finish in the second division.

In my mind, the year was a success, even though I lost my job. (I've never been told why.) The team was successful because it did better than expected. I was successful because I got experience that can't be measured in dollars and cents, and I got the inward assurance that I can manage a ball club. Of course, you are always outwardly sure you can do a job, and I felt that way when I took over the club last spring. But down deep in your heart you're never sure you can do something until you've proved it to yourself. Now there is no question in my mind that I can manage a ball club. But if you want to manage in the major leagues, you have to expect a lot of headaches and disappointments, and you have to run the chance of getting fired no matter where you finish. I found that out.

Last season was the worst I've ever gone through from a mental standpoint. I had the most helpless feeling during a game. As far as I was concerned, I

didn't have as much to do with winning and losing games as a manager as I did when I was a player.

Ballplayers are born, not made. If ballplayers could be made, I could take you out there on the field and teach you to play shortstop in major-league style. A manager can help a player bring out his talents, but he can't create talent where it doesn't exist any more than he could put water in his car's gas tank and say, "Now you're gasoline."

The manager judges players on the basis of his own knowledge and experience, and he has to play the ones he thinks are best at the different positions. Naturally, people will disagree with him, but he can't run his ball club on someone else's opinions. Some people thought I was crazy when I put little Solly Hemus at shortstop during spring training last year; they said he didn't have the tools to play the position. I knew that, but I was desperate for a shortstop. Then Solly turned out to be one of my most pleasant surprises.

After the manager picks what he considers his best team, he plays the type of game that team is best suited for. If he has a fast club, he plays a running game—and that's a point I want to elaborate on a little later. If he has a power club, he plays for the big inning. If he has good pitching and a good defense, he plays for one run and counts on keeping the other team from scoring much. (And that's a very good kind of club to have, I think.)

After he picks his team and decides what style of



No one, including Marion, expected the



Acme

Cardinals to finish among the top three in the National League when he took charge of the veteran team in the spring of '51.

game it is best suited for, the manager comes to his biggest job. That is to keep the boys liking him and wanting to play for him, and to make them want to win. The trick is to know how to handle each man to get the best out of him. I made up my mind before we went to spring training that the best way to operate was to treat the boys the way I had wanted to be treated when I was a player. Billy Southworth warned me in Florida to avoid the mistakes he made when he stepped right out of the Cardinal ranks to manage men he had played with. Billy said he tried to be too strict and the club died on him. That made me even more determined to try to be one of the boys as much as possible.

A manager coming into a club from the outside wouldn't have reason to mix so much with the players, but I kept my same locker instead of moving down to the end of the dressing room to the one Eddie Dyer had used. At Sportsman's Park the manager has to dress with the players because he has no separate quarters. On the road when a manager's room was provided, I dressed there. I couldn't pal around with the men I had been closest to as a player because that would have embarrassed them more than me. But I tried not to give the boys the idea that I wanted to separate myself from them and put myself on a higher level.

I think I was successful because we finished so well and because when the rumor went around in (→ TO PAGE 66)

Acme

What a difference a season can make to a manager! Owner Fred Saigh (above, right) smiled broadly as he posed with Marty Marion at the Cards' training base. Eight months later, Marion was out of a job.

APRIL '52



HOCKEY'S NEW

Mr. Zero

Although he is only completing his second season in the league, Detroit's Terry Sawchuk is already being compared with the great goalies of the past

By AL SILVERMAN

AS THE buzzer sounded ending the hockey game at Madison Square Garden, a happy band of New York Rangers, whooping it up as though they had just won the deciding battle for the Stanley Cup, descended upon their goalkeeper, Chuck Rayner, to congratulate him upon his 1-0 shutout of the Detroit Red Wings. To a man they swarmed over Rayner, hugging him, slapping him on the backside with their sticks and jumping on top of each other to get an admiring whack at the individual chiefly responsible for breaking the Wings' record-tying string of 15 road games without a defeat. The fifth-place Rangers were immersed in that spontaneous, unrestrained sense of elation every underdog must feel when mediocrity is beaten back, if for just the moment.

While all this was going on, unnoticed by most of the cheering fans at the Garden who were indulging themselves as much as the New York players, a red-jerseyed skater made his way through the milling mass of Rangers to Rayner's side, put his gloved hand into his opponent's, and said, "You were terrific tonight, Chuck. No kidding!"

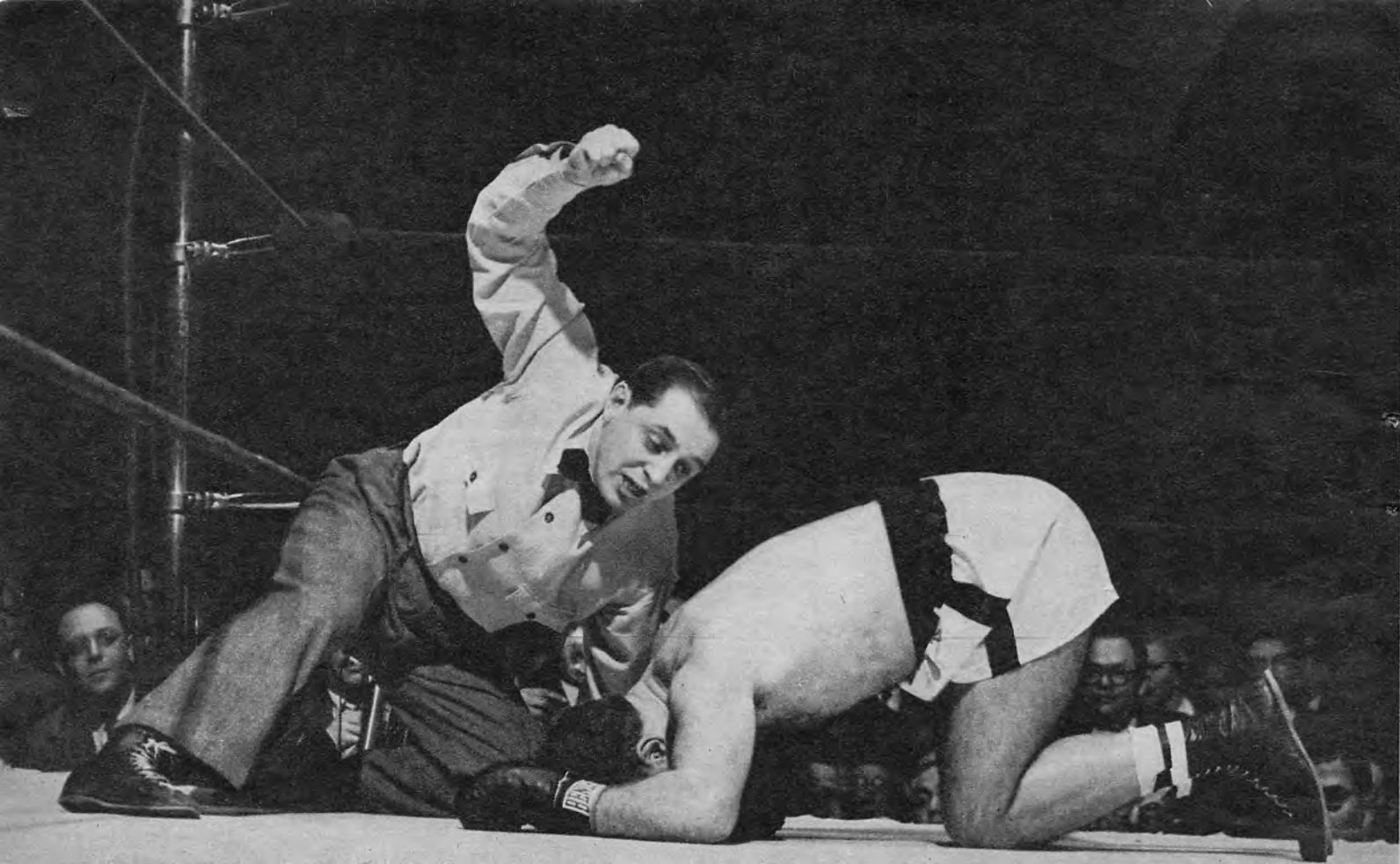
Rayner's face broke into a warm, somewhat surprised smile, and he replied, "Look who's congratulating who. You were the one who did the job tonight, not me."

The lone Red Wing to participate in that friendly gesture of sportsmanship is a remarkable 22-year-old young man named Terrance Gordon Sawchuk, number one goaltender in the National Hockey League and the player most experts agree is the likeliest candidate to succeed to the tradition of the classic goaltenders—Gordon (—→ TO PAGE 83)

Split-second coordination of hands and feet, plus uncanny reflexes and concentration, help make 22-year-old Sawchuk a winning goalie.







RUBY GOLDSTEIN

THE THIRD MAN

One of the most exciting jobs in sports belongs to the fight referee. This is the story of the most famous official in boxing and of the glamorous but lonely life he leads

By LESTER BROMBERG

IN the tension-packed Ray Robinson-Randy Turpin return bout last September 12 at the Polo Grounds, referee Ruby Goldstein stopped the fight with the battered Britisher on his feet but virtually out. Only eight seconds remained in the tenth round of the 15-round bout for the middleweight championship of the world.

It was a decision that could easily have provoked an international incident. Confidence in Goldstein's judgment was the only thing which saved the situation, and Teddy Waltham, secretary of the British Board of Boxing Control, had that. "I speak in an official capacity and as an ex-referee," Waltham said. "There

can be no criticism despite our disappointment. Goldstein was completely fair and competent. I would be pleased to have any of our referees work as he did."

This unstinting tribute is only one of the evidences that Ruby Goldstein, in relatively few years, has become the acme of efficient refereeing. His reputation has, of course, been given a tremendous boost by television. More people watch him on a given night than may have seen a famous old-time referee in his entire career.

Boxing people already are convinced Goldstein is a worthy descendant of such great referees as George Siler and Charley White. His immediate predecessor

among class referees is Arthur Donovan, who retired several years ago. Ruby perhaps ranks a little higher.

Goldstein reveals his class in the manner in which he combines the virtues of other referees without acquiring their faults. He is fast and graceful but doesn't "showboat." He is decisive but not tyrannical. Above all else, he has the capacity to stay close to the fighters without interfering with them. By staying on top of the action, he can always tell when and if the fight should be stopped. I can never remember when he has permitted a fight to go too long.

Possibly the lone point on which he can be criticized is his voting. Some of his scores have been out of line, I believe. But his poor calls have been few. As Harry Markson, managing director of the International Boxing Club, put it, "With a margin for scoring error, Ruby is still far and away the best."

Now 44, this native of New York's lower East Side has made the grade the hard way. As a youth, he had spectacular, if brief, success as a lightweight boxer. But after his short, exciting ring career, he seemed to hit the bottom. He started his non-fighting comeback when he went into the Army in the last war.

Ruby has an adept mind even though he had only a year of high school. While guest-refereeing in Seattle, he was invited to speak before the student body of the University of Washington. When he arose, he said: "If there are any professors of English here, will they please leave?"

In the inevitable question-and-answer periods that follow one of his speeches, Goldstein usually hears from somebody who wants to know about the first fight between Joe Louis and Jersey Joe Walcott. That was the time Ruby voted against Louis, who had been his Army buddy during World War II. The two judges voted for Louis and he remained heavyweight champion. Virtually everybody else who saw the fight in Madison Square Garden agreed he was right and the judges wrong.

"I didn't have any personal feeling in the matter," he has explained time and again. "When I'm in the ring I wouldn't recognize my own brother."

Louis never made an issue of Goldstein's vote but echoes of it were heard as recently as last October 26, when the then ex-heavyweight champion was boxing Rocky Marciano at the Garden. Marshall Miles, Louis' manager, insisted: "Goldstein in the middle is a mental hazard. We don't want him in there. Joe won't fight."

Bob Christenberry, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, was firm about the choice of referee. "We've decided on Goldstein and nobody else will work," he said.

Then Truman Gibson, of the International Boxing Club, suggested: "Why not ask Louis? We've only heard from the manager."

Joe didn't care. "That was Marshall objecting. It's all the same to me. I got no quarrel with Ruby," he declared.

The fight came to a poignant finish. In the eighth round, Marciano knocked Louis out onto the ring apron. Without a count, Goldstein waved that it was over. Then, like someone reaching out to help a stricken friend, he leaned over the rope, cradling Louis' head and removing his mouthpiece.

They had been GIs together at several bases around New York. Their friendship grew during a three-month air tour they made on an Army assignment. They were sent to the Aleutians to entertain at service



INP
A fast, competent workman, Goldstein is always in command. He stays close to the action, never lets a fight go too far.

installations. Joe boxed soldier opponents on the trip.

The Army had been Ruby's voluntary choice. Four months after Pearl Harbor he enlisted. He was assigned to Fort Hamilton, Special Services branch, in Brooklyn. It is one of the few Army posts with a boxing arena for pro shows. The profits help finance recreational projects for soldiers.

The regular referee at Fort Hamilton then was Arthur Susskind, Jr., who once fought as Young Otto and is now a New York fight judge. Susskind was taken ill during a bout and the late Abe Goldberg, a judge, stepped in to finish the show.

Special Services had no idea of a replacement. Ruby's name was suggested by John and Ray Monahan, the brothers who operated the club as civilians. "He went in at the next show," John recalled, "and he really was a nervous ref. He had me and my brother coach him from the sidelines. We kept yelling, 'work closer . . . get further away'—whatever he needed to be told. He caught on fast. By the main event, he had it down pat. There was no doubt who was going to be the regular ref from then on."

Later, possibly encouraged by the fact the Fort

raised his refereeing fee from \$10 to \$15, Ruby decided to apply for a license as a commission referee in New York, where the fees go from \$25 to \$250.

He wasn't very hopeful. He knew no politicians. He also was aware there had been no appointments in some time. But he filled out a form and mailed it.

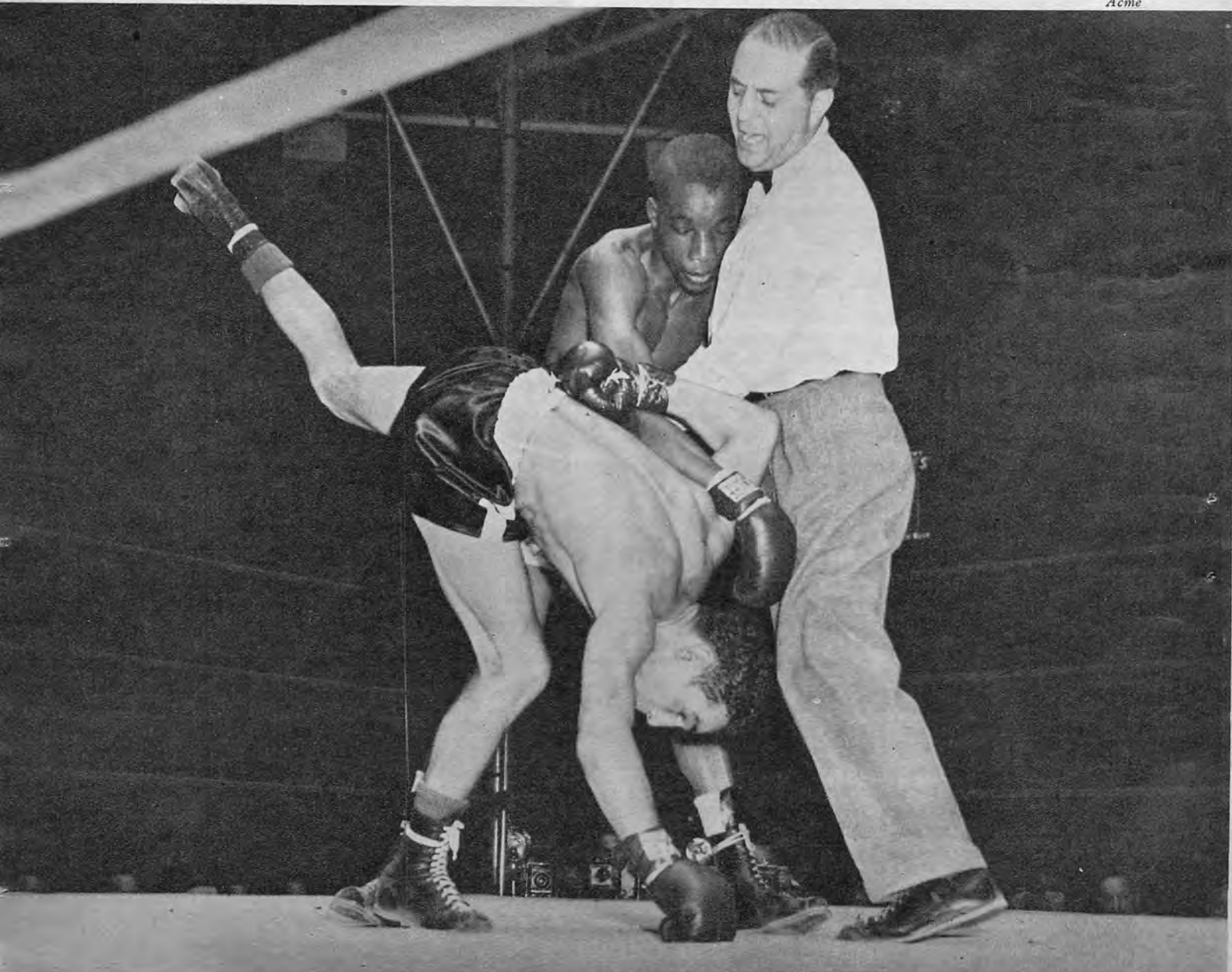
Two weeks later, Goldstein was happily surprised to learn that two appointments had been made to men in service—the late Benny Leonard, then in the Maritime Service, and himself. It was roughly ten years to the day since the last time his name had been before the commission. In 1933, during one of his unfortunate comebacks, he had been suspended because of a hassle over a Broadway Arena match that didn't come off.

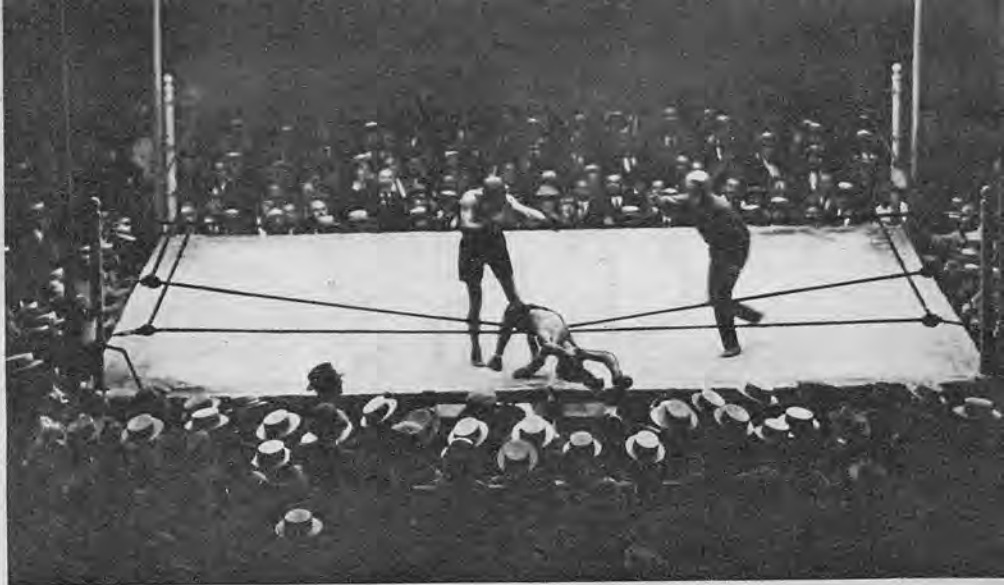
While still in uniform, Ruby began working in clubs for the commission and, on March 30, 1945, he refereed his first Garden main event—Joe Bakshi-Lou Nova. Everybody went for him. Sportswriters mentioned him as a promising referee. Four years later, the New York Boxing Writers Association singled him out as "Referee of the Year." The award had never been made before, and the trade regarded it as a great honor.

Ruby's distinction as a referee is based on his applied

Brawlers like Willie Pep and Sandy Saddler make it tough for the referee. Goldstein had his hands full in their 1950 title bout.

Acme





In 1926, at Coney Island Stadium, Ruby's short but spectacular career as a fighter was all but finished by Ace Hudkins, then called the Nebraska Wildcat. Goldstein is shown weighing in with Hudkins (left) and draped over the ropes in the fourth round. INP

intelligence. His popular favor as a fighter was something quite different. It came strictly from the gifts of being able to move fast and hit hard. He was so young at the time that he understood little but the glamour and excitement.

When he was 16, Ruby had worked with Bud Taylor, the old bantam champ, in the gym. Just after Ruby turned 17, the late Hymie Cantor, his trainer and manager, had him in his first pro fight.

Those who remember Cantor insist it was a father-son situation from the day he and Ruby met at the Hebrew Educational Alliance. Hymie had a weak heart but he walked the tenement flights on Monroe Street to awaken Ruby for roadwork. Ruby's belief in Hymie was limitless. In the first year and a half he boxed professionally, he met fair competition and blazed through it. He won 23 straight, 13 by knockouts.

Then came his fight with Ace Hudkins at Coney Island Stadium, June 25, 1926. In the first round, Ruby, obeying Cantor's injunction, let fly with a right. It nailed the Nebraska Wildcat on the chin and he went down. Ace got up at nine. They slugged hot and heavy for two more rounds. In the fourth, Hudkins deposited Goldstein on the lowest rope with a terrific hook. Ruby lay there, quivering. It was all over. In the dressing room, he moaned over and over again, "I did my best." Which, in truth, he had.

Twenty-six years later, on the word of those who were around at the time, it seems accurate to say that Cantor made a bad match. Against Hudkins, who was two years older, Ruby, a six-round fighter, was meeting a tough ten-round fighter. Even Sid Terris, Goldstein's old basketball teammate and neighbor, had warned against the match. He had boxed Hudkins the year before. He had won a decision, but only because of his excellent legs. "He eats punches," Sid said. "Leave him for somebody else."

Cantor's error destroyed Goldstein's faith in everything that had been almost holy writ to him.

A month and a half later, Ruby was signed to box in Newark, with Johnny Cecolli, a Scranton, Pennsylvania, club fighter. It looked like a sure thing. Ruby had beaten him in six rounds the previous winter. But, after weighing in, Ruby vanished.

The first to run into him was Charley Rosen and he found him in Los Angeles. "I walk out of my hotel," said Charley, then a lightweight fighter, now a fight judge in New York, "and there is Rube. 'What are you doing here?' I asked. He said, 'Nothing yet. I just come in.' He didn't tell me a thing about what happened. I had to read it all in the papers."

Today, Goldstein laughs about that trip. "It was something to write about," he says.

He stayed on the Coast until Cantor came and asked him to resume boxing in New York. He did. But things had changed. He no longer could be the wide-eyed believer in his manager. He was looking out for himself—and when it came to making matches, he often looked over Cantor's shoulder.

Johnny Attell, who made matches with Lew Raymond in those days at the old Pioneer Horse Market, where Ruby was a favorite, recalled: "He used to drop around at the office. We had some fighters' pictures on the desk. He picked up one, of a good-looking fighter, with no marks on him. 'Who's that? He must be all right, no catcher,' he said.

"'Oh, that's Danny Cooney,' I said. 'You're fighting him. Hymie signed it.'

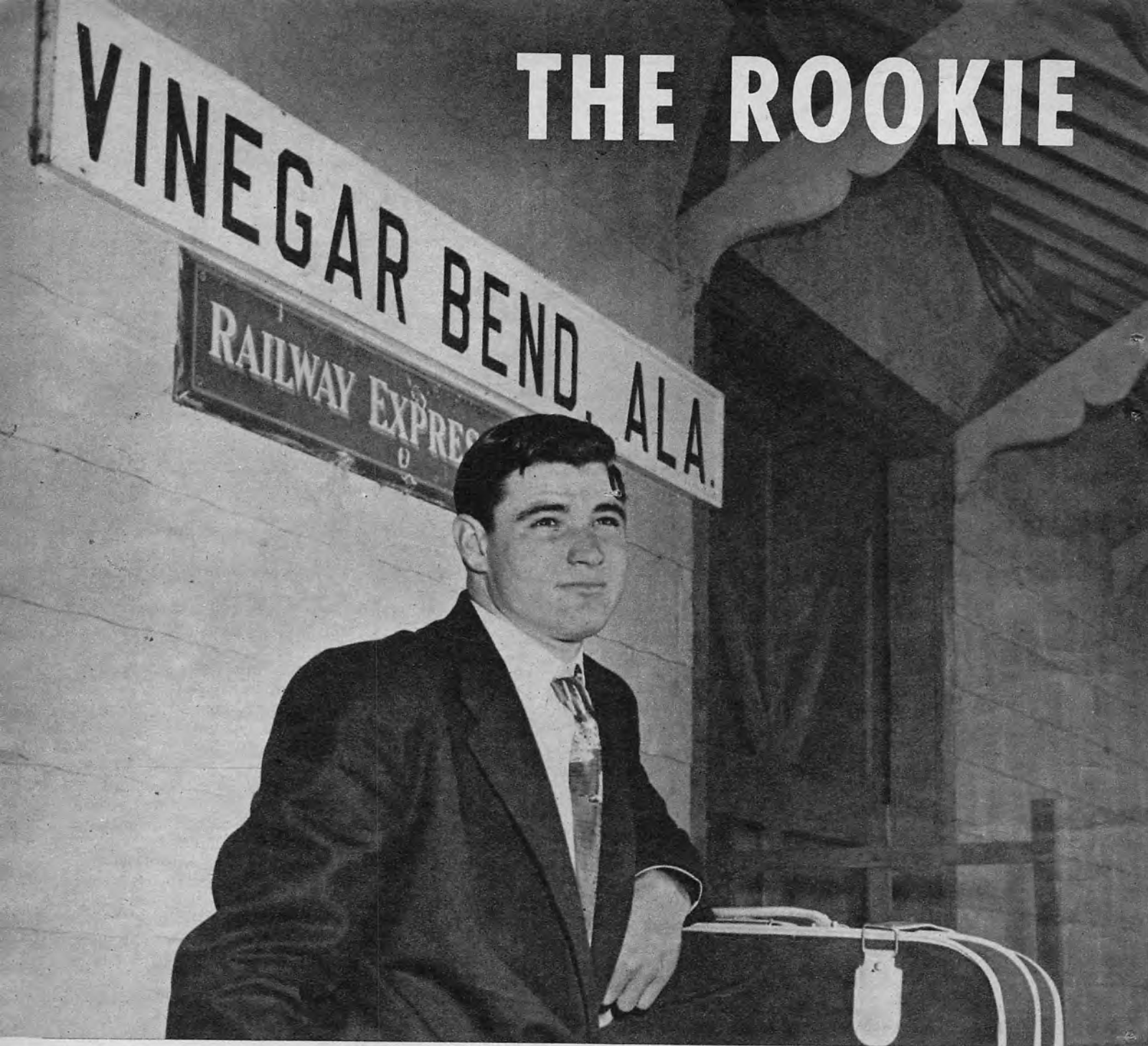
"'Is that so?' Ruby said. He walked out. The next day Ruby had the sniffles—and the match was off."

The match came off eventually, Goldstein winning handily.

Cantor's persistence in rebuilding Ruby was to reap its reward. He got him into a match with Sid Terris in a charity show at the Polo Grounds, for which the fighters split \$50,000. That was June 15, 1927. Goldstein, told by Cantor that he could knock his man down, let Terris have a right on the chin after less than half a minute of sparring. Terris went down. But Sid wasn't badly hurt. He rose to one knee, fixed his glance on Ruby and spoke to him. What he said has since become a byword—"Get back, Ruby. I'm getting up."

He was up at nine. The first punch he let go nailed Goldstein on the head. Ruby dropped as if shot. Some people recall it as a wild right. Benny Leonard, a ring-side writer that night, called it "the new short right Terris has been practicing." Anyway (→ TO PAGE 85)

THE ROOKIE



The town which gave Mizell his colorful nickname is a pin-point settlement cradled on a bend of the Escatawpa River in Alabama.

A plow-jockey's gait, a wide rural grin and a crackling fast ball have helped earn Wilmer Mizell the tag of "a left-handed Dizzy Dean"

By FURMAN BISHER

THE tourist trade has never been a weighty factor in the economy of Vinegar Bend, Alabama. But there is a major-league development afoot that could bring about a radical change in the life of this corn-pone and pea-patchin' settlement, and the development pitches left-handed, thinks ambidextrously, and travels under the name of Wilmer David Mizell.

Enough of this formality. Wilmer David is just for the record. Hereafter he shall be known and addressed as "Vinegar Bend." As such, he has reported to the St. Louis Cardinal camp at St. Petersburg, Florida, for spring training. Chances are this will be his last change of address for several years, for they say this extraordinary young man is ready to thrust himself upon the big leagues with a great degree of permanency.

FROM VINEGAR BEND

In some quarters he is billed as the left-handed successor to Dizzy Dean. If this proves true, the village of Vinegar Bend could become a National League shrine, and with this in mind, it might be wise to get acquainted with its leading attractions.

You come upon Vinegar Bend abruptly about 48 miles northwest of Mobile as you drive along Highway 45. A marker languidly points left and says "Vinegar Bend." You turn down an unpaved road, cross the Escatawpa River—it's not very wide, but it's deep enough for fish—and cross the single track of the Gulf, Mobile & Ohio railroad, with the depot on the right. You drive under a leafy archway formed by spreading oaks and now you hit the heart of the theater district—except there is no theater. On the left are a couple of homes and a combination general store and filling station that houses the post office and is operated by Shep Baxter, 70 years old and the town tycoon. Then three more houses, also on the left, more oaks, and suddenly you're out of Vinegar Bend.

It's strictly a left-handed town, but you won't find Vinegar Bend Mizell in it. You drive about five miles more and you'll find the farmhouse in which he was born and still lives, also on the left-hand side of the road. You will also find you're in another state. Although Mizell gets his mail and buys his feed and horse collars in Vinegar Bend, he lives 200 yards over the state line in Mississippi and went to school in Leakesville, Mississippi, where he was a football end and tackle but never a baseball player. His postal affiliation with Vinegar Bend gave him his trade name. The postmark appealed to the scout who signed him so much that he began to refer to his prize as "Vinegar Bend." It was a catching title.

The pin-point settlement, cradled in a bend of the Escatawpa River, got its name from the days when the railroad was being built, historian Mizell claims. "They shipped some molasses up to the working crew but by the time it got there it had soured and turned to vinegar. They just poured it in the river and called it Vinegar Bend.

"Why, man, Vinegar Bend used to be a boomtown. 'Way back about 1925, they had the second biggest sawmill in the world there and the population was about 2,500 or 3,000. Everything was coming along fine until the guy moved his sawmill and there wasn't nothing left but the bend."

Young Mizell's St. Louis story began to develop at a tryout camp in Biloxi, Mississippi, in September, 1948, and the plot has thickened steadily ever since. Mizell has whirled through the Cardinal organization from Albany, Georgia, to Winston-Salem, North Carolina, to Houston, Texas, to the top, and he has marked his trail distinctly with strikeouts and low-hit games. Just as indelibly impressed on the memories of the towns he has played is the brand of his personality.

Vinegar Bend is a totally unspoiled, 21-year-old country boy, as rural as a wooden churn, a big kid who has been doing what comes naturally so long that it will take several years away from the farm to break him of the habit. He's a big fellow, six-four, 210 pounds. Conversation also comes naturally to him, and when he talks, a coal black cowlick of hair (→ TO PAGE 64)



Acme

The best place to find Vinegar Bend Mizell is at the combination general store and gas station run by Shep Baxter (left).



Acme

Warming up on the home place with his uncle, Mizell's chief trouble has been with his control. He thinks he's ready now.



His wife, Illeana, helped persuade Bill to play basketball instead of winter baseball in Cuba.

SHARMAN

A sharpshooting guard for the Boston Celtics in the winter, a red-hot Brooklyn Dodger farmhand in the summer, Bill must soon choose between them

By Al Hirshberg

SOME day, when Bill Sharman makes up his mind what kind of a professional athlete he's going to be, he will take his pretty blonde wife, Illeana, and his two handsome children and settle down in the general neighborhood of Los Angeles. But Sharman never could decide what sport he liked best while he was in school, and even as a pro he's not exactly a specialist. In summer, he is a member in good standing of the Brooklyn Dodgers' farm system, and he may be with the Dodgers themselves at least for a while this year. In winter, he's a sharpshooting guard for the Boston Celtics of the National Basketball Association.

Whatever he does, he never stays in one place long enough to sprout roots. Since he left the University of Southern California a few weeks before graduation in 1950, Bill has taken his family to half a dozen widely-separated communities in the United States. During the past three years, the Sharmans have lived in Los Angeles, in their old hometown of Porterville, California, in Pueblo, Colorado, in Elmira, New York, in Fort Worth, Texas, in Washington, D. C., and in Revere, Massachusetts, and they haven't stopped moving yet.

They came within a whisker of living in Cuba this last winter, but Illeana gently said no. She didn't mind Bill's taking the family to the West Indies for want of anything else to do, but when the chance came to stay in the States, she said, "Dear, I suppose it's technically none of my business whether you play baseball or basketball, but when it comes to doing one thing in Cuba or the other in Boston, I'll take Boston if you don't mind."

So Bill took basketball and Boston, and Illeana was happy. She flew her children from the West Coast to the East to join Bill, while Sharman's father drove the car across the country for her. The car, a two-toned 1950 Pontiac, not only gets the Sharmans about but houses a good percentage of their belongings. When Bill first left Southern Cal, it held everything the Sharmans owned. Then, as they began accumulating family effects, they put a rack on the top. After that, they added a trunk, then a second trunk. Not too long ago, they bought a trailer. Their most recent worry was how they were going to get everything they owned

out of Revere at the end of the basketball season with nothing more than a car, a roof rack, two trunks and a trailer to carry it in.

Sharman must surely have been the only schoolboy athlete in California, at least, ever to win five varsity letters in one year. Most fellows don't have time for more than three. A select few can pick up four. Bill hit the jackpot in his senior year at Porterville High School when he won letters in football, basketball, baseball, track and tennis. That was in 1944. The fact that the baseball, track and tennis seasons were running concurrently didn't seem to bother Bill. He managed to find time for all three.

Besides collecting letters while he was a senior in high school, Sharman also collected the San Joaquin Valley tennis championship, the Tulare County shot-put and discus-throwing titles—and Illeana. He would happily have settled for Illeana alone. In those days, she was Dorothy Illeana Bough, a member of the Porterville High School cheerleading team. She and Bill were married two days after they graduated together.

Around that period, Bill was giving the big-time tennis circuit serious consideration. If he weren't such an absurdly modest character, it might be assumed that the San Joaquin Valley title went to his head. In any event, he went to Kalamazoo, Michigan, in 1944 for the national junior singles championships. He got by one round but was murdered in the next. That settled his tennis ambitions.

Bill's problem wasn't what sports to take part in, but what sports to eliminate. For a year, he didn't have to worry about it because the war was on and he was very eligible for service. He went into the Navy, ending up as a signalman on a repair ship. He spent nearly a year overseas, and after the war ended, he played basketball in Shanghai, of all places.

Back home and ready for college, the old question of what to do for exercise came up again. He had already eliminated tennis. There was no future in throwing the discus or putting the shot, so he decided to forget track and field athletics. That left three possibilities—baseball, basketball and football. Sharman had been captain and fullback of Porterville's football team during his junior and senior years but the sport didn't interest him any more. When he entered USC in the fall of 1946, he decided to concentrate on baseball and

at the Crossroads

basketball, the two pastimes in which he saw a possible future for himself.

He really didn't intend to cash in on both at once. Sharman isn't the first man to start playing basketball and baseball professionally, but he's the first to keep it up. He has completed a baseball-basketball circuit twice already, and the end isn't in sight yet. Actually, no one knows better than Bill that he can't go on forever, collecting two different salaries a year for playing in two different sports for two different organizations in two different cities. When the time comes to make a choice, baseball will win out—or, at least, Bill hopes it will. He's got to find out first whether or not he can hit major-league pitching.

In the meantime, his Brooklyn baseball contract grants him permission to play basketball and his Boston basketball



International

Having made the grade in major-league basketball, Sharman would like nothing better than to earn a promotion to the Brooklyn Dodgers. An outfielder, he played with Fort Worth of the Texas League in '51.

contract allows him to play baseball. Whatever he does in the immediate future, he must finish the current season with the Celtics. Even if they should go to the NBA playoff finals, however, it won't cut too deeply into baseball, for Bill would be able to report to the Dodgers' training camp in Vero Beach, Florida, in time for a couple of weeks of spring work.

The Dodgers would have convinced him to forget basketball if Illeana and the Celtics hadn't intervened last September. Bill had fashioned a pretty good season at Fort Worth in the Texas League, where he was a sharp outfielder and a good hitter. The Dodgers called him up for the last two weeks of the season and had practically convinced Bill to play winter ball in Cuba because they felt he could use the experience. But the Celtics, who needed someone to replace Sonny Hertzberg in the back court, won title to Sharman. Hertzberg retired after ten years in the game, and Boston was anxious to get Bill. They made loud swishing noises with dollar bills, which Sharman found difficult to resist. Illeana's distaste for another long trip settled the issue.

Bill's first professional basketball contract was with the old Washington Capitols, who won the right to draft him in time for the start of the 1950-51 season. The Capitols' player-manager was long, lean Bones McKinney, who is part beanpole, part basketball player, part brain and part comedian. McKinney was not amused when the Capitols folded in January of 1951, but he was happier when he landed with the Celtics. Once he got to Boston, all he talked about to coach Red Auerbach and president Walter Brown was Sharman.

But Bill already had been claimed by the Fort Wayne Pistons. All the Capitols had been subject to a draw on the part of NBA teams and the Pistons picked Sharman as their first choice. Bill, however, decided to give up basketball for the rest of the year. He figured it would hardly be worthwhile to go to Fort Wayne for six weeks since baseball was just around the corner. He and Illeana packed everything and everyone and went home to California.

In the meantime, the Pistons had acquired the use of big Charley Share, who was originally on Boston's list. Share requested transfer to a Midwestern team, and the Celtics let him go to Fort Wayne with the understanding that the Pistons would send them two players at the end

of the season. When the campaign closed, the Celts asked for Sharman and Bob Brannum. The only reason the Pistons included Sharman was because they thought he had no more interest in basketball.

The Celtics went high for him but they are satisfied that Bill is worth the price. He is one of the most amazing one-hand shooters in the game, an accurate tosser who throws the ball so softly it seems to slide through the hoop. Sharman stands six feet, two inches, which is short for a pro basketball player, but his uncanny accuracy with that one-hand shot is one of the seven wonders of the pro basketball world. He learned it from the patron saint of Pacific Coast basketball, Hank Luisetti, most of whose records Bill broke while he was at Southern California.

One of the Boston writers asked Bill just before a game with the New York Knickerbockers if he ever shoots with two hands. "Gee," said Sharman, "I wouldn't know what to do with the ball if I got caught with both hands on it." That night he found out. The Celtics and the Knicks were all even with seconds to go. Sharman got caught with both hands on the ball in mid-court. He lifted the ball over his head and arched it in for the deciding points.

During the last stages of the 1951 baseball season, Sharman landed in Boston with the Dodgers, who were playing a series with the Braves. He was rooming with Clyde King, the young Brooklyn relief pitcher, and he invited King to go over to the Boston Arena with him one afternoon to watch the Celtics work out. King had been a pretty fair college basketball player himself and he welcomed the opportunity to see the pros. When the boys arrived at the Arena, they both stripped off their coats and began fooling around the court. Within minutes after they started, King wasn't fooling around any more. He was just standing and gaping at Sharman, who was casually tossing in one after another. "My gosh," King said, "doesn't this guy ever miss?"

He doesn't miss very often, at that. In the first part of the basketball season in Boston, Bill had a fantastic average of successful shots from the floor. At one point, it was over 45 per cent. Howie McHugh, the Celtics publicist, remarked, "That's like hitting .450 in baseball. It means he's sinking almost every other shot from the floor—and the guy's a guard! When he shoots, he shoots from a distance. He (—→ TO PAGE 89)

GREAT SPORT PHOTO

Anger and disgust are the dominant moods in this grim baseball tableau. It started as a routine conference between Casey Stengel, Yogi Berra and Tom Morgan.



THAT HOME RUN SAVED ME!

The ballplayer who became a national hero with one swing of his bat last fall tells how that historic blow helped change the whole course of his baseball career

By BOBBY THOMSON

EVER since I came up to the Giants in the latter part of 1946, sportswriters and fans alike have predicted great things for me. They went so far as to compare me to the immortal DiMaggio. I had the arm, the speed, the power at the plate, the graceful coordination; in fact, I was blessed with all those God-given skills which are found only in the great. That's what they said. I lacked experience but soon there would be no question about my ranking with the all-time greats. No doubt Mr. Stoneham spent a few anxious moments when he read that I would make enough money to cause them to shift Fort Knox to Staten Island. It all sounded wonderful, but as Al Smith used to say, "Let's

look at the record." It seems to tell a different story.

In 1947, I was part of one of the greatest slugging teams in baseball. Fellows like John Mize, Sid Gordon, Walker Cooper, Willard Marshall and Whitey Lockman were my teammates. I hit 29 homers, batted .283, and in general behaved as if I might live up to all the nice things that had been predicted for me. Then, for some inexplicable reason, I ran into a streak of up and down years. There were seasons like '48 and '50 when the base-hits were few and far between and the fans began to wish I was back in Jersey City. I could find no reason for my troubles. I had the same batting stance, swung the same way, and certainly the pitchers were no better.

The 1951 season started poorly for me. If anything, I looked even worse at the plate. This surprised the sportswriters because they had me tabbed as an alternate-year hitter and, by their theory, I should have been tearing the cover off the ball in '51. As it turned out, '51 wasn't such a bad year and that last hit I got helped cover up a lot of sins.

Hitting that homer—and winning the pennant—did a lot for me. It was the first time I had ever been on a winner, the first time I had tasted the fruits of victory. People no longer laughed when you spoke of the Giants; in fact, their tone was almost one of reverence. It was a wonderful feeling. Everybody in the Giant family was happy and smiling—Mr. Stoneham, Eddie Brannick, Carl Hubbell. It has been like a long Christmas holiday. To be able to walk around with your head up can do amazing things for a guy's confidence. I just felt as if I belonged.

With this new confidence comes determination—determination that 1952 will be the year in which I take full advantage of my potentialities and live up to the great things which were once predicted for me. That's why, five days a week, rain or shine, this past winter, I rowed across the empty water of the Great Kills harbor off Staten Island. Rowing is one of the greatest exercises for building up the forearms and developing the muscles of the back. I wouldn't exactly recommend the month of January as the best time of year to enjoy the pleasures of rowing. But it certainly does things to your appetite. Just ask my Mother!

As soon as the 1951 season ended, I was bombarded with invitations to make personal appearances. I tried my best to keep everybody happy. (—→ TO PAGE 68)

Sharing the moment of glory with manager Leo Durocher, Bobby faces jubilant Giant fans after stunning playoff win.

Color photo by Keystone

SPORT





EVERYBODY UNDERRATES

WYROSTEK



International

It took Cincinnati's top hitter ten years to make the grade, and when it did happen, everyone took it for granted. That's why you hear so little about one of the game's good players

By GEORGE JOHNSON

AT a National League labor-management conference last summer, the player representatives issued a special complaint about the white shirts which form an annoying camouflage in the center-field bleachers at Chicago's Wrigley Field. National League hitters have griped about this background for years, claiming that many pitches are on top of them before they even see them.

Jim Gallagher, general manager of the Cubs, cast a withering glance at Johnny Wrostek, alternate delegate of the Cincinnati Reds, and said, "You've got a nerve hollering about those white shirts, the way you hit in our park!"

The truth of the matter is that in the past couple of years no bleacher backgrounds have bothered Cincinnati's 32-year-old hitter from Fairmont City, Illinois. Directly behind Wrostek is a season in which he hit .311, seventh high in the National League. Before crashing the .300 frontier last year, he hit a firm .285 in 1950. In those two years the six-foot-one, 185-pound outfielder has become the Reds' most dependable hitter and one of the most underrated ballplayers in the league.

To get there, Wrostek had to lift himself from the ashes of a miserable 1949 season and convince himself that home-run hitters are born, not made. "I don't think I ever hit the ball harder in my life than I did in '49," Johnny said, "but it don't do any good to swing for the fence if the best you can do is lift nice flies to the outfield." Wrostek hit more than his share of flies in 1949 and finished the season with a batting average of .249.

Explaining his new-found success at the bat, Johnny said, "In the last two years, I've stopped pulling for the fence. I concentrate on meeting the ball. By swinging hard, maybe I could hit ten more home runs a year, but my average would suffer and the average is one of the arguments you use when you talk contract. If I could hit enough homers to be a gate attraction, then it would pay me to swing for the fences. But I can't. So I'm more valuable to my team and myself to meet the ball and get my hits regularly."

The 17 home runs hit by Wrostek in 1948, his first year with the Reds, might have had something to do with his 1949 showing. But if he had heeded the advice given him by Eddie Dyer in Houston ten years earlier, Johnny might not have had to suffer through such a long summer. Dyer, then the manager of the Houston Buffs, advised the young Wrostek to "just meet the ball and forget swinging for the fence." Wrostek did exactly that in 1940, hitting .305 for Houston, making the Texas League all-star team and helping Dyer win a pennant.

Through his baseball career, Wrostek has had to do things the hard way; nothing ever came easy to him. That is why his story can be used as a model for any aspiring young ballplayer to follow. For Wrostek's story is one of struggle and effort, patience and determination. If it lacks the drama and glamour you automatically associate with the big-time, it carries with it other, more solid ingredients.

No major-league baseball scout beat a path to Wrostek's door to get him into organized ball. Johnny went looking for the job. In 1936, 17 years old, he took his glove and spikes and crossed the Mississippi to St. Louis to see what he could do at a Cardinals' tryout camp. He did very well indeed, and the late Charlie Barrett, then a Cardinal scout, signed him to a contract. In the middle of 1937, Wrostek began his professional baseball career at Kinston, North Carolina, in the Coastal Plain League. There, he played left field and hit .332. The next year, he repeated his .332 average and made the league's all-star team.

The Cards jumped him to Springfield in the Western Association in 1939, where he hit at a .386 clip until he was called up to Rochester of the International League late in the season. At Rochester, he had trouble with triple-A pitching. He learned how to play the outfield, however, and by watching Carden Gillenwater, another Red Wing outfielder, he learned about throwing.

"I realized I wasn't using my wrist, and that's where you get speed and carry on your throws. I've got two arms and two legs like the next guy, and if he can do something, I ought to be able to do (—→ TO PAGE 90)

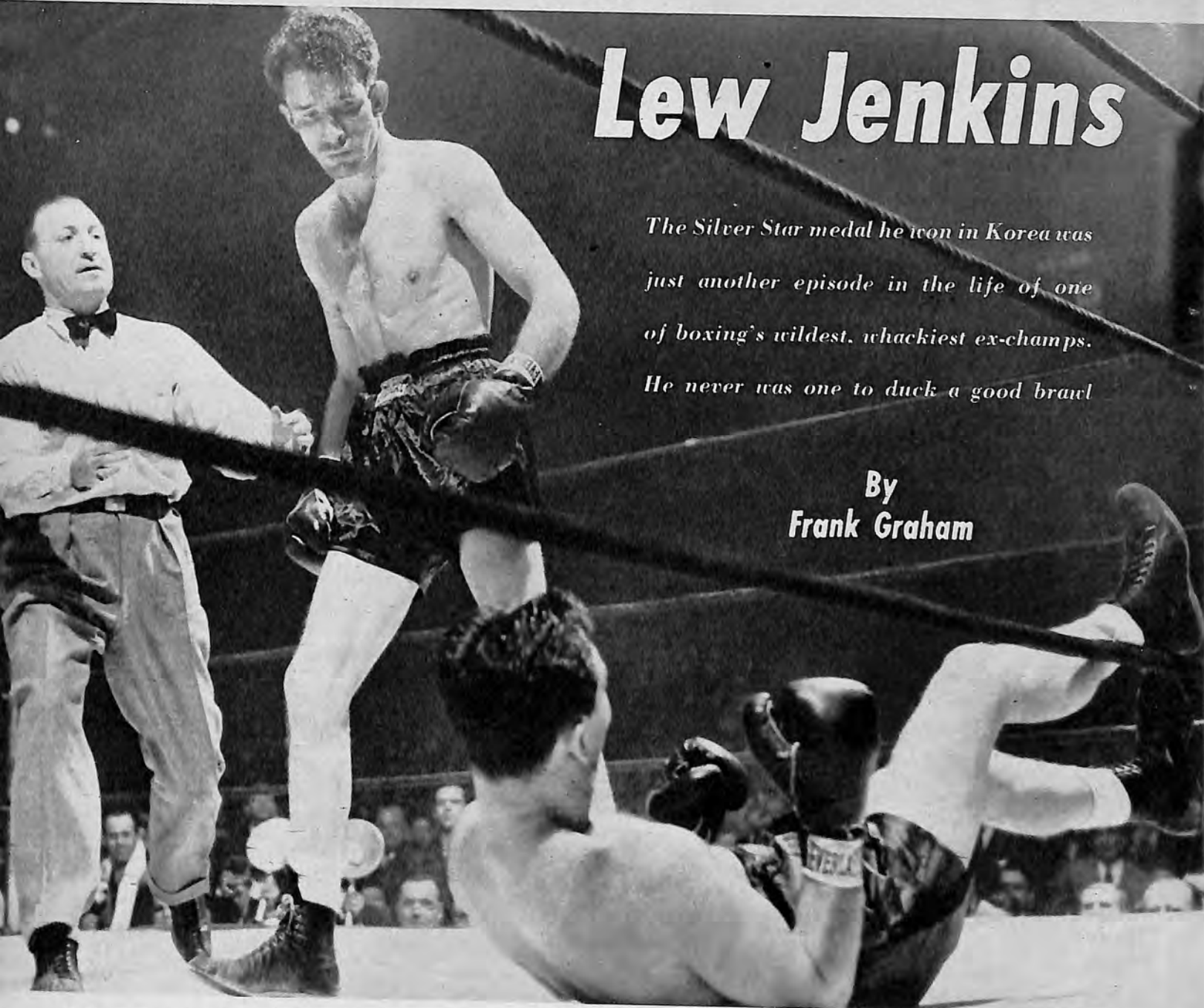


Lew Jenkins

The Silver Star medal he won in Korea was just another episode in the life of one of boxing's wildest, whackiest ex-champs.

He never was one to duck a good brawl

By
Frank Graham



A furious, untamed slugger, who learned how to fight in corrals and hobo jungles in the Southwest; Jenkins was once a big draw. International

NOT long ago in Korea, they pinned a medal for gallantry on the tunic of a scrawny, scar-faced soldier. Reading of it, I wondered what impression it made on him. Not much, probably. To him it must have seemed but another incident in a fantastic career—not, of course, that he regards his career as fantastic. That's only for us, who have known him for a dozen years and more, and know his background and something of the places he had been and the things he had done before we caught up with him. This little man, you see, was Lew Jenkins, former lightweight champion of the world, who has strolled blithely through life, hitting the high spots and the ruts, halfway around the world. Apparently, at 35, he still has the restless foot and the roving eye of one born to be a vagabond. It's a long way from the lights of Madison Square Garden, where Lew Jenkins won the lightweight cham-

pionship in 1940, to the cold and dark of Korea where, in 1951, he was decorated for bravery under fire. But that's only one of the journeys he has made since, as a youth in the early Thirties, he hit the road out of Sweetwater, Texas. Nor did he have to go to Korea as a soldier to hear the whine of bullets and the hammering of the big guns. As a seaman in the Coast Guard in the last world war, he was on landing craft at Oran and Sicily and Omaha Beach. And as for rough-and-tumble fighting, with no holds and no weapons barred, he'd had plenty of that, too, in corrals and barracks and hobo jungles, and in raffish joints from Mexico to Canada. Not all those scars on his seamed and leathery face were put there by boxing gloves.

Lew first saw the world beyond the boundaries of Sweetwater from the back of a cow pony. He was

Fights Again

reasonably content with the life that centered about the chuck wagon until, in some town on the edge of the range, he saw an Army recruiting poster outside the false-front post office, and promptly enlisted in the cavalry.

"It didn't take me long," he once said, "to learn that in the cavalry the horse was more important than the man. That's because the horse cost a hundred dollars and they got the man for nothing."

He didn't think too much of the Army in that first hitch. There was nothing but drills and day-long rides across the flat, dusty plains of Texas and New Mexico and, at the end of the day, washing and currying and feeding and watering and tethering the horse. There was, of course, an occasional night in the nearest town for a dice game or poker and a dance. It was in Silver City, New Mexico, that he had his first ring engagement. He beat one Fay Koshey in four rounds.

When his enlistment expired, Lew bought a rattletrap of a car and set out for the north, looking for action. There is no complete record of the places he stopped or fights he had over the next two years, although it is established that in 1935 he was as far north as Columbus, Ohio, where, on July 28, he won from an opponent named Moon Mullins in eight rounds. It is also known that, in some forgotten town, probably on his return to Texas, he was knocked out by Rudolfo Ramirez. At any rate, by 1938, he was campaigning around Dallas, where he won some fights, most of them by knockouts, and was knocked out twice.

At this point, it must have seemed to him that he never would win a championship, but he continued to fight regularly because he liked it. At least one person who fancied himself as a judge of prize fighters in the raw signed him to a contract. This was a Dallas gambler who, after getting control of him, paid scant attention to him until 1939 when he farmed him out to the late Hymie Caplin, at the time one of the most successful managers in New York.

Lew's first fight under Caplin's direction was with Bus Breese in a small club on suburban Long Island. Willie Ketchum, who trained all Hymie's fighters, recalls: "There was no ki-yi in Lew but he was always getting tired. This Breese fight was only an eight-round fight, but at the end of the fourth round, he says to me, 'Ah'm tah'd.'"

"So I says to him: 'Well?'"

"And he says: 'Ah'm gonna stop.'"

"'Stop?' I says. 'Look. You can't quit.'"

"He says: 'Yes, Ah kin. Ah'm tah'd.'"

"I says to him: 'Look. You got a great chance up here. You quit and you're through. You got to get out of town. You got to go back to Texas.'"

"Then the bell rings and he goes out and finishes the fight and wins it. If he don't win it, he can't stay around, and if he don't win it, he can't win the title. But he don't think about that when he is tired. I got to keep him going."

"If he woulda took care of himself," Willie says, "he woulda been a great fighter. But there was times when you couldn't do nothing with him."

There were other fights for Jenkins on the fringes of New York, most of which he won by knockouts. Then came the break. Jack Hurley, who had managed Billy Petrolle, The Fargo Express, had a lightweight named Billy Marquart,

ONE FOR THE BOOK

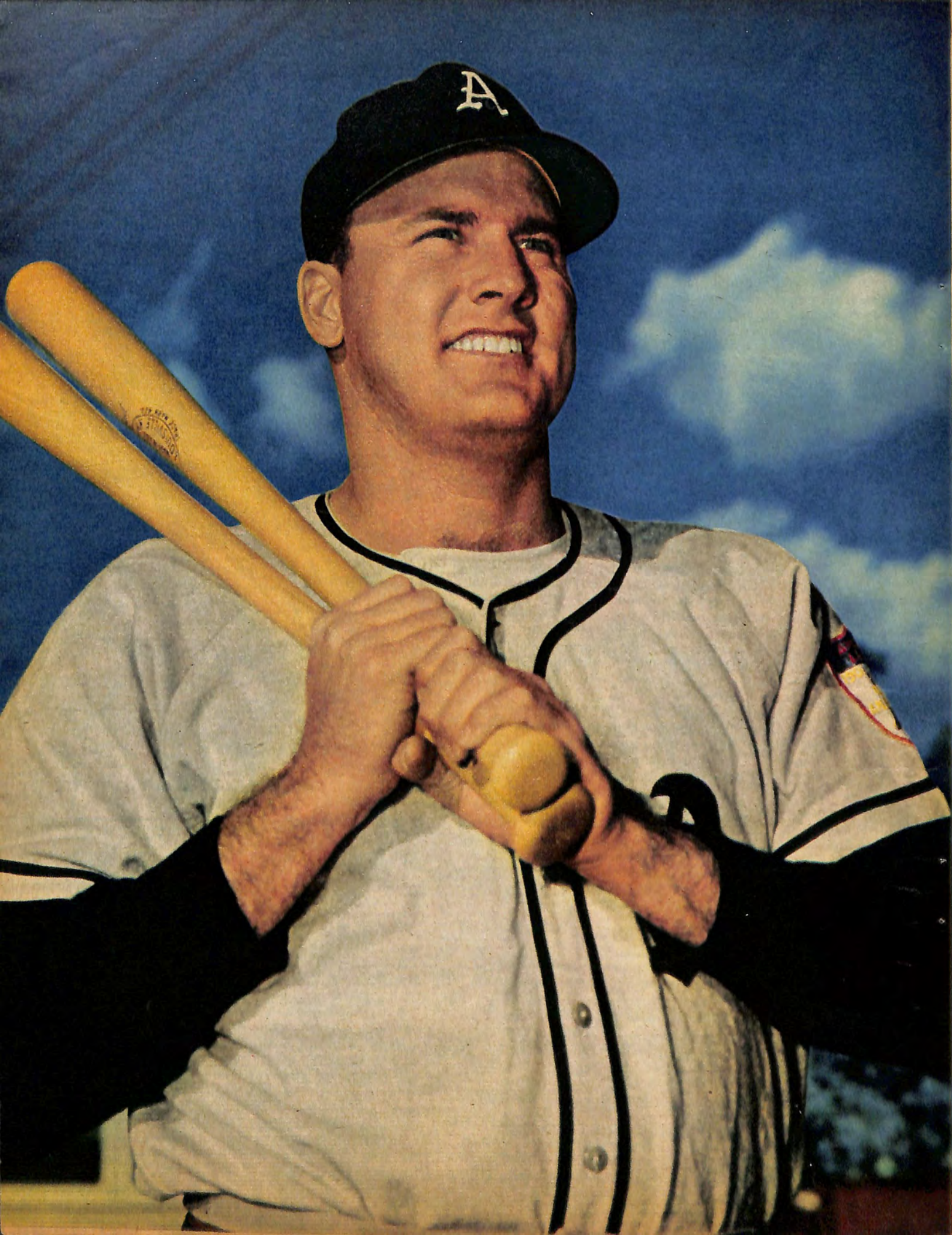


Acme

An infantryman in Korea, Lew began as a cavalryman.

who was born in Winnipeg, Canada, but fought out of St. Paul, Minnesota. Marquart had done so well in the Midwest that Hurley took him to New York and this night—December 15, 1939—it was Marquart in the Madison Square Garden ring with Jenkins.

For two rounds and well into the third, Marquart battered Jenkins, and now he had Lew on the ropes and was trying to finish him. Then Jenkins hit him on the chin with a right hand and Marquart reeled halfway across the ring. Now Jenkins was in on him. He was the Jenkins of the corral and the barracks and the gambling dive. He was like a little Dempsey. He punched Marquart into the ropes, punched him down, punched him as he fell, half in the ring, half out. The referee grabbed him and hauled him back but he (→ TO PAGE 82)



Ozark Ike LIVES TO HIT

■ *Big Gus Zernial believes in taking a full cut no matter how many strikeouts he piles up. He knows nothing will make the fans happier (or him richer) than a hatful of home runs*

By AL STUMP

DEEP in the heart of Texas-born Gus Zernial was the conviction a year ago that the turning point of his puzzling career in baseball had arrived. At Brookside Park, in Pasadena, California, spring training maneuvers of the Chicago White Sox stopped while all eyes fastened on the rangy 210-pounder in the batter's cage. A new White Sox era was dawning under tough task-master Paul Richards and everyone in the park sensed that big Gus was standing trial.

The Dutchman took one of his all-or-nothing swings and the infielders ducked. The ball seemed destined to dig a divot in the nearby Sierra Madre Mountains. It dropped out of sight beyond the 445-foot scoreboard in left-center field.

The players and newspapermen watched intently as Zernial drove a dozen more balls up to or over the fence which, at its shortest point, measures 402 feet from home plate. Richards stirred and said, "Show me anybody with more power. I've seen 'em all, from Wilson to Foxx to Gehrig to Kiner and—"

"Yeah, until the season starts," broke in a cynical Chicago sportswriter. "Just wait. I can see the black box we'll be running now. Zernial strikes out 50 times! Sixty! Eighty! A hundred!" He looked morose. "Hell, I wouldn't bet against his breaking his own club record for strikeouts this season."

Richards said nothing.

Just 12 months ago, the journalistic attitude toward the amiable, six-foot, three-inch Gus Edward Zernial was a curious one. He was the hitter nobody could explain. At times, Ozark Ike looked like the destructive force he had been in 1948 when he tore the Pacific Coast League apart with 40 homers, 50 doubles and 156 runs-batted-in for Hollywood. But more often he was lashing at thin air and earning one of the rowdiest bleacher razzings ever heard at Comiskey Park. In the 1950 season, you could sum up the Zernial paradox in these lines:

Home runs—29, an all-time White Sox club record.

Strikeouts—110, also a new club mark, only ten below the all-time American League record for futility.

Add some erratic fielding and what seemed like a placid indifference to his unpopularity and it's no wonder that Chicago writers called him "Mr. Zero" and "Tugboat." One newspaper put a bright spotlight on his batting failures with a daily "Zernial Strikeout Chart." When the 1951 season started, Gus actually

dreaded going to bat. In his first 19 trips, he had two scratch hits for an average of .105.

But observe the Zernial of 1952! Today you couldn't buy him for less than \$200,000 and players. With his sudden trade to the A's on last April 30, a transformation came over Gus that made his old Hollywood manager, Jimmy Dykes, gag on his cigar. In 143 games for the Athletics, the new Zernial clubbed pitchers for 33 home runs and the American League leadership. He led both major leagues in RBI's with 129. The National League's RBI king, Monte Irvin of the Giants, was eight runs behind Gus, and only Ralph Kiner and Gil Hodges topped him in home-run production. Furthermore, the "Tugboat" of the White Sox turned nimblefoot and led the Athletics in outfield assists.

A baffled reporter asked Dykes, "What do you like about Zernial, exactly?"

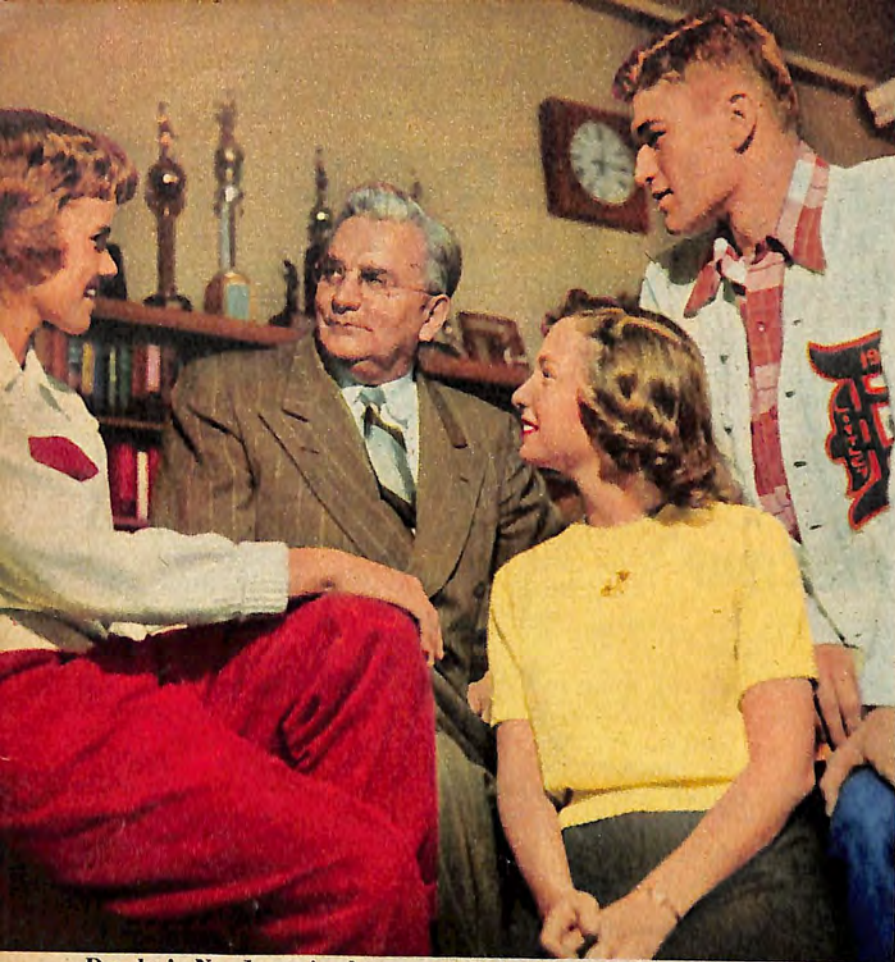
"I'll tell you," snapped Jimmy. "They say he can't run, can't hit and can't field. But he ran hard, fielded better than well and hit like hell for us. That's what I like about him!"

(—→ TO PAGE 59)

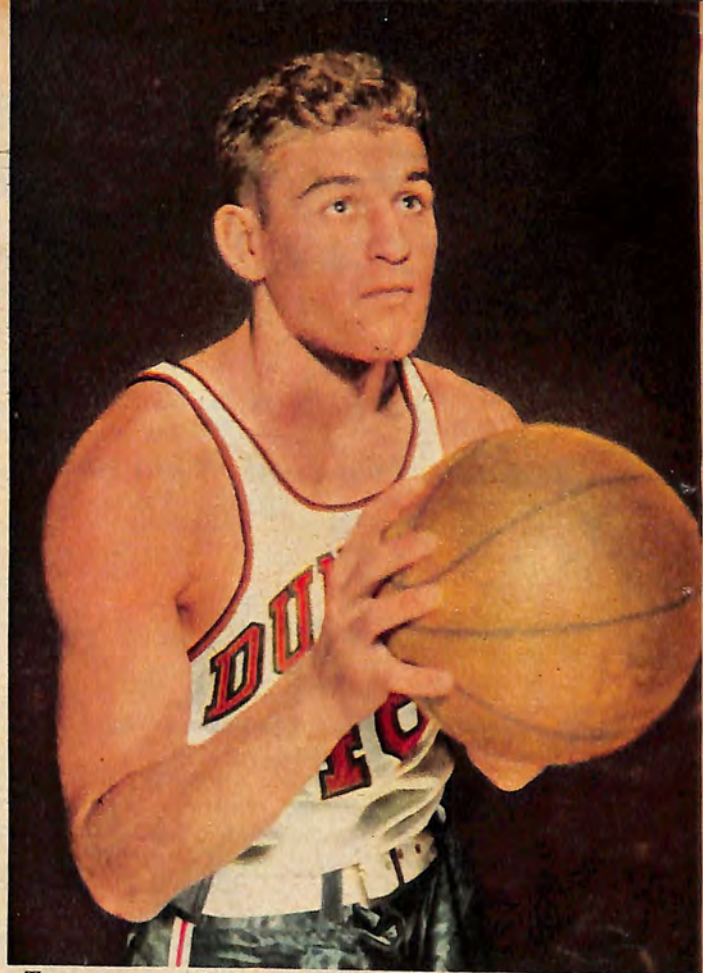


Acme

Gus' wife and daughter helped cheer him up during hospital stay after he broke his collarbone early in the '49 season.



Dundee's No. 1 varsity letterman, Bob Allen, huddles with school principal Harry Jacobs and classmates Mabel Rollins (left) and Mary Moss.



Top scorer on a high-ranking team in northern Illinois, Allen is considered one of the state's best.

All photos by International

Bob, with teammates, dresses in colorful Dundee game uniform. Wearing a varsity suit is the goal of most young boys in town.



Mrs. Ethel Lange Allen, a widow, serves her son in the school cafeteria where she works to help support her family of three.



HIGH SCHOOL HERO

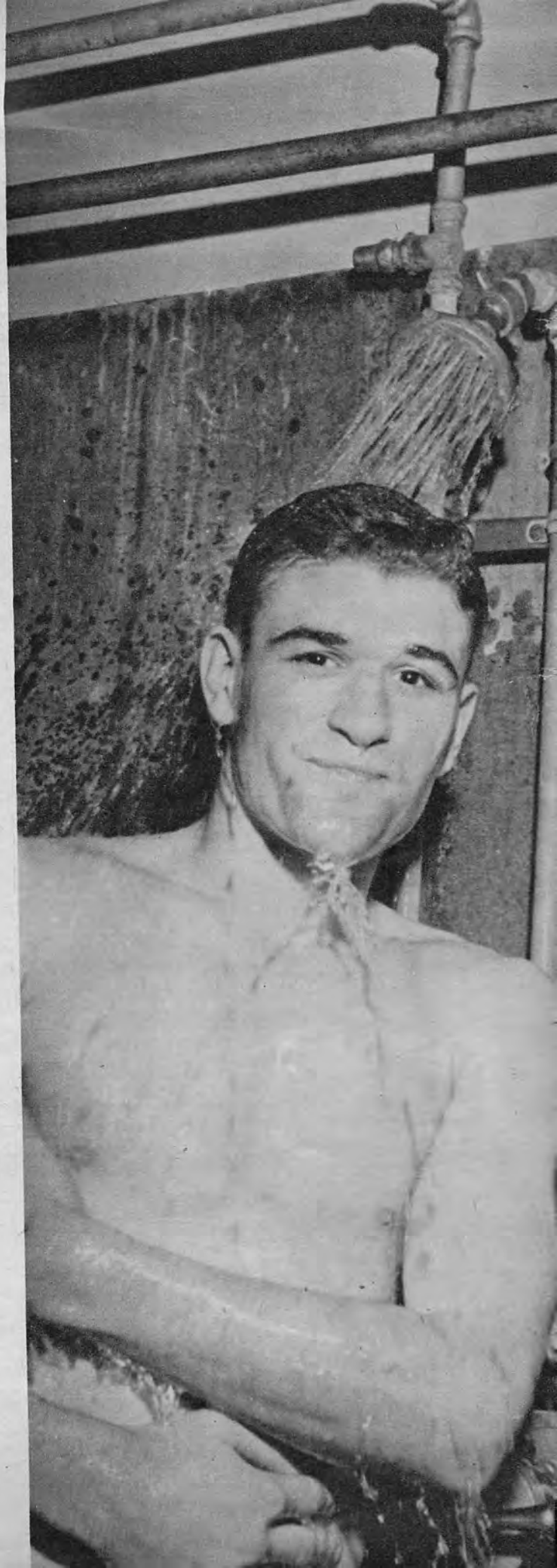
Young man of the hour in the basketball-crazy area around Dundee, Illinois, is Bob Allen, a perfect example of America's schoolboy idols

By DAVE CONDON

THE most important citizen in the neighboring townships of Dundee, Carpentersville and Algonquin, Illinois, these days is Bob Allen, the ace forward and high scorer for the basketball team at Dundee Community High School, which services the cluster of villages along the Fox River. To the basketball-crazy population of the small communities (approximately 6,000), Bob Allen is the athletic hero of the hour, far transcending in luster and importance all the sports figures whose names are currently making national headlines. The 17-year-old son of Ethel Lange Allen, who works in the school cafeteria to help support a family of three children, Bob is typical of schoolboy basketball stars throughout the country, now approaching the climax of their young lives as their teams battle toward the finals of sectional and state tournaments. Allen is even more of a hero than most. He is the star player for a small school whose crack teams have won 16 league titles, five sectional tournaments and one state championship. He is president of the student governing body at school and has the respect and admiration of his teachers. A handsome, modest athlete, Bob takes his local fame in stride. His big interests in life are the same ones he has had for the past couple of years: eating, reading good books, fishing in the Fox River, model airplanes, bull sessions at the *Ron de Voo*, a sparkling green-eyed girl named Tyra Korling—and, of course, basketball.

Allen has an ideal build for a 17-year-old athlete: six feet tall and 175 pounds. He has brown hair, handsome features.

APRIL '52





A jumbo bottle of milk doesn't last long around the Allen household. Bob drinks about two quarts a day.



Like his brother, Gary Allen, a second-grader, wears sports shirt and levis. Bob enjoys taking care of Gary and young sister, Virginia.



In the manual training shop, Bob works on one of the backboards the school gives to youngsters in the area.



Bob started preparing for the Dundee varsity when he made his fourth-grade class team. He is an excellent shot.



Bob is a hero to town's leading citizens, too. He is walking with Joseph Estes, head of a local industry.



A favorite teacher, Reba Keeler has taught Bob math for four years. He ranks 24th in class of 101, is troubled only by history.

Coke date at the *Ron de Voo*, most popular hangout for Dundee students, finds Bob and Tyra Korling sharing a booth with Bill Lindemann, another regular on the team, and Mabel Rollins. Tyra, dancing with Bob (lower right), is a senior and an avid musician.





A good organizer and leader, according to his teachers, Bob is president of the student council, has been a member each year in high school. Not all council members are shown here.



Before a game, coach Gene de Lacey reviews plans with Linde-mann and Allen. De Lacey became Dundee coach in '28, has since compiled one of the best small-school records in the state.



Dundee's cheerleaders stir up pre-game enthusiasm. Above, right: Philip Howard (Howdy) Spain, manual arts instructor and freshman-sophomore coach, always draws laughs at a pep rally. A 25-year veteran at Dundee, Spain is responsible for molding players into varsity form.



Handsome couple on a post-game date, Bob and Tyra met on a hayride in eighth grade.

Everyone takes an interest in Dundee's star. The principal and local school board president greet him after game.



Lineups for a game with conference rival Geneva are posted in the gym. Allen and Lindemann are the only two lettermen on Dundee's squad but the other players have had thorough basketball prep courses with frosh-soph and junior varsity teams.

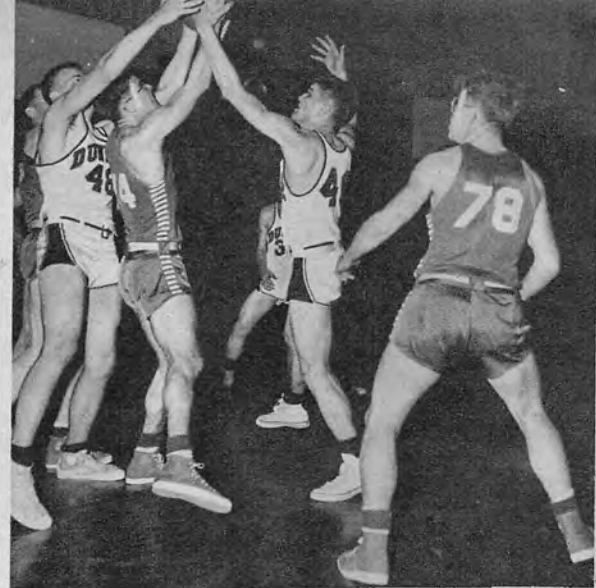
DUNDEE	
ALLEN	
LINDEMANN	
B. BRETTSCHEIDER	46
RAY SCHURING	38
J. LANGE	48
K. LANGE	26
FROST	24
RATTRAY	20
ZANGE	44
BOLGER	34

GENEVA	
THARRINGTON	76
CAMPBELL	79
HUNT	73
ANDERSON	
ARBIZZANO	

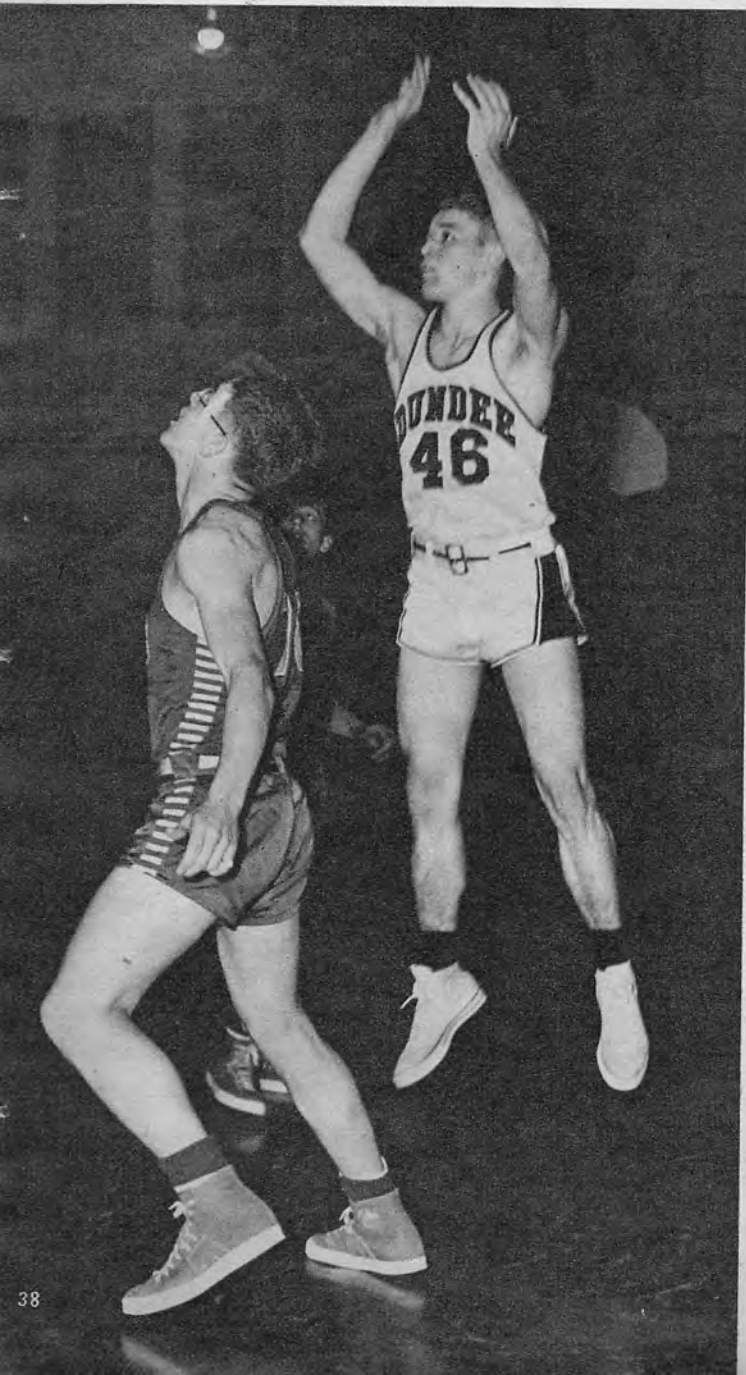


HIGH SCHOOL ***HERO***

Dundee's reserves are seated along wall of the gym during a game. The large-size court is on the stage of school auditorium, which holds about 900.



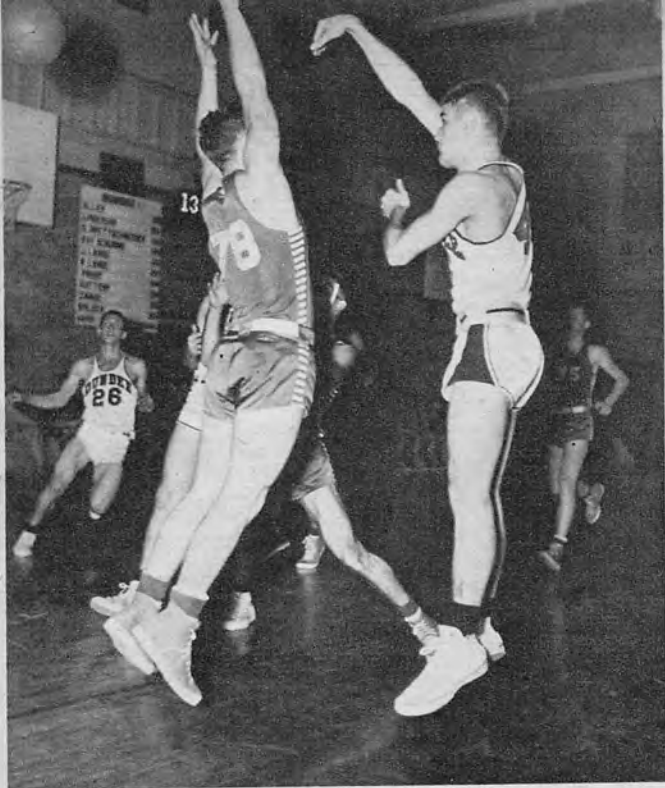
Allen, number 46 at right, battles for possession of ball in game with Geneva. Dundee always has an aggressive, fast team.



At left: A jump shot is made by Allen, who scored 26 points against Geneva. He was apparently undisturbed by photographers who had been following him for hours before the game.

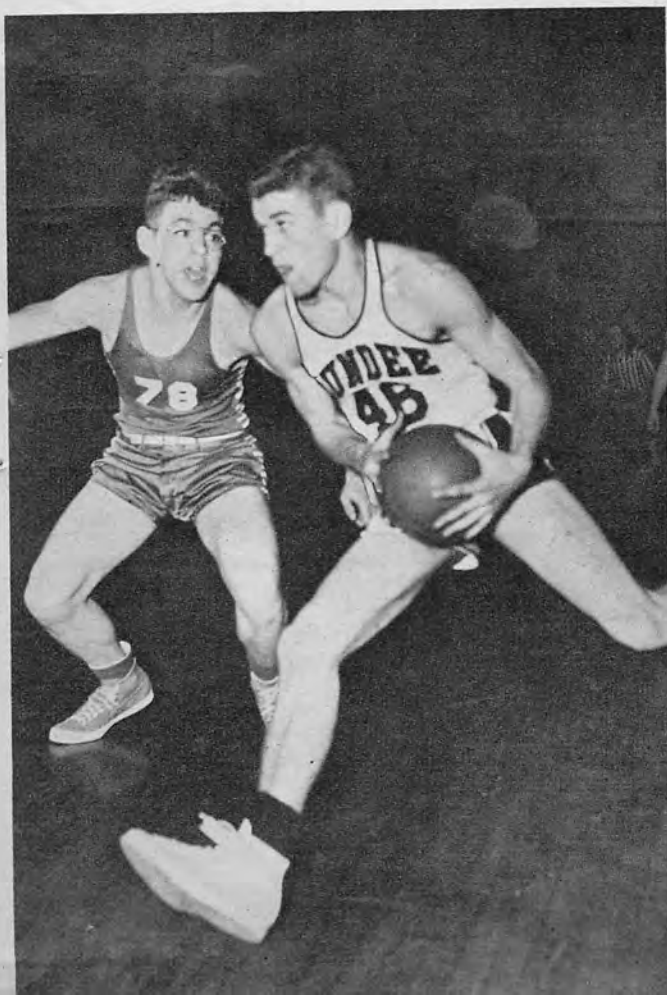
Below: Coach de Lacey talks with his starting five at half-time. Dundee led, 40-34. While at Winner, South Dakota, in the 1920's, de Lacey once coached Notre Dame's Frank Leahy.





A hook pass by Allen clears outstretched hands of a Geneva player. The visitors, also members of the Little Seven Conference, put up a battle.

Driving in for a layup from the left side, Bob evades his defender. Dundee maintained its margin in the second half and won, 77-69.



Last-minute advice before start of the second half is given by de Lacey. He sits across the floor from the Dundee bench during a game, signals for subs to come to him. He won't permit players to call time, except for an injury.

A look of quiet rapture covers the pretty face of Tyra Korling as she watches Bob play. She and Bob date most of the time, but don't "go steady" yet. After the Geneva game, she waited for him to take her home.



Phog Allen

WINDBAG OR PROPHET?

WHEN Phog Allen arrived in New York last year and let loose a few of his familiar blasts against basketball as it is now played, Hy Turkin wrote in the *New York Daily News*: "Either Phog Allen is the greatest living authority on basketball or the biggest publicity-seeker the game has ever known. I don't know which."

Turkin was expressing what is in the minds of many followers of the game today. And some sportswriters have been pondering the question off and on for years without coming to a satisfactory answer.

A tendency to speak loudly and often on a variety of matters relating to basketball has not endeared Phog to the fans in many sections of the country—particularly the East, where most of his barbs have landed. They resent his blasts and are suspicious of his suggestions.

Acme

Allen's crusade to change the basketball rules has been relentless. His pet proposal would raise the baskets to 12 feet.



The outspoken, 66-year-old dean of college basketball coaches has left a record pile of victories—and controversies—in his wake

By ED BURKHOLDER

The fact that Allen has been proved right on some of his most controversial topics only seems to infuriate his critics.

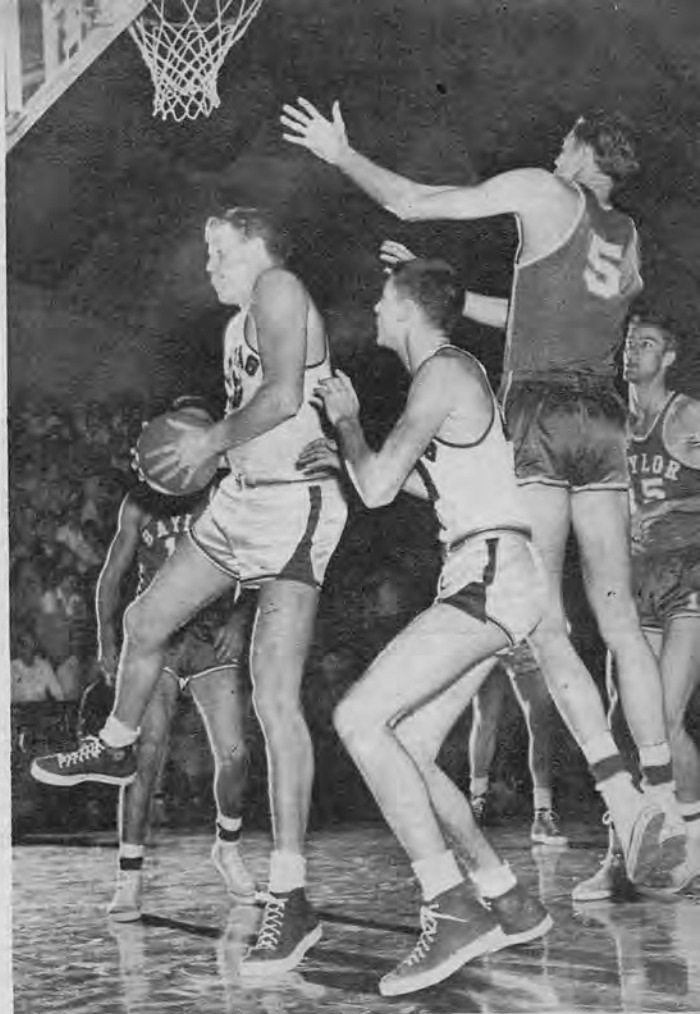
A record of Allen's publicized charges, criticisms, proposals and suggestions would fill a volume. But some of his pet ones, which have been splashed on sports pages throughout the country, are these:

In 1945, nearly six years before the basketball "fix" scandal broke in the newspapers, Phog announced that he could name two players who had been bribed to throw a game in Madison Square Garden. He even sent the names of the players to Ned Irish. The reaction, of course, was quick and violent. Allen's mistrust of American youth and the game of basketball was deplored by sportswriters and fellow coaches.

When the scandal became public knowledge a few years later, Phog had a ready cure for the ills of college sports. He wanted the college presidents to surrender their authority to a national commissioner with an annual salary of \$100,000. Of course, Allen was accused of eyeing the proposed job himself. But Phog laughed it off and said he was getting too much fun out of life and

Depending on the game, Phog drinks from four to eight quarts of water. An eight-quart game is tough for Kansas.

Gagliardo-Clarkson



Acme

Clyde Lovellette, snaring a rebound above, is the scoring ace of Allen's current Kansas team. It is one of his best.

a job like that would kill him in a matter of weeks.

Phog has conducted a one-man crusade against existing basketball rules. His major change would elevate the basket from ten to 12 feet off the floor and his fight for the adoption of such a regulation has been an unceasing one. "Dr. Naismith," Allen argues, "foresaw the danger of the ten-foot basket and he advocated that it be changed early in the history of the game. It was obvious to him that the tall boy would have the advantage and take over the game."

The growing prominence of the tall man in basketball has been a constant irritation to Phog. Yet, when the rules committee decided to eliminate the center jump, he was in heated opposition to the idea, saying that the center jump is to basketball what the kick-off is to football. Despite his much-publicized sentiments, he has not barred the oversized player from his squad. Clyde Lovellette, the six-foot, nine-inch, 230-pound center of Allen's current team (one of his best in recent years), has smashed every scoring record in Kansas basketball history.

In Allen's last appearance in New York, where he always manages to antagonize the local press, he ordered his team to waive all foul shots in a game with St. John's. It is Phog's strong belief that the free throw comes too cheap in modern basketball and frequently works to the advantage of the offending team. The Jayhawks refused to go to the foul line 26 times during the game. Their last refusal resulted in a basket with seconds remaining that gave them (→ TO PAGE 87)

HOW THE WHITE SOX ARE BUILDING A WINNER



Baseball's most amazing success story is taking place on Chicago's South Side where a former doormat has been transformed into the American League's most exciting team

By ED FITZGERALD



COAT off, shirtsleeves rolled up, collar loosened, the general manager of the Chicago White Sox was wasting no time converting the impersonal New York hotel suite into a typical Frank Lane field headquarters. When he hung up the telephone in the sitting room, another one rang in the bedroom. When he hurried between rooms to answer still another call, a loud rapping sounded at the door. When he opened the door, someone in the corridor hailed him.

This was the annual convention of the major leagues, the front-office World Series, the feverish merry-go-round of talk and talk and talk and trade and talk and talk and talk some more which annually wears down the owners, the presidents and the general managers of the ball clubs so badly they have to go to spring training to

get the glaze out of their eyes. From the lobby to the roof garden, the Hotel Commodore was a nest of baseball intrigue. Rogers Hornsby huddled furtively with a colleague whose face you couldn't see behind a big pillar. Lou Boudreau stood in the center of the big floor, his gold-capped teeth flashing in a personable smile as he talked graciously to a stranger who wanted to congratulate him on his new job as manager of the Red Sox. Jimmy Dykes swapped room numbers with Bill DeWitt. Everybody was going in four directions at once and none was busier than Frank Lane of the White Sox.

"It may be of interest to you," he said into the telephone in a confidential tone, "that Cleveland may get Bob Elliott and Walker Cooper from the Braves . . . Yes . . . the Braves are going to bring in the kids . . . Elliott's in the \$36,000 bracket. Cooper's in the \$22,500 bracket . . . I know. Elliott's no gazelle in the field but he's

a good solid thumper, and don't forget, Cleveland will be going for the pennant . . ."

Then, a few minutes later, he was talking into the other phone. "Well, I was ribbing Dykes and Ehlers about how hard it was to make a deal with them and Jimmy said, 'Well, by God, we'll see if you really want to make a deal!' But I don't put much stock in that . . . Sure, we'd like very much to have Shantz . . . We'd be interested in Fain only if we could pass him along to a third club . . . Yes, I think they'll give up Fain, but they want a half a ball club for him . . ."

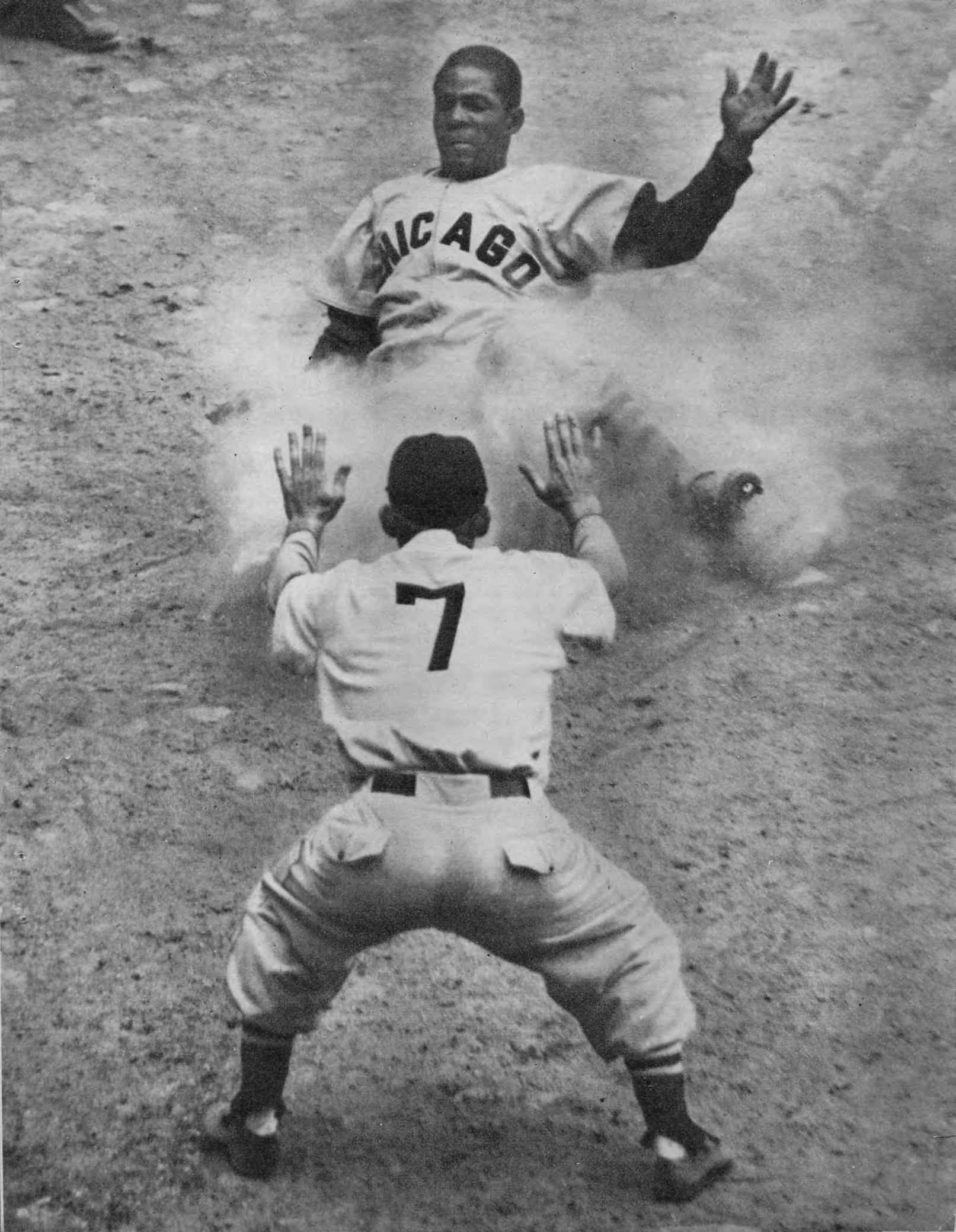
To a Chicago newspaperman trying to dig up material for a feature story: "I know nobody went into ecstasies when I got Fox from Philadelphia, either. Maybe at the end of the year they'll find out Rodriguez is a hell of a ballplayer . . ."

To another newspaperman: "Rodriguez is married, has three kids and is a good family man. He'll be a good

Typical of the bold new White Sox look is Orestes Minoso, shown scoring at right. He was one of the game's top hitters in 1951.

Acme

SPORT





influence on Minnie . . ." Whatever was said on the other end made Lane laugh loudly. "Well," he said, "I've offered to pay Chico a bonus to bring his family to Chicago not later than May 15 and keep them there until Labor Day. Be good for him . . ."

To Saul Rogovin, the Brooklyn boy who made good as a starting pitcher for the White Sox after Lane had pried him away from the Tigers: "We're going to go for the works this year, boy . . . That's right, we do have a contract to settle, don't we? . . . Well, I'd like to talk to you, too. How about five tomorrow afternoon? Bring your boxing gloves with you."

Stretching his arms wearily, Lane, a big, broad-shouldered Irishman who looks to be about six feet tall and whose thick, curly hair, athletic carriage and lively eyes make him appear much younger than his 55 years, sank into an easy chair. "Didn't get to bed on the train until five o'clock this morning," he said. "Now, let's see, where were we?"

We were discussing the background of the astonishing reversal in the fortunes of the once moribund Chicago White Sox. We were feeling around for a logical starting point in the saga that had seen the team of the Comiskey spurt from dead last in 1948, losers of 101 ball games out of 152 played that year, to a rousing fourth in 1951, winners of 81 games and losers of only 73. As late as July 12 last year, the rampaging Sox had the city of Chicago and most of the country by the ears as they perched unbelievably at the top of the American League standing for 44 exciting days. The apathetic, torpid crew that had drawn a dispirited 777,844 customers in 1948 pulled 1,328,234 rabid fans through the gates of Comiskey Park in 1951, proving once again the unassailable truth of the old adage that nothing succeeds like success. The Sox attendance gain in 1951 was 546,904, which in itself was a better figure than the total '51 attendance of either the Philadelphia Athletics or the Boston Braves, not to mention the St. Louis Browns. The newly organized firm of Chuck Comiskey, Frank Lane and Paul Richards had accomplished a modern baseball miracle. Before they are through, they may yet pull the biggest rabbit of all out of their collective hat—the first American League pennant to fly over the South Side of Chicago since 1919.

How are they doing it?

It started in late July of 1948 when young Charles A. Comiskey II, grandson of The Old Roman who founded the club and only son of Mrs. Grace Comiskey, the present owner, put through a telephone call to the president of the American Association. Frank Lane, winding up his second year in that office, was glad to speak to the heir apparent of the White Sox property. When Chuck, who was at that time serving an apprenticeship as the president of the Sox farm club at Waterloo, Iowa, in the Three-Eye League, asked Lane if he would make a special effort to meet him soon in Chicago for a quiet talk, Frank agreed

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Manager Paul Richards, a believer in unorthodox strategy and stern discipline, insists on maximum effort from players.

SPORT

readily. The invitation excited him.

"I stopped off for a couple of hours between planes on a trip to St. Paul," Frank said. "Chuck met me at the airport and we drove a few miles outside town to a roadhouse where we could talk. Chuck looked across the table at me and said, 'Frank, do you have any idea what I'm going to suggest to you?' I said, 'No, I don't. But I have a good idea what I hope it is!' So then Chuck grinned and told me the Comiskey family wanted me to associate myself with their ball club in the capacity of general manager. With the very important condition that I obtain the permission of the American Association, I accepted."

Before Lane actually moved into his new office in Comiskey Park on November 15, 1948, he spent a couple of weeks in Chicago with Chuck, formulating a program of action. "It was a funny thing," Frank says, "I had always felt that the White Sox franchise was one of the most valuable, if not the most valuable in baseball, and I'd often thought what I would do with it if I ever had the chance. So I wasn't totally unprepared by any means."

"One of the things that made me feel good was that Chuck was going to move into the picture along with me. He was going to come up from Waterloo and take over as executive vice-president. His mother, of course, is the president. So I was encouraged to think that we'd really be getting off to a fresh start with a clean slate."

Young Comiskey fell in heartily with Lane's determination to rid the White Sox roster of all the deadwood. The new general manager, working on a five-year plan (he had signed a five-year contract himself), proposed to sweep the squad of all players 30 years of age or over. He wanted particularly to get rid of all the club veterans who had been associated so long with a last-place team that it was almost inevitable they should have become infected with the virus of defeatism. "There were some pretty fair ballplayers in the crowd," Lane says honestly, "but we just thought we'd be better off to swap them for others new to the club. We hoped to acquire the contracts of players who were perhaps not as firmly established as those we were giving up, but who were in the 22-25 age bracket and had their major-league futures, if any, still before them."

The White Sox had a tidy eight-club farm system being developed by Johnny Rigney, once a Sox pitcher and now the husband of Chuck's sister, Dorothy. But Rigney had been on the job only a year and was just beginning to build. Lane couldn't expect to mine any prospects from that area for some time. However, he had a lot of ballplayers—good, bad and indifferent—whom he could trade, and the Comiskys made it clear they were putting their family bankroll behind him, too. (Such as it was; it had seen better days.)

By way of getting his feet wet, Lane got in touch with Billy Evans, the front-office boss of the Detroit Tigers, and talked trade with the old umpire. He was impatient to get things stirring. He had had enough time to look over the situation and he was convinced the White Sox were in such dismal shape they couldn't possibly become any worse. He had nothing to



INT
These key figures in Chicago's sensational 1951 campaign were with other clubs the previous year. Only Chico Carrasquel (seated) played with the White Sox in 1950.

fear by taking action; he knew inaction would throttle him much faster than excessive boldness.

Even before he officially took office at Comiskey Park, he swapped veteran catcher Aaron Robinson for a young, left-handed pitcher named Billy Pierce. With the touch of a true David Harum, he talked Evans into throwing \$10,000 of Detroit cash into the deal. It was, in baseball language, an out and out steal. In 1951, playing for both Detroit and Boston, Robinson appeared in 62 games and batted .205. In 1951, Billy Pierce pitched 15 victories for Chicago.

That was only the beginning. Encouraged by his success in picking off the man he wanted from the Tiger roster, Lane plunged into the player market head first. He sold outfielder Taft Wright to the Athletics, traded pitcher Joe Haynes to Cleveland for catcher Joe Tipton whom he later passed on to the Philadelphia Athletics for the peppercorn second-baseman, Nelson Fox, then pulled another ten-strike by swapping a 32-year-old, left-handed pitcher, Frank Papish, to the Indians for pitchers Ernie Groth and Bob Kuzava.

The methods Lane has employed in building a pennant contender at Comiskey Park are wonderfully illustrated by the job of pyramiding he did after making that Papish trade. Groth proved to be of no value but southpaw Kuzava won ten games for the White Sox in 1949. On May 31, 1950, Lane dealt Kuzava and second-baseman Cass Michaels, with throw-in outfielder John Ostrowski, to the Washington Senators for Ray Scarborough, Eddie Robinson and Al Kozar. At the end of the season, he tied Scarborough and Bill Wight into a neat pitching package and handed them over to the Red Sox in exchange for pitchers Joe Dobson and Dick Littlefield and outfielder Al Zarilla. Lane shuffles players as though they were cards passing through his hands in a poker game—and that's pretty much the

way it has been in recent years.

If the long suffering South Side fans had any doubt that they were in for a new deal, they were jolted into awareness when they read of Lane's blunt order to his ballplayers that they were to report for spring training accompanied by neither wife nor automobile. They were going to Pasadena, Frank made it clear, to work. This sounded good to the fans but not to the ballplayers. Before the first month of spring training had gone by, earlier rumbles of discontent on the part of the hired hands had erupted into a snarling feud between them and the bosses. The whole White Sox camp bubbled with bile but at least it had shaken off the indifference of the past.

Managing the White Sox that spring was Jack Onslow, a grim disciplinarian of the old school who had been brought up from Memphis of the Southern Association to succeed kindly Ted Lyons. Onslow, whose paunchy physique, jowly features and dyspeptic disposition gave him the appearance of a baseball Captain Bligh, wasn't a Lane man. He had been picked before Frank took over the front office, a fact which shortly was to become of transcendental importance. In the beginning, they merely drew a few sparks from each other, sparred a little now and then. Before long, they were fighting like a couple of alley cats.

"We didn't see eye to eye," Lane says now in a masterpiece of understatement. "He was hot tempered, and I am, too. He didn't like to lose. Well, I don't like to lose, either. But Jack thought that when I started discussing a ball game with him, with an eye toward figuring out what we could do to correct the weaknesses of our personnel, I was second-guessing him. It was a clash of personalities, that's really what it was..."

But the Lane-Onslow war hadn't been declared officially yet in the spring of 1949. It was still in the

nature of a skirmish. The flaring tempers and the resulting incidents merely served to point up the fact that there was no truth to the rumor that the White Sox were dead and buried, that, in fact, there was a great stirring of new life in the organization. Not only were these new fellows willing to take their chances in the baseball swap shop, they were even willing to spend money. Why, they had actually unloaded \$225,000 for improvements to Comiskey Park! It was all a man could do to recognize the place, what with all that fresh paint. Final proof that a new day had dawned was the disappearance of the old white stockings the South Siders had worn since the days of The Old Roman. Young Chuck banished the sacred hose to the limbo of other last-place mementos, replacing them with snappy black stockings trimmed with bright red and retaining just a dash of white for old time's sake.

It was a trifle discouraging to have the Baseball Writers Association of America give the White Sox a resounding vote of confidence for last place in 1949. But Happy Jack Onslow, the bull of the dugout, bellowed right back. "We will like hell finish last," he insisted pugnaciously, and the hopeful fans decided to string along with him. He sounded as though he had some inside information.

The revamped White Sox, with an exciting 20-year-old rookie named Herb Adams leading off a lineup that included Dave Philley, the apparently indestructible Luke Appling, a Pacific Coast League rookie named Gus Zernial, Cass Michaels, Floyd Baker and Steve Souchock, kept faith by splitting their first ten games. Of the five victories they scored, four were achieved at the expense of the St. Louis Browns. Nevertheless, it was progress of a sort. They were in fourth place, and fourth place is the first division, isn't it?

One of Frank Lane's contributions to The Society For The Advancement

Of The White Sox came to grief in the early weeks of that '49 season. Lane had caused a five-foot high chicken-wire barrier to be erected in the outfield at Comiskey Park, cutting the foul line from 352 feet to 332. "Home Run Lane," the ball-players dubbed the strip of No Man's Land between the new fence and the old boundaries. In the first eight games of the season, 23 home runs were smashed at the South Side park, 11 of them plopping into the new garden. That was bad enough; even worse was the fact that the White Sox accounted for only four of the 11. The blowoff came on May 4, when the Sox took a comfortable, 7-0 lead over the Senators, then blew the game, 8-7, as the light-hitting Washington team slugged three home runs, two of them going into the stands and a third into Home Run Lane. The fence, which had cost \$5,000, came down the next day and has never been seen since.

The fence incident is important chiefly because it throws some light on the character as well as the methods of the dynamo in the White Sox office. Lane had made a mistake and he knew it. But he wasn't bull-headed about it. "I'm willing to try anything that's fair and honest," he told reporters, "but this didn't work. I want to forget the fence and go ahead with sounder technique."

Frank didn't get into baseball until 1933, when Larry MacPhail hired him as his assistant on the Cincinnati Reds. But he has been interested in sports all his life. He met MacPhail when both men were working as football officials in the Western Conference. Picking up a sound baseball education under the inimitable MacPhail, Frank followed his tour of duty in Cincinnati (his hometown) with four years in the Navy. After that, MacPhail, then president of the New York Yankees, hired him to run the western half of the Yankee farm system. From there, he progressed to the presidency of the American

Association. He brought a thorough knowledge of baseball administration to his job with the White Sox. He also brought a silver-tongued gift of gab, the nerve of a burglar and an implacable determination to succeed.

Lane's aggressiveness brought him into frequent disagreement with manager Onslow but, by this time, Onslow was fighting with just about everybody. Cass Michaels, enjoying the best year of his career at second base, bluntly called him "a cheese manager" after a dugout squabble and Joe Tipton, the fiery catcher, came within an ace of going after Happy Jack with his fists. Oddly enough, the Tipton incident came after the Sox had won both games of a doubleheader from the Browns. Despite the victories, the scores, 7-6 and 14-11, were too close and too sloppy for Onslow to enjoy any peace of mind. In the clubhouse, he went after Tipton with all the biting sarcasm acquired during a lifetime of beating the baseball trails. He accused the catcher of thick-headed signal-calling. Tipton resented the barrage furiously and showed great interest in punching Onslow's nose for him. The brawl made headlines which served no useful purpose except perhaps to demonstrate to the fans that the new White Sox were indeed a fighting club.

That the Chicago fans were keeping a close eye on the doings at Comiskey Park was made crystal clear when a whopping 90,239 paying customers sat in on a two-day series with the Cleveland Indians in mid-May, 1949. The ambitious White Sox responded by whipping the defending league champions, 11-10, in a wild night game, then shutting them out twice in a doubleheader, 10-0 and 2-0. The crowd of 53,325 which paid to see the doubleheader was the biggest in the history of the ball club. Things were looking up.

Lane felt so frisky after that doubleheader sweep he went to the trouble of having the Comiskey Park home plate crated and shipped to Cleveland's president, Bill Veeck, so the Indians could get a look at it.

The Sox might well have done better than the sixth-place finish they finally achieved in 1949 if it hadn't been for the crushing blow they suffered when the big rookie, Zernial, broke his right collarbone making a tumbling catch at Cleveland on May 28. Big Gus had been smashing the ball for a .355 average, with 27 runs-batted-in, when he was forced to the sidelines. He didn't get back in action until July and his loss was painful.

But even though they couldn't make the promised land of the first division, the Sox had fought their way out of the cellar and a new spirit was abroad on the South Side. Hardened doubters had no choice but to view the operation with at least grudging respect. For years, the Comiskey family, with no income except what could be squeezed from the ball club, had been attacked for penny-pinching tactics. "They wouldn't spend \$1.98 for Joe DiMaggio," was a common witticism. But this new Comiskey, this handsome kid they called Chuck, was a different kettle of fish entirely. He and his hustling general manager were spending money as if they had

Sound, aggressive front-office leadership has helped the Sox. Huddling with young Charles Comiskey are farm director John Rigney (left), general manager Frank Lane.

Acme



it. Fifty thousand dollars for a kid shortstop named Jim Baumer, \$60,000 for Gus Keriakos, a schoolboy pitcher from New Jersey—that kind of money spoke louder than a million words.

Comiskey and Lane will tell you unhesitatingly that everything they had done up to the close of the 1949 season was in the nature of a baby step. They took their first giant step toward the construction of a contender when they acquired the services of a young Latin shortstop in the Brooklyn Dodger chain, a black-haired, smiling, dashing señor from Caracas, Venezuela, named Alfonso Carrasquel. His friends called him Chico, and before the 1950 season was over, every ball fan on the South Side of Chicago was his friend for life.

Lane was resting between telephone calls when I asked him to tell me the true story of the Carrasquel deal. I said I had heard and read a dozen different versions of the transaction. Frank laughed. "I've read more than that," he said. He leaned back in his chair and put his feet on the seat of another chair. "It's a long story," he began. "I first heard about Chico when I was still in the American Association. During the Little World Series in 1948, an International League umpire named Ed Tatler was telling me about his experiences umpiring winter ball in Venezuela. I asked him what kind of ballplayers they had down there and he said they were fair. 'I saw one hell of a ballplayer, though,' he told me. 'A shortstop, name of Carrasquel. He's a big-leaguer if I ever saw one.' The name sort of registered with me, but not too much. I forgot all about it until I had moved into Chicago and happened to see the name Carrasquel on the White Sox reserve list. Well, right away I said to myself, 'Hey, that's that young shortstop Tatler was telling me about.' I made some inquiries and found out, of course, that our Carrasquel was the

old pitcher, Alex, who was now ineligible because he had jumped to the Mexican League. Alfonso, it turned out, was Alex's nephew. Unfortunately, he was also a Brooklyn farmhand and the Dodgers had him playing for their Fort Worth club."

Never one to leave a promising stone unturned, Lane swung into action by putting through a telephone call to Alex, who was pitching in an "outlaw" league in Canada. Happy Chandler had issued his proclamation forgiving the jumpers, so Frank was free to offer Carrasquel a job. "Apply for reinstatement," he urged the veteran, "and we'll bring you back to pitch for the White Sox." He wanted to get Alex on his side in case he was able to make a play for the youngster.

"The next thing I did," Lane says, "was to contact Bobby Goff of the Dallas club. Goff was an old friend of mine and I had a lot of confidence in his judgment. 'Who,' I asked him, 'is the best shortstop in the Texas League?' I was careful not to mention Chico's name because I didn't want to tip my hand. It's been my experience that sometimes people will tell you just what they think you want to hear."

Goff had the answer right on the tip of his tongue. "There's a kid down here at Fort Worth," he said, "who's the greatest young shortstop I ever saw. Carrasquel, his name is. I don't know who's going to do the hitting for him but he can field like nobody's business. And I don't think he's a pushover at the plate, either." He slowed down for a second. "The trouble is," he concluded sadly, "there's not much use in your worrying about him. He belongs to Brooklyn and they wouldn't sell him for love or money."

Working quietly, Lane had Carrasquel scouted by a few trusted agents. All turned in rave notices on the kid. Convinced this was the player he needed to replace old Luke Appling at short and form the cornerstone of his new team, Frank made

his first overt move. He sent George Toporcer to Texas to meet the Venezuelan, get to know him and form an opinion of his character and habits. Branch Rickey, Jr., served as interpreter when Carrasquel and Toporcer got together in a Fort Worth hotel room.

"George was under quite a handicap," Lane grinned. "After all, Chico couldn't speak English at all. I think he only knew a couple of words. Probably 'steak' and 'money.' But George got a lot of help from young Branch, who was very obliging, and he gave us a good report on the kid. Of course, now the Rickeyes knew we were interested in Carrasquel and I guess you could say our negotiations entered a new stage."

By what Lane smilingly terms "a strange coincidence," Branch Rickey, Sr. dropped into Comiskey Park a few weeks after Toporcer's scouting expedition. He sat in a box seat with Lane and watched the White Sox play a ball game. "It wasn't very impressive," Frank says ruefully. "We were still pretty shabby in those days. After the game, I turned to Rickey and I said, 'All right, Branch. What do we need?'"

The Deacon shrugged expressively, chewing reflectively on his cigar. "You need a lot of things," he said in his finest oratorical manner. "But more than anything else, you need a shortstop." The new phase of the negotiation was getting warmer.

Lane, of course, agreed with Rickey's analysis of the situation. It was obvious that Luke Appling couldn't go on much longer. He could still hit the ball hard but he had slowed up so badly that the White Sox pitchers weren't getting anything like the protection they deserved. It wasn't Luke's fault. It was just a case of time winning another inevitable victory. "I don't think anybody ever did find out how old Luke really is," Frank says. "He was born something A.D."

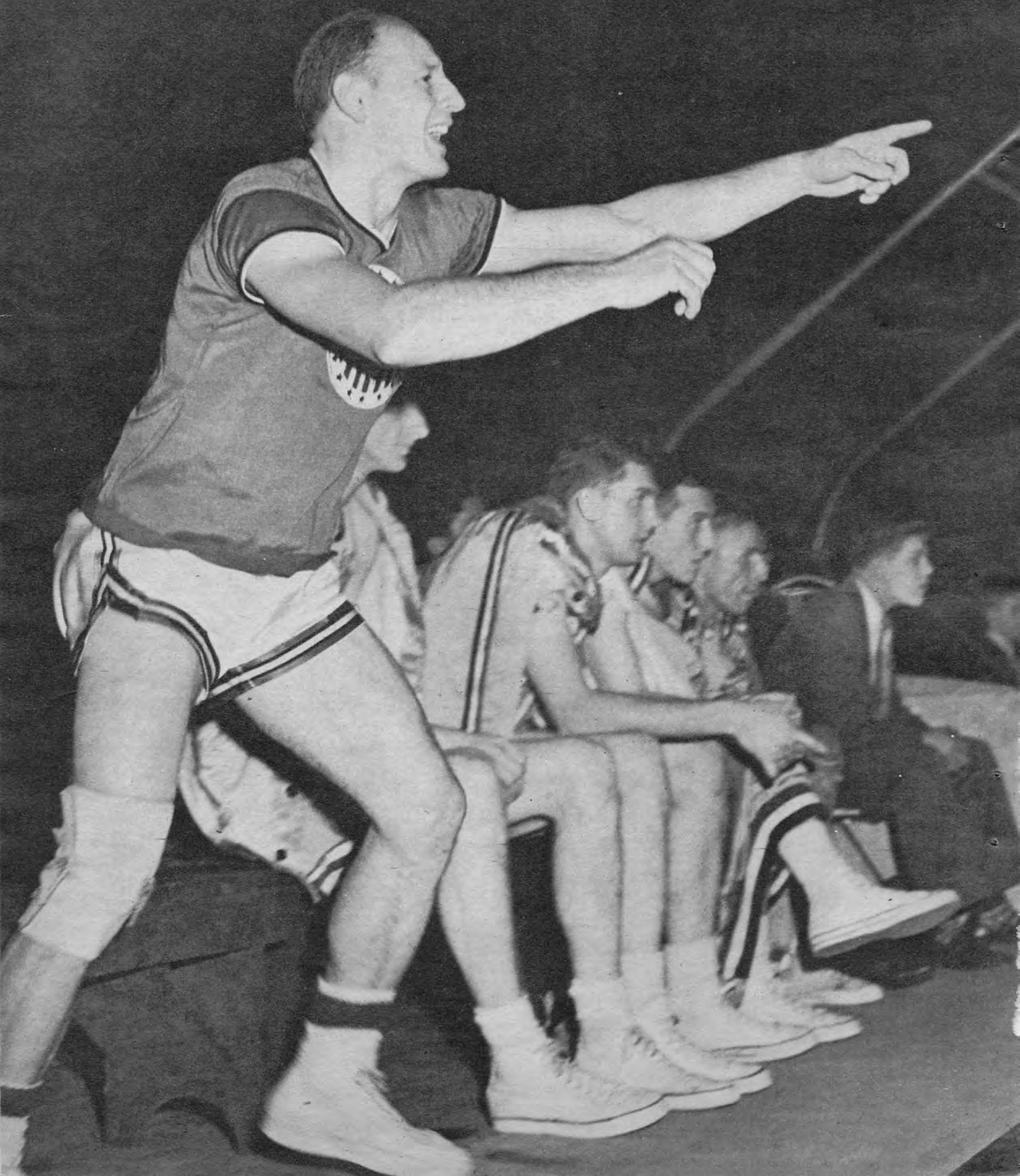
Salesman Rickey (—→ TO PAGE 76)

Chicago's flashy Venezuelan shortstop, Chico Carrasquel, comes flying home with a run against the Yankees. While fans wondered how they did it, the White Sox held first place in the American League for 44 days last season.

INP



OLD PRO



FROM SYRACUSE

Referee-baiter, holler guy, fiery competitor, player-coach Al Cervi has been battling to win basketball games for the last 25 years

By JACK NEWCOMBE

AL CERVI, the high-voltage player-coach of the Syracuse Nationals in the National Basketball Association, has the lean and harried look of a man who has spent the best part of his life winning and losing basketball games. Fortunately for Al, he has won a lot more than he has lost. Because after 25 years as an amateur and professional in the sport, he still suffers the grinding agony of a condemned man every time his team so much as slips a point behind.

Al's despair is most visible and audible when he is coaching from the sidelines but it can show up when he's coaching on the run, too. A losing performance by the Nats inevitably drives him off the bench and into the game where he can glare and shout at the officials at point-blank range. Likewise, a winning performance is apt to bring him into action in the final minutes. Cervi feels things are more secure with him on the floor. They usually are.

A fiery competitor who plays with the zip and determination of a schoolboy half his age (35), Cervi's passion for victory and his sound knowledge of the game make him an ideal player-coach. His Syracuse teams, which have won 123 games and lost 70 in the last three complete seasons, hustle more than any other club in the league. In 1950, the Nats hustled to the finals of the NBA playoffs before losing to the championship Minneapolis Lakers. Without the help of big-name college stars (except ex-NYU ace 'Dolph Schayes), the Nats have become a solid draw, one of the few solvent clubs in the league. In Syracuse, they attribute the enthusiasm for pro basketball to the work of the team's fireball coach.

Cervi carries the nickname of "Digger" around western New York State, where he has been playing pro basketball since 1937. Although it is more commonly worn by wire-haired fox terriers, the name fits Cervi well. No one digs any harder than Al to get the ball up the court and through the hoop or to stop an opponent from doing the same. Sometimes the rules and/or the officials get in his way, but Al considers them necessary evils nowadays. He can remember a time when he played with a minimum of interference from both. In those days, it was customary to leave the floor at the end of the game with parts of opponents or their uniforms clutched in your hands. He and Nat Hickey, an Original Celtic who was then in his mid-thirties, once stripped off each other's shirt during

some violent hand-to-hand combat on the floor.

Cervi's attitude toward total victory gets him into occasional difficulty with the opposition. A running feud between the Nats and the New York Knickerbockers, which dates back to 1948, is fanned periodically by the charge from Madison Square Garden that Cervi is playing foul again. The Nats claim the Knicks have been piqued ever since 'Dolph Schayes was wooed away from the big city to Syracuse. But the irritation goes deeper than that. The New York club, which had a succession of unhappy experiences in smoke-clouded State Fair Coliseum where Syracuse played its games until this year, became outspokenly annoyed with its upstate rivals during the 1950 Eastern Division playoffs. In the first game of that series, a Syracuse crowd of 9,674 (all of whom were smoking big black cigars, according to one Knickerbocker report) whooped and hollered as the Nats won, 91-83, in overtime. Twelve players fouled out of the game (one of them was Cervi) and the Knicks had to shoot at a basket that developed a mysterious case of the shakes in the second half. Cervi was quoted as explaining the phenomenon as a result of the exhaust from a big electric fan, but New York coach Joe Lapchick and most of his players were convinced that fans of a different species were involved.

The second game in New York was more brutal than many of the prize fights showing around town that winter. The Knicks stumbled off the court with an 80-76 win, but they had the bedraggled look of the vanquished. Carl Braun was helped to the sidelines with a leaking wound and Dick McGuire was barely able to stand upright.

Ned Irish, the Knicks' proprietor, accused Cervi of "atrocious tactics." More (→ TO PAGE 74)

As the 35-year-old player-coach of the Syracuse Nats, Cervi (with ball) still flashes the form of an all-time pro star.



GOLF'S ANGRY

*Before he had a taste of combat duty with
went wrong on the course, to wrap his clubs*



MAN CALMS DOWN

the U. S. Infantry in World War Two, tomato-faced Clayton Heafner made it a habit, when things around defenseless trees. He's grown up now and is giving the big names a run for their money

By WILTON GARRISON

Illustrated By John Gallagher

MOST guys come out of the Army a little rougher and a little tougher than when they went in. That's the way it's supposed to be—or the Army would be disappointed. But with big Clayton Heafner, the golf pro who has carried a heavy part of the United States team's load in the last two Ryder Cup victories over Great Britain, it was different.

When Heafner entered the service in December, 1942, he had earned quite a reputation in his four years on the circuit. He was the stormy petrel of the Professional Golfers' Association of America and at once the pride and despair of Tournament Manager Fred Corcoran. Heafner was the boy who would shoot a 64 the first day of a tournament, draw a big gallery his second day and then pick up when things went wrong. He ranted at officials and he wrapped clubs around trees.

Those were the days when Clayton's golf temperament was not helping his game. Rated a comer who possessed all the necessary talents to get ahead in the business, he often became discouraged when he didn't pick up some of the finer points as rapidly as he wished. But the Army cured him. "I had it rough," he says, "but I also had time to think. I saw how darned lucky I had been and some of the mistakes I had made."

Heafner played it smart. He applied the things he learned in the Army to his golf game. In turn, his experience in the "hup-two-three-four" league mellowed him and taught him a new philosophy. He came out of it a new man, a golfer who today struggles through to the 72nd hole of every tournament he enters—often to a fancy payoff. There's no more tempestuous packing up and going home. He has learned to talk to people, picked up a fine sense of humor, and even loves to tell golf stories on himself. Along with all these admirable qualities, he has also improved his golf game.

So far Heafner has never won one of the big ones like the Open, PGA or Masters, but he has come very close. The times when he doesn't step up and collect a check of some considerable size are few and far between. With him, it's like working for a salary—a few bogies and birdies here and there meaning the difference between a cut or a bonus.

It wasn't always like that, though. When Clayton first joined the pro circuit on a regular basis in 1940, he began to go places—in all different directions. He was runnerup in the Miami Open that year and won \$1,250. He was leading the Los Angeles Open until Lawson Little caught fire and breezed by to grab the

check right out of his hands. At Oakland, Clayton was again the runnerup, although he had led the field by two strokes at the end of the third round and had shot his first hole-in-one in the process. It was here also that the famous tree incident occurred, one that has since become a legend among the pros.

Heafner and Jimmy Demaret were battling right down to the wire. Clayton drove off the twelfth tee and his shot landed in the branches of a tree, where it stayed. Undaunted, Clayton climbed up after it while newspaper and newsreel cameras recorded the feat for posterity. The ball plopped to the ground. Clayton scrambled down, stepped up to the ball and whacked it over the green. Then he chipped back to leave himself a six-inch putt. Nonchalantly he walked up and took a casual swipe at the ball. He missed it and Demaret won by a stroke.

That Oakland incident still rankles in Heafner's memory. Mention trees and you touch off a firecracker. "If there's 400 acres around one little sapling," booms Clayt, "it's practically even money that I will either stop against one or be stymied by the same. Trees have cost me more tournaments than I can count—my ball always is stopping in trees or against them. The gods seem to smile on some fellows like Johnny Palmer. I hack and saw my way out of the forests, but John is always in the clear."

The adventures of the Cinderella Man took on more bizarre turns as he progressed. Driving off the sixth tee in the first round at San Francisco soon after the Oakland incident, Heafner lobbed his ball high into the air and saw it disappear into a tree. But when he looked around, he could find no sign of it. He accosted a young spectator standing nearby who was holding a bag full of golf balls and demanded to inspect his collection. Clayton identified one of them as his own and was allowed to drop it without the penalty of a stroke. Willie Goggin beat him out in that tournament.

Heafner didn't win a tournament in 1940, but he was making money and a name for himself. In 1941, he was runnerup in the North and South Open, and late that summer he won his first title in the Mahoning Valley Open at Girard, Ohio, although few of the big money-makers were competing against him. The bulky tomato-faced Heafner came back in 1942 to show the folks at Mahoning that he liked to play there. He won it again with a 264 to share with Craig Wood the world's record for 72 holes (→ TO PAGE 62)

CAN KINDER

The grizzled old relief ace of the Boston Red Sox belated success simply enough. "Must be

BY JACK KELLY

UP TO a few years ago, if you had guaranteed Ellis Kinder enough money to keep body, soul and family together, you would have made him a very happy man. At a period in his life when he should have been in his baseball prime, he was scrambling for a living. Now, when he is reaching what should be the twilight of his career, he is the best relief pitcher in the American League, making more money in a year than he used to make in five.

It is a curious case of belated development, for Kinder was 37 last July. Whatever his age, he proved to be the most valuable member of the star-studded Red Sox last season. Three years ago, he was a 23-game winner at Boston. Turned out to the bullpen in 1950, he made good in a big way as a relief pitcher. The Red Sox used him in 63 games in 1951. His 11 wins and two losses made the most impressive record on the staff and one of the best in the league. His earned-run average of 2.55 was the lowest in the American League, although his failure to appear in the required 154 innings cost him the official title. He was 27 under the minimum. In the voting for the league's most valuable player, Kinder placed on a number of ballots. Instead of slowing down, he seemed to be getting better all the time.

When Kinder first came to Boston, most of the fans around town didn't even know how to pronounce his name. It rhymes with tinder, not finder. At that time, he was crowding 34, an age at which most pitchers go shopping for slippers, a pipe, and a place to sit and watch their arteries harden. Besides being old, Kinder was broke when he joined the Red Sox. With a wife and three children to support, he had been living right up to the income the Browns had been paying him, which was just over the legal minimum. When Kinder learned about the trade which sent him to Boston, he was letting a passenger out of his cab at the railroad station in Jackson, Tennessee. He kept right on driving the cab the rest of the winter. Even with the Red Sox, he didn't expect to collect the kind of money that would allow him to loaf during the winter.

Ellis, whose perpetual pixie-like grin goes perfectly with his usual shrug of the shoulders, was neither happy nor unhappy about the deal. He took it exactly as he had taken everything else that had happened to him—in stride. At least it was a job.

"I work for a living," he says. "Just like everyone else."

A big winner as a starter for Boston in '49, Kinder has since become the ace of the bullpen. He was in 63 games last year.

SPORT

KEEP IT UP?

Sox, whose baseball life began at 35, explains my arm is getting stronger," he says. Must be!

He doesn't care how he makes the living, so long as it's honest and a living. He didn't get into organized baseball until he was 25, and he entered it only because, at the time, he could make more money that way. By then, he had been married for more than five years, had been a father for three and was collecting what he could in semi-pro ball and off-season jobs around his birthplace, Atkins, Arkansas.

Before he was 30, he was out of organized baseball. He got out for the same reason he got in—because he could make more money that way. He got a job as a pipefitter for the Illinois Central Railroad in Tennessee. The urge to eat was stronger than the urge to play ball.

Probably the best explanation of Kinder's homely philosophy on the subject of making a living came out of a conversation he had with manager Doc Prothro of the Memphis Chicks in the spring of 1944. Kinder, after working in Jackson for the railroad for a year, was entitled to a two-week vacation. He took it in Memphis, where he had jumped the club the year before. At the ball park, he looked up Prothro.

"Coming back to work?" asked Doc.

"I don't know."

"Tell you what, Ellis. We'll reinstate you and give you what we gave you in 1942."

"Uh-uh. Not enough dough."

"Look," Prothro pointed out, "you're not getting any younger and you've been out of baseball for a year. But I need pitchers."

"And the railroad needs pipefitters. Besides, they pay more money for them than you do for pitchers."

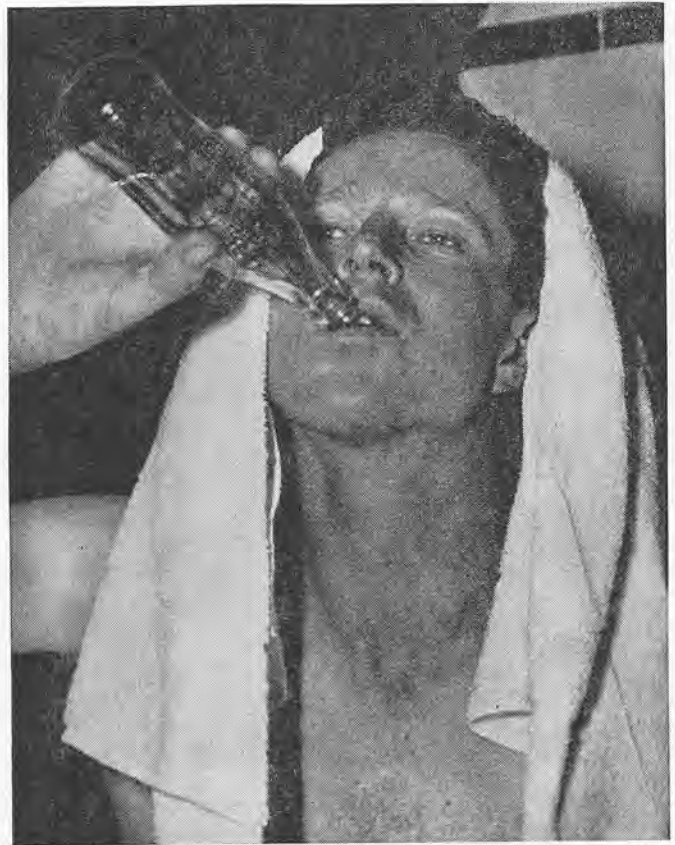
Prothro, with a fine show of disdain, shrugged and said, "Okay. I'll see you later."

"It better not be much later," Kinder said. "I go back to work at the roundhouse on March 15. In the meantime, if you want me, I'll be around."

Prothro's disdain was as phony as a siren's kiss. In 1944, the Memphis club was desperate for pitchers; in fact, everyone was in those days. Prothro needed Kinder and needed him badly. A week after their discussion, the Chicks' manager weakened. He doubled his original offer for Kinder's services. For no other reason except that it was \$50 a month more than the Illinois Central was paying him, Kinder walked out of the railroad yards and back into baseball.

Right now, getting at least three times the \$6,000 the Browns paid him in 1947, Kinder is, for the first time in his life, financially comfortable. But he's still practical. If the Illinois Central offered to top his Red Sox figure, Kinder would go right back to the roundhouse. He is a working man.

Yet there is a strange paradox in his outlook on baseball. While protesting in one breath that the dough's the thing, in the next, he is begging for work. When the Red Sox went down the stretch in the last weeks of the 1949 season, Kinder (→ TO PAGE 70)



INP

Kinder, who will be 38 in July, appreciates life in the big leagues. He once gave up baseball to work on the railroad.



Calvin Campbell

A native of Atkins, Arkansas, where he played some semi-pro ball, Kinder married Ruth Correy, a Boston girl, in 1951.

STATISTICS TELL THE STORY

There have been some thrilling one-man shows in the National Hockey League playoffs.

Here are the records of the stars, past and present, who have made Stanley Cup history



International

Maurice Richard (No. 9) has scored like this 43 times in 57 playoff games. His goal production is 16 higher than that of any other player.

FORMER PLAYERS

GOALS

1. Gordon Drillon 26
2. Syl Apps 25
2. Toe Blake 25
4. Modere Bruneteau 23
5. Carl Liscombe 22

Most Goals Scored In Playoffs In One Season—12 by Richard in 1944 (in nine games)
Most Goals Scored In One Playoff Game—5 by Richard in 1944

ACTIVE PLAYERS

GOALS

1. Maurice Richard, Montreal 43
2. Ted Kennedy, Toronto 27
3. Sid Abel, Detroit 26
4. Max Bentley, Toronto 17
4. Elmer Lach, Montreal 17

ASSISTS

1. Toe Blake 37
2. Bill Cowley 34
3. Syl Apps 28
4. Syd Howe 27
5. Bill Hollett 26

Most Assists Made In Playoffs In One Season—12 by Lach in 1946 (in nine games)
Most Assists Made In One Playoff Game—5 by Blake in 1944

ASSISTS

1. Elmer Lach, Montreal 35
2. Sid Abel, Detroit 28
3. Max Bentley, Toronto 27
3. Ted Kennedy, Toronto 27
5. Milt Schmidt, Boston 23

POINTS

1. Toe Blake 62
2. Syl Apps 53
3. Bill Cowley 46
4. Syd Howe 44
5. Gordon Drillon 41
5. Carl Liscombe 41

Most Points Made In Playoffs In One Season—18 by Blake in 1944 (in nine games)
Most Points Made In One Playoff Game—5 by Ed Bush, Detroit (1942)
Don Metz, Toronto (1942) Richard (1944) Blake (1944)

POINTS

1. Maurice Richard, Montreal 65
2. Ted Kennedy, Toronto 54
2. Sid Abel, Detroit 54
4. Elmer Lach, Montreal 52
5. Max Bentley, Toronto 44
6. Milt Schmidt, Boston 39

FOUR of the six National Hockey League teams will start the playoff struggle for the Stanley Cup in the final week of March, after having battled for five and a half months through a 210-game schedule to eliminate the other two league teams. It should come as no surprise to hockey fans if the scoring star of the 1952 playoffs turns out to be Maurice (Rocket) Richard, right-wing for the Montreal Canadiens. In 57 post-season games, Richard has scored 43 goals and assisted in 22 others for a total of 65 points. His goal production is 16 higher than that of any other player, past or present, and he has a margin of three in the point column over the second best playoff point-getter. In four different seasons, Richard led the playoff parade in goals, including last year when he registered nine of them in 11 games, winning three of the games with overtime scores. He also holds the league record of 12 playoff goals in a season, made in 1944. In one game that year, he scored five times as the Canadiens beat Toronto, 5-1, in a semi-final contest.

Fittingly enough, Richard's setup man, Elmer Lach, is the leading Stanley Cup playmaker among active players. The Canadiens' brilliant center has a series record of 17 goals and 35 assists—52 points in 49 games—and he is one of the two active players with a better than one-point-per-game playoff average. (Richard is the other.) Two more assists for Lach would enable him to equal the all-time record of 37 held by Toe Blake, a linemate of Richard and Lach in his playing days. The trio formed the famous "Punch Line." Blake's point total of 62 is second only to that of Richard, and he holds the single-season mark of 18, set in 1944.

Ranking behind Richard in playoff goals is Ted Kennedy, aggressive Toronto center, who has scored 27 in 65 games. Sid Abel, veteran Detroit pivotman, has needed 89 games to score 26 times. Among players who are no longer active, the highest goal total belongs to Gordie Drillon, who scored 26 times as a right-wing for Toronto and Montreal. Syl Apps, a linemate of Drillon's on the Toronto club, and Blake each poked in 25 playoff goals. In addition to Richard, Kennedy, Abel and Lach, there are other veterans such as Max Bentley of Toronto and Milt Schmidt of Boston, who have played prominent roles in previous series and may do so again. Maybe the spotlight will fall upon Gordie Howe and Ted Lindsay, who with Sid Abel, form Detroit's "Production Line," hockey's greatest scoring combination this year. Howe has been in 33 playoff games, Lindsay in 64, and they each have scored a total of 13 goals.

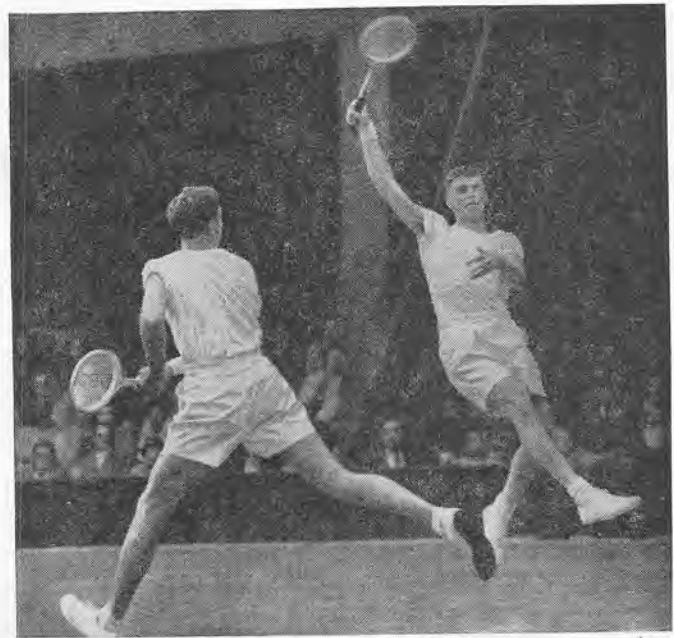
Allen Roth

Sports Quiz



GUEST CONDUCTOR: *Bud Palmer* does the play-by-play of college and pro basketball games over television station WPIX in New

York. He's a former Knickerbocker star himself



Acme

1 Three famous baseball personalities, all of whom retired from the jobs they held in major-league baseball at the end of the 1951 season, once formed a famous outfield for the New York Yankees. Do you know their names?

3 Can you name the colleges these three pro basketball players once attended?

- (A) Ed Macauley
- (B) Dwight Eddleman
- (C) Dolph Schayes

6 I am a former blocking back from the University of Michigan. I recently became head coach at a Big Ten school which did not win a conference game in 1951. Who am I?

9 Not since 1948, when Gardner Mulloy and Billy Talbert won the United States men's doubles title, has an American team been able to win that championship. True or false?

4 Major-league baseball players Leo Kiely, Ed Ford and Curt Simmons are all signed with different teams but they have two very important things in common. What are they?

7 The best earned-run average in the National League was compiled by pitcher:

- (A) Preacher Roe
- (B) Sal Maglie
- (C) Chet Nichols

10 Only four major-leaguers ever hit over 400 home runs in their career. Babe Ruth led the list with 714, Jimmy Foxx hit 534 and Mel Ott hit 511. Who was the fourth man?

5 Is this statement true or false? Art Ross has been manager of the Boston Bruins since the club was started in 1924 and he also coached the team at three different times.

8 Ann Arbor, Michigan, May 25, 1935: An Ohio State student, ———, today broke two world records in the 220-yard dash and the broad jump. (Can you fill in the name?)

11 The world discus-throwing record was made on April 17, 1948, by:

- (A) Jim Fuchs
- (B) Charlie Fonville
- (C) Fortune Gordien



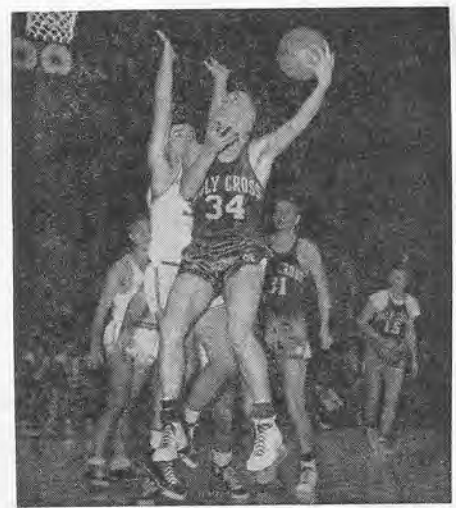
International

12 A former player-manager for the Washington Senators, I am now general manager of the Red Sox. Who am I?



Acme

13 He may look more like a tennis player here, but he is a former undefeated heavyweight champion. He's?



Acme

14 This college basketball player is attempting to score with a standard shot. What is it commonly called?

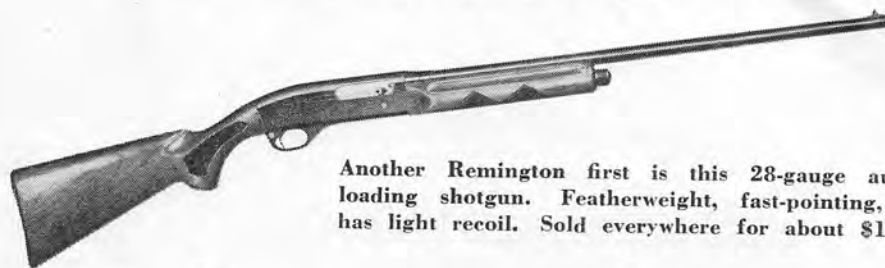
FOR CORRECT ANSWERS TURN TO PAGE 80

WHAT'S NEW IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

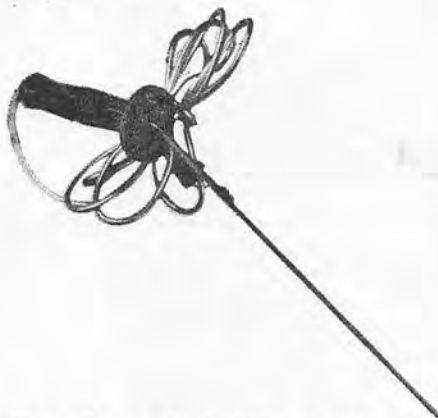
*For your convenience, here is a selection of the most interesting items **SPORT** found on its monthly tour of the nation's top sporting goods stores*



More sport than casting: Nyglax salt-water spinning rods. From \$21.95. Union Hardware, Torrington, Conn.



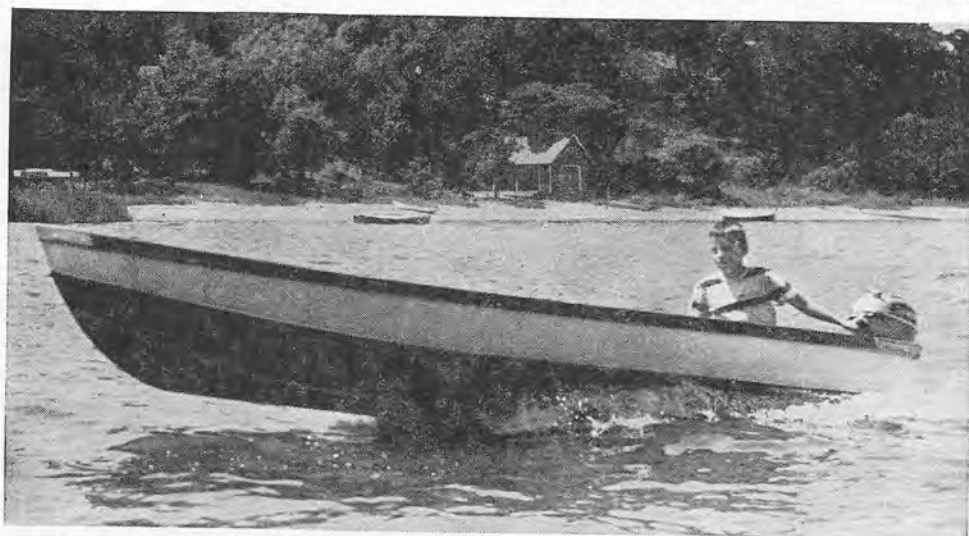
Another Remington first is this 28-gauge auto-loading shotgun. Featherweight, fast-pointing, it has light recoil. Sold everywhere for about \$110.



Worm Master shocks bait to surface. You just pick them up. \$4.95. Todd & Associates, Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, Mo.



Carry your day's catch home in this fisherman's ice bag. From \$5.65. Bemis Bros., 601 S. Fourth St., St. Louis, Mo.



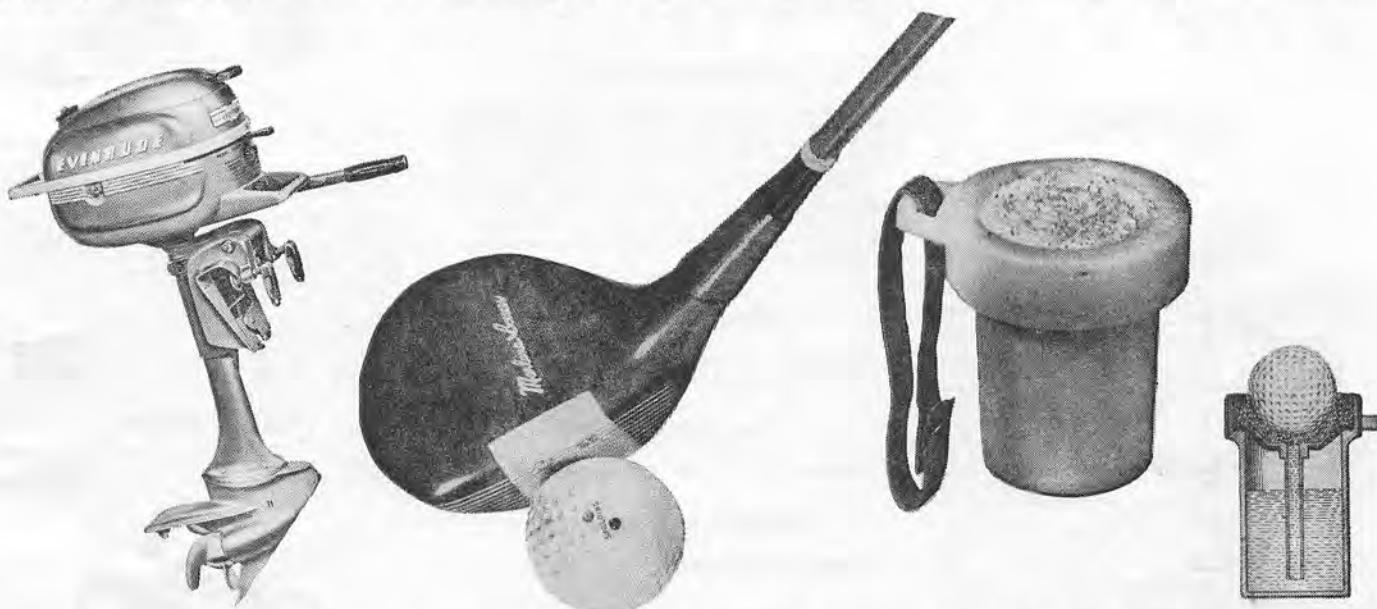
For springtime sailors: a Monel metal outboard motorboat. Salt water will not affect it. An air-cushion bottom creates less water friction, gives greater speed. It needs minimum care. From \$230. Seamaid Manufacturing Co., Kendallville, Ind.

Requests for additional information on any of the items should be addressed to the manufacturers.

SPORT



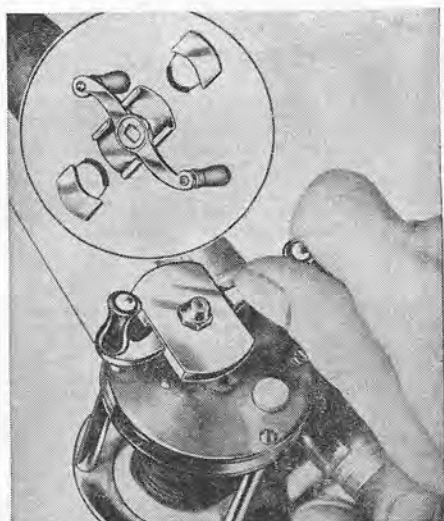
A sportsman's drink: champion highball glasses. Immortalized in 24-karat gold crystalline are the champions of baseball, boxing, tennis, football, golf, basketball and the Kentucky Derby. \$5.75 for eight. Felices, 36 Sutton Pl., N. Y., and elsewhere.



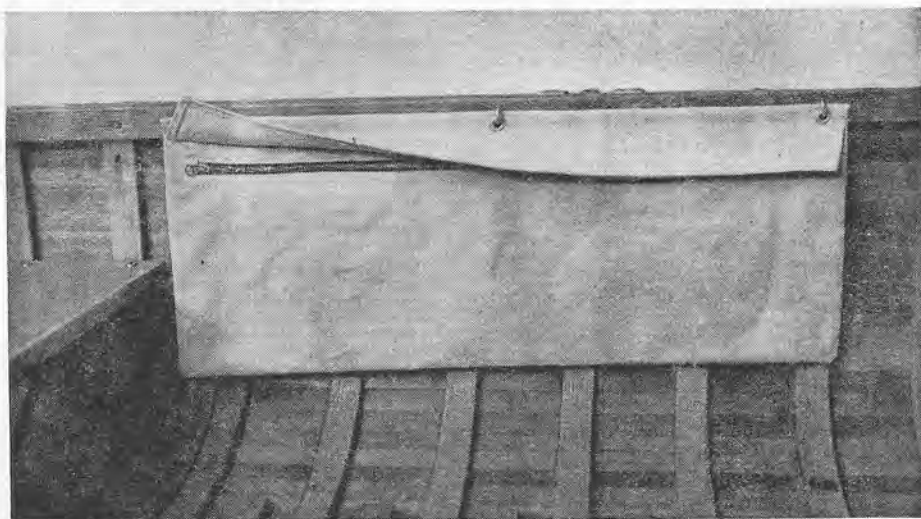
Evinrude's new Lightwin model, 3 horsepower, weighs only 29 pounds, has full-power operation. \$145. Sold everywhere.

Women golfers will like the Marlene Bauer "personal" woods by Spalding, with one-piece sole plate. About \$53.

Here's a handy little golf-ball washer to carry with you around the course. It keeps ball white throughout a round. \$2.



Kant-Lash is not a brake but a governor. No thumbing needed. \$2.95. Rebe-Craft Products, 213 Owen Bldg., Wilmette, Ill.



Handy storage for your many incidentals is supplied by this boat accessory pouch. Made of heavy waterproof duck, it fastens to top inside edge of boat, is instantly detachable. Zipper opening. \$4.95. Lafayette Co., West Lafayette, Ohio.

This is a regular editorial feature in SPORT and no paid advertisements are shown.

THE SPORT SCHEDULE

Here is **SPORT's** monthly listing of major games throughout the country. You can check the coming dates of your favorite team in this convenient lineup



BASKETBALL

College

Saturday, Mar. 1

Brigham Young at Wyoming; Brown at Tufts; Bucknell at Cornell; California at Stanford; Canisius vs. Niagara at Mem. Aud., Buffalo; Colgate at Syracuse; Cincinnati at North Carolina State; Connecticut vs. Villanova at Palestra, Phila.; Dartmouth at Princeton; Davidson at Maryland; Dayton at Baldwin-Wallace; DePaul vs. Notre Dame at Chicago Stadium; Detroit at Bradley; Drake at Houston U.; Fordham vs. New York U. at 69th Armory, N. Y.; Furman at West Virginia; Georgetown at Seton Hall; Gettysburg at Lebanon Valley; Harvard at Pennsylvania; Holy Cross at Yale; Iowa vs. St. Francis (N. Y.) at White Plains, N. Y.; Illinois at Purdue; Iowa at Northwestern; Kansas at Oklahoma; Kansas State at Nebraska; Lafayette at Rutgers; Marquette vs. St. Louis at Kiel Aud., St. Louis; Marshall at Miami (O.); Minnesota at Indiana; Michigan at Michigan State; Montana at Denver; Muhlenberg vs. La Salle at St. Jos. Fieldhouse; Navy at Army; New Mexico at New Mexico A&M; New York A.C. at C.C.N.Y.; Oregon at Oregon State; Pittsburgh at Penn State; Rhode Island at Springfield; Rider at St. John's (N. Y.); Southern California at U.C.L.A.; Southern Illinois vs. Siena at Albany Armory; Temple at St. Joseph's (Pa.); Texas A&M at Rice; Texas Christian at Southern Methodist; Texas at Arkansas; Utah at Utah State; Valparaiso at Concordia (Mo.); Washington State at Washington; Western Reserve at Western Michigan; West Texas State at Texas Tech; Wichita at Oklahoma A&M; Wisconsin at Ohio State.

Monday, Mar. 3

Drake at Houston U.; Furman at West Virginia; Holy Cross vs. Boston College at Boston Garden; Kansas State at Iowa State; Michigan State at Indiana; Nebraska at Missouri; New Mexico at Texas Western; Northwestern at Illinois; Oklahoma A&M at Tulsa; Purdue at Michigan; Western Ky. State at Bowling Green; Wisconsin at Iowa; Wyoming at Colorado.

Tuesday, Mar. 4

Cincinnati at Miami (O.); Columbia at Yale; Georgetown vs. George Washington at Uline Arena; New York U. at C.C.N.Y.; Rutgers at Princeton; Valparaiso at Loyola (Ill.).

Wednesday, Mar. 5

Brown at Rhode Island; Bucknell at Muhlenberg; Colorado A&M at Wyoming; Connecticut vs. St. Francis (N. Y.) at II Corps Armory, Bklyn.; Fordham vs. Manhattan at 69th Armory, N. Y.; Franklin & Marshall at Gettysburg; Holy Cross at Dartmouth; King's (Pa.) at Villanova; Pennsylvania at Syracuse; St. Joseph's (Pa.) at Lafayette; Tufts at Harvard.

Thursday, Mar. 6

Holy Cross at Dartmouth; Phillips U. at Oklahoma City; St. Bonaventure vs. Siena at Albany Armory; St. Joseph's (Ind.) at Valparaiso; St. Louis at Oklahoma A&M.

Friday, Mar. 7

Brigham Young at Utah; Detroit at Western Ontario; Kansas State at Kansas; Western Reserve at Case Tech; Wyoming at Denver.

Saturday, Mar. 8

Canisius vs. Siena at Albany Armory; Colgate at Rutgers; Colorado at Iowa State; Columbia at Dartmouth; Cornell at Pennsylvania; Fordham at Holy Cross; Harvard at Yale; Illinois at Wisconsin; Muhlenberg at St. Joseph's (Pa.); Oklahoma A&M at Houston U.; Penn State at Bucknell; Princeton at Lafayette; Providence at Brown; St. Bonaventure vs. Villanova at Palestra, Phila.; St. Louis at Tulsa; Utah State at Montana; Wyoming at Denver.

Monday, Mar. 10

Cornell at Columbia; Kansas at Colorado; Oklahoma at Kansas State.

Tuesday, Mar. 11

Canisius at Syracuse; Pennsylvania at Yale.

Wednesday, Mar. 12

Columbia at Princeton.

Saturday, Mar. 15

Dartmouth at Cornell; Pennsylvania at Princeton; Yale at Harvard.

TOURNAMENTS

MARCH 8-15, National Invitation, Madison Square Garden, New York. 21-22, NCAA Eastern Regional No. 1, Raleigh, North Carolina; NCAA Eastern Regional No. 2, Chicago, Ill.; NCAA Western Regional No. 1, Kansas City; NCAA Western Regional No. 2, Corvallis, Oregon. 25, NCAA Eastern and Western Finals, Seattle, Washington. 26, NCAA National Championship Final, Seattle, Washington.

National Basketball Association

Mar. 1, Philadelphia at Baltimore, Boston at New York, Indianapolis at Minneapolis (St. Paul), Syracuse at Rochester, Fort Wayne vs. Milwaukee (at Tri City). 2, New York at Boston, Rochester at Syracuse, Indianapolis at Fort Wayne, Minneapolis at Milwaukee. 3, Rochester at Baltimore. 4, Baltimore vs. Boston (at New York), Rochester at New York, Fort Wayne at Indianapolis, Minneapolis at Philadelphia. 5, Minneapolis at Boston. 6, Syracuse at Fort Wayne, Milwaukee at Rochester. 7, Boston at Philadelphia, Syracuse at Indianapolis. 8, Boston at Baltimore, Minneapolis at Rochester, New York at Milwaukee. 9, Baltimore at Boston, Philadelphia at Syracuse, New York at Fort Wayne, Rochester at Minneapolis. 10, Milwaukee at Baltimore. 11, Syracuse at Philadelphia, Rochester at Indianapolis. 12, Syracuse at Boston, New York at Minneapolis. 13, Boston at Syracuse, Rochester at Fort Wayne. 14, Milwaukee at Philadelphia, Baltimore at Indianapolis. 15, Syracuse at New York, Milwaukee vs. Philadelphia (at New York), Boston at Rochester. 16, Philadelphia at Boston, New York at Syracuse, Indianapolis at Fort Wayne, Baltimore at Minneapolis.

A.A.U.

MARCH 16-23, National Men's Championships, Denver, Colo. 23-29, National Women's Championships, Wichita, Kansas.



HOCKEY

National Hockey League

Mar. 1, New York at Montreal, Boston at Toronto. 2, Montreal at Chicago, Toronto at Boston, Detroit at New York. 3, Chicago at Detroit. 4, New York at Boston. 5, Montreal at Toronto. 6, New York at Chicago, Boston at Detroit. 8, Chicago at Montreal, Detroit at Toronto. 9, Montreal at New York, Toronto at Detroit, Chicago at Boston. 11, Detroit at Boston. 12, Chicago at New York. 13, Toronto at Montreal, Boston at Chicago. 15, Boston at Montreal, New York at Toronto, Chicago at Detroit. 16, Montreal at Boston, Toronto at New York, Detroit at Chicago. 18, Chicago at Boston. 19, Montreal at Toronto, Boston at New York. 20, New York at Detroit. 22, Detroit at Montreal, Chicago at Toronto. 23, Montreal at Detroit, Toronto at Boston, Chicago at New York.



HORSE RACING

MARCH 1, Opening at Charlestown, West Virginia. 4, Opening at Gulfstream Park, Hialeah, Florida. 6, Closing at Hialeah Park, Florida; closing at Fairgrounds, Louisiana; closing at Santa Anita, California. 12, Opening at Golden Gate Fields, Albany, California. 14, Opening at Arizona Downs, Phoenix, Arizona. 15, Opening at Lincoln Downs, Rhode Island. 18, Closing at Charlestown, West Virginia.

Stake Races

MARCH 1, Santa Anita Handicap (\$100,000), Santa Anita; Flamingo Handicap (\$50,000), Hialeah; Louisiana Derby (\$20,000), Fairgrounds. 3, Juvenile Handicap (\$10,000), Hialeah. Christopher J. Fitzgerald Handicap (\$15,000), Santa Anita. 8, San Juan Capistrano Handicap (\$50,000), Santa Anita; New Orleans Handicap (\$25,000), Fairgrounds. 12, Lafayette Handicap (\$5,000), Golden Gate Fields. 15, Pacific Handicap (\$10,000), Golden Gate Fields. Albany Handicap (\$5,000), Golden Gate Fields. 22, Berkeley Handicap (\$10,000), Golden Gate Fields. 29, San Francisco (\$15,000), Golden Gate Fields.

INDOOR TRACK

MARCH 1, New York K. of C. Meet, New York City. 7-8, Western Conference Indoor Championships, Champaign, Ill. 14, Cleveland K. of C. Meet, Cleveland, Ohio. 21, Legion Indoor Meet, Montreal, Canada. 29, Chicago Daily News Relays, Chicago, Ill.

Ozark Ike Lives to Hit

(Continued from page 33)

Gus is unable to lose the feeling that he didn't get a square shake at Chicago. "I'm not bitter, because I was putrid plenty of times, and a paying fan has a right to pop off," he says. "But I think it would have helped if they'd given me the same break as any rookie coming up. Before I'd played 40 games in 1949, they were billing me as the key man of the club, the guy everything depended on. I never did have a rookie season. The pressure was so great I couldn't get loose."

Don't make the mistake of congratulating Ozark Ike on his "comeback" with the Athletics. One of the friendliest, folksiest of athletes, Zernial is irked by the word. "All that happened at Philly was that I was treated like just another player. Nobody was riding me. Dad-gummit, you can't call what happened a comeback because I never was the ballplayer they built me up to be."

Yet, in the season ahead, Zernial doubtless will be tagged one of the half-dozen most menacing sluggers in the American League. "When Gus is standing in there, I feel like the old-timers must have felt about Hornsby," comments pitcher Bob Lemon of Cleveland. "Give him anything but your best breaking ball and he'll tear your head off."

Zernial's power derives from a pair of apelike arms which are hung on a body that resembles those in the ads of the bar-bell manufacturers. Last winter he kept in perfect trim by tossing around cable grommets for torpedo nets at a Navy base in California. His other off-season jobs have included working as a heavy-construction laborer and driving a three-ton truck. At 28, a prime age for ballplayers, Gus needs only to continue harnessing his power to become Kiner's chief rival for the home-run title. "I'm just a stubborn enough Dutchman to go on setting strikeout records," he says, "if taking a free cut will get me those long balls from time to time."

Zernial's swing is Ruthian in its all-or-nothing sweep. He started harnessing it consistently a week after reporting to the Athletics last May. In a doubleheader with the New York Yankees, he touched Allie Reynolds for a double and single in the first game, then blasted two homers in the second off Frank Shea and Fred Sanford. He went on to pole seven over the wall in four games to tie a league record set by Tony Lazzeri in the Thirties. Though he denies any revenge motive, Gus committed murder against his old White Sox teammates. On June 2, he snapped a 14-game Chicago win streak with a home run off Joe Dobson. Later, he ended another Sox streak, this one running to 15 straight road victories, with a bases-loaded homer that carried nearly 500 feet.

Gus had to have guts to find himself that way. Few fans appreciate the multiple injuries and general bad breaks that have hounded the Beaumont, Texas, native in his ten-year climb from Class D baseball to two big-league slugging titles. Zernial is such a smooth-tempered, happy-go-lucky type that you have to pump hard to get the facts. But not long ago, the writer watched him bounce his four-year-old daughter, Susie, on his knee at the neat

TERRIFIC!

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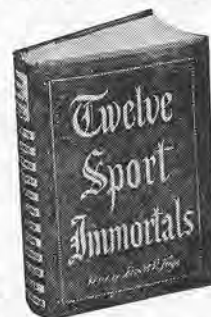
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Zernial cottage in Inglewood, California, and met his beautiful brunette wife, Gladys, and learned the truth about the man they used to call "baseball's sleeping beauty."

"We're a pretty happy family now," said Gus. "I think I'll go good for Dykes and the A's from now on. But, dadgummit, I sure had some doubts about myself for a long time. . . ."

Gustavus Emile Zernial, a building contractor in Beaumont, died when Gus was 15. Gus' mother, now 73, remains his strongest fan. The family numbered seven children, with Gus the youngest and huskiest of the lot. In Beaumont they speak of the "right spunky Zernials," typified by brother Tim, who lost an arm in a boyhood dynamite explosion but went on to become a good semi-pro outfielder. When the elder Zernial died, young Gus cemented his ambition to make good in baseball.

At Beaumont High, which also produced Grady Hatton of the Cincy Reds, he was a fair student and a sport marvel even by Texas prep standards. An all-city pick in basketball and baseball, the rawboned 180-pounder also broad-jumped 22 feet and high-jumped six feet. He was the playmaker of the Beaumont quintet which went to the state tourney semi-finals. Nobody was surprised when Texas University offered him a free basketball ride after his high school graduation. Gus didn't even consider it. At 17, he attended a five-day St. Louis Cardinal tryout camp at Houston and came away with a \$75-a-month contract offer.

Gus reported to Albany, Georgia, of the Georgia-Florida League. He pushed his average up to .330. But Branch Rickey was consolidating his farms in the wartime year of 1942 and Gus was released. "Rickey didn't even know I was alive," Zernial says. Two weeks later, he was picked up by Waycross, Georgia, of the same league. Gus hit a mild .286 for Waycross, but with the accent on extra-base blows. One night, fans showered him with \$54 in coins when he broke up a game with a Zernial special over the fence. "I got right interested in hitting the long ball about then," admits the thrifty Dutchman. "When I went home to Beaumont after the season, I had \$400 to split with my mother."

The war took a three-year slice out of his important developing years. Enlisting in the Navy at 18, he saw the world as an armed guardsman aboard Liberty ships. Out of uniform in October, 1945, he took a solemn vow: to either make the Triple-A grade in baseball in four years or quit for some other type of work. It took a lot of wandering around the U.S. before he made good on the pledge. The Atlanta Crackers had obtained rights to him from Waycross, and in 1946 they sent him to Burlington of the Class C Carolina League. They're still raving about Zernial in Burlington.

"I led the league with a .333 average and set a new record of 41 home runs—and, boy, did they appreciate it," he relates. "One night, against Durham, I had homers in the first and 12th innings and they were passing the hat in the stands while I was still rounding the bases. Got over 200 bucks that time."

Meanwhile, Gus "tripped over" a young beauty named Gladys Elizabeth Hale, working for the Western Electric Company as a phone operator in Beaumont. "She was the cutest thing I'd seen anywhere," says Gus. "We got married in Burlington on the second day of the season. Gladys didn't know

what she was getting into, but after packing her bags all over the country, she found out."

The Cleveland Indians drafted Zernial from Atlanta for the 1947 season, but, figuring he wasn't ready, sent him to Baltimore. Gus had been at bat just four times for the Orioles and Gladys had just arrived from Beaumont when he was told, "You've been claimed by Hollywood. Report immediately."

"Gus," asked Gladys curiously, "can't anybody in this game make up his mind?"

It developed that Jimmy Dykes, managing Hollywood, had spotted Zernial's name in a Baltimore box score and had taken advantage of a claim he had filed after the Burlington season. The league was a month into its schedule when he reported, but in two weeks Gus caught his club's runs-batted-in leader and set the pace. In one series with Los Angeles, he hit four homers in six games. Two months after his daughter, Susan, was born, the tall Texan was established as one of the finest prospects in the minors. He hit



.344, batted in 77 runs and stroked 12 homers that season.

A year later, the Stars sold him to the White Sox and the peculiar fate that has dogged Zernial got in its first licks. In a training game with the Camp Pendleton Marines, Gus was rounding second base at full speed on a Luke Appling triple when he felt a stabbing pain in the upper part of his leg. "I should have stopped right then, but the third-base coach was waving me on, so I kept going." At the plate, he collapsed. He spent two weeks nursing a damaged leg muscle. Then, chasing a pop fly, he stepped on a loose ball and tore a tendon in his right ankle. Manager Ted Lyons had to leave him behind with Hollywood when the Sox broke camp.

All the wolves in Hollywood aren't concentrated on Hollywood Boulevard. Local fans climbed on Gus—his 1947 success forgotten—for weak fielding. His injured leg was so stiff he had trouble bending over for low line drives, so he had to stop charging balls. Enemy runners ran wild on him. Yet, because Dykes needed his hitting, Gus silently suffered the most cavalier treatment any star performer ever suffered. All he did in 1948 was lead the PCL in total hits, total bases, home runs (40) and runs-batted-in (156). In two games with San Diego, he hit four homers in four consecutive trips to bat—to all three fields. Yet Hollywood fans gave Zernial the wet welcome each time his

name was announced in the lineup.

Recalled to the White Sox under Jack Onslow in 1949, Gus felt that the tough times were behind him. They were—for 43 games in which he set American League pitching on its ear. Opening day against Detroit, he slammed Hal Newhouser for two of Chicago's three hits in his first major-league appearance. In the next 42 games he was a sensation—leading the league in hitting at .355 and in doubles with 17. Then on May 28 in a game at Cleveland, with the score tied 1-1 in the tenth inning and with the winning run on second, Thurman Tucker hit a low liner directly at Zernial.

"I'll never forget it," he says. "The ball was curving sharply away as I came in fast. The only chance was a diving backhand grab. I fouled up the works. I lit on my collarbone and fractured it in five places. I learned later that sharp ends of bone pierced the muscles. I couldn't move."

The catch saved the winning run from scoring. That he held the ball through his agony is typical of Gus.

After 38 days in the hospital and a tricky operation, Gus got back in the lineup in July. He couldn't raise the arm above shoulder level, but he could still swing. Onslow used him as a pinch-hitter. Despite his handicaps, Gus finished with a .318 average.

Medical opinion indicated that Zernial might be washed up, that probably he would never again throw with power. He wouldn't believe it. Through the winter, he worked with trainer Jerry Hatfield in the Melrose Health Club in Hollywood. Hatfield broke down the torn muscles with heat applications and put Gus on a rigid five-hours-a-day, five-days-a-week exercise schedule with weights and bar bells. For additional exercise, Gus forced himself to paint the interior of his Inglewood home. "Swinging a brush for a couple of weeks convinced me that I could at least get my hands up to make a catch," he says. White Sox scouts dropped around occasionally to see for themselves. When spring training of 1950 arrived, Gus was the club's big question mark.

Everything continued to go wrong. He broke his toe and later tore a knee muscle and was out of a dozen games. Repeating his Hollywood experience, he had to favor the battered legs and his fielding suffered. "All the time, while he was just trying to get in some kind of shape," says a former teammate of Zernial's, "those Chicago boobies were making his life miserable. I don't know how the guy managed to take it."

Zernial took it because he's constitutionally unable to dislike anyone. The human race never had a better booster than Gus. Even when his wife reported that fans had identified her in the wives' section and were hurling insults at her, Gus said, "Don't say anything, honey. Never talk back. Remember, they paid and they've got a right to want a winner."

Not until after the season did general manager Frank Lane make a calm appraisal of Zernial. "We were a little harsh on him," Lane confessed. "After all, he set a new team record for home runs, and was among the league's top 15 in runs-batted-in." But Zernial's .280 average and the 110 strikeouts, which topped Pat Seerey's previous White Sox record of 94, were disturbing. Gus had a hunch a trade was brewing on opening day of 1951 when Chicago fans booed him lustily—two days after he had driven in four runs

in a game at St. Louis. It came, suddenly, in a seven-player deal involving the A's, White Sox, and Cleveland.

The Athletics had lost 12 of their first 13 games when Gus arrived. They finished in sixth place, better than figured, and didn't lose one of their last 14 series. The combination of Ferris Fain, league batting champ, and Gus swinging in the cleanup slot could make hitting history in Philadelphia this summer.

"With a rare type like Gus, you have to take the good with the lousy," sums up Jimmy Dykes. "Last year he hit two homers in seven games, only four games behind the league record. But he's such a free swinger that he tailspins into some of the worst slumps you ever saw."

In one stretch of 15 times at bat, Zernial popped up to the catcher 11 times! "If I could just hit one ball on the ground, I'd be the happiest guy in the world," he moaned in the dugout. Dykes heard him and got an idea. Next time Zernial went apprehensively to bat, the manager thumbed him back. "Okay," sighed Gus, figuring he was being taken from the game, "I've got it coming."

"No, you're the hitter," said Dykes. He got close to Gus and whispered solemnly, "Just between us, kid, I think you can hit a ball on the ground!"

The light touch relaxed Zernial and he broke the slump with a booming double.

If there's anything lacking in Gus it's a mean streak to augment his tremendous strength. But Gus never gets sore at the opposition. He has been involved in no fights and has never been put out of a big-league game. The only time he was chased from the field was in 1948 at Hollywood when Rip Russell was belaboring umpire Bill Engeln. "I couldn't think of anything to say, so when Rip got real rough, I stuck my nose in the huddle and said, 'Yeah, that goes for me, too!' Bill kicked us both out."

The Zernials at home are a typical American family. Three years ago, they gave up their Hollywood establishment to buy a comfortable home near the Los Angeles International Airport.

Gus doesn't smoke, but likes to concoct an excellent Hawaiian punch-and-vodka cocktail. He drinks sparingly. A favorite wintertime spot for big-leaguers in Southern California is Hollywood Park race track, near the Zernial home, but he hasn't played a horse in years. The family often drives to nearby Playa del Rey beach for surf-riding and weenie-roasts.

Last season, Zernial's 129 runs-batted-in was the highest total for an Athletic since Jimmy Foxx was with the club, yet he remains unsatisfied with his efforts. "I blame Ted Williams for my low batting average of .268," he draws. "For quite a spell there, I was over .300. Then, toward the end, I got in that race with Ted for the home-run championship and the RBI title. Gosh dang it, I just forgot about everything else but beating him out. I kinda wished now I'd paid more attention to my average."

The Zernial-Williams duel wound up with Gus outslugging one of baseball's greatest all-time batters, 33 homers to 30, and 129 runs-batted-in to 126.

"If Mr. Zernial regrets that," remarked Connie Mack, retired head of the Athletics, "I can only say he's the loneliest man in Philadelphia. Nobody else does."



THEY'LL LIVE AT DEAR OLD RUTGERS

ON the campus of Rutgers University, where the game got its start 82 years ago, the greats of college football are finally receiving the tangible recognition they deserve. Much in the same manner as the baseball heroes are enshrined at Cooperstown, 53 pre-eminent names have been selected for the national Football Hall of Fame at the New Brunswick, New Jersey, school. Among the group are such football personalities as the ones shown from left to right: Sammy Baugh, Ernie Nevers, Red Grange, Pop Warner, Jim Thorpe, Walter Camp, Bronko Nagurski, Knute Rockne, Amos Alonzo Stagg, Nile Kinnick and Pudge Heffelfinger.

Though football is only a generation or so younger than baseball, no one ever got around to creating a Hall of Fame for the sport until after World War II. Then, in the winter of 1947, two groups had the same idea at the same time. A Rutgers correspondent for a Newark newspaper suggested a national memorial at Rutgers and got enthusiastic backing from the New Brunswick Touchdown Club. A group of Syracuse, New York, sportsmen wanted to do the same thing at Cazenovia, New York, the home of Gerrit Smith Miller, who was supposed to have played a game similar to football on the Boston Common in 1863. Early in 1948, the two groups got together. They formed a site-selection committee, including Grantland Rice, Bernie Moore of the Southeastern Conference, Asa Bushnell of the Eastern Intercollegiate Association, the Missouri Valley's Reaves Peters, the Big Ten's Tug Wilson and Vic Schmidt of the Pacific Coast Conference. More than a year later, the ivy-covered, tradition-steeped campus of Rutgers was chosen. Grantland Rice became president of the new organization and Admiral William F. (Bull) Halsey was named chairman of the national committee. Rutgers gave the group space for the headquarters on the campus.

About 200 colleges already have become charter members of the association, which will erect a \$5,000,000 building on an 800-acre tract near Rutgers Stadium when the national emergency eases. The building, for which plans already have been okayed, will be two city blocks long and of about the same depth at its widest point. There will be two main halls—the hall of fame, where the football heroes will be immortalized, and the hall of flags, where the colors of every football-playing college in the country will be displayed. In addition to a museum and a library devoted to grid lore, there will be special rooms honoring All-Americans, Coaches of the Year, Famous Bowl Games, Famous College Teams, sportswriters and even football officials. One plan would give each sponsoring college a room, approximately 14 feet by 12 feet, in which to keep its football history. But this will come after the main structure has been erected and paid for. The architects say the building can be expanded whenever necessary.

With the preliminary work completed, the Hall of Fame group is getting ready to launch a nationwide drive for funds. The organization hopes that eventually it can start a national program whereby each football-playing college will designate one home contest as the Hall of Fame game and turn over a portion of the receipts to the pantheon. Rutgers has done this for the last two years; now other big schools will be asked to help. With the commissioners of almost every major football conference in the country interested in the memorial, there seems to be a good chance that this plan will be adopted.

Meanwhile, plaques honoring the first 53 Hall of Fame members will be given temporary haven in the Rutgers gymnasium, which, incidentally, stands on the site of that first football game played in November, 1869. When the Hall of Fame is completed, the plaques will be transferred. The gridiron greats have finally found a home. They'll live at dear old Rutgers.

—BOB FENDELL



Golf's Angry Man Calms Down

(Continued from page 51)

at the time. That summer, he tied for the Tam O'Shanter Open prize in George May's golfing circus at Chicago, losing in the playoff to Byron Nelson. He was runnerup again in the Miami Open and was beginning to think that the term, "often a bridesmaid but never a bride" had been designed exclusively for him.

It was his outspoken attitude as much as his golf, which was earning him a reputation. In 1940, they put him on a radio program at Los Angeles, conducted by the local Chamber of Commerce. He had shot a good round that day and the announcer kept calling him "Clayborn Heefner from Durham, North Carolina." Finally it came Clayton's turn at the mike.

"In the first place," he said, "my name is Clayton Heefner and I'm from Charlotte, North Carolina."

The announcer gulped and said, "Well, that's fine, Clayton. This is your first time in California, isn't it? How do you like our climate?"

The brusque Heafner, who had struggled through showers, fog and sunshine that day, replied: "Lousy." The broadcast went off the air.

As late as 1948, he was still speaking out. The USGA pulled out its microscope to inspect the players' clubs before the Open at Los Angeles that year. Chick Harbert's were ruled out, although he hadn't touched them with a file or anything else since they had been passed at the 1947 Open in St. Louis. Heafner, standing by, blew his top and read the riot act to the USGA. They promptly suspended him. The officials then pointed out to Harbert that constant hitting of the ball had worn the grooves in his clubheads too close together and they needed fixing. Heafner had been talking when he should have been listening.

But this time the "new" Heafner took it like a man. He wrote a letter of apology the next spring to USGA officials, including Fielding Wallace, and Wallace went to bat for Heafner and got him reinstated in time to play

in the Masters at Augusta. He hasn't had any trouble with the officials since.

His regeneration actually got under way when he wound up as a buck sergeant in the infantry. Heafner was in the 87th Infantry Division and he and his Third Army buddies tramped all over England, France and Germany, most of the time in the thick of the fighting. Among other things, he learned that there were more important things in the world than golf.

But golf was still his bread and butter, and when he was discharged from the service, Heafner went out in earnest after the tournament gold. In 1947, he was named to the U.S. Ryder Cup team for the first time, but he didn't see action. In 1949, however, he defeated England's Dick Burton, 3 and 2, in the singles match at Ganton, Yorkshire, and then teamed with Jimmy Demaret to beat Sam King and Charley Ward, 4 and 3, in the doubles.

Last year, Heafner was named to the Ryder Cup squad for the third time. He teamed with Jackie Burke to beat Max Faulkner, Britain's Open champion, and Dai Rees, Britain's greatest match performer, 5 and 3, in the doubles at Pinehurst. Heafner tied Fred Daly in the singles as he dissipated a three-hole lead with five holes to play. Nevertheless, the American team won, 9½ to 2½.

The red-haired and red-mustached Heafner celebrated his 37th birthday last July by returning home from the PGA circuit to spend the day with his wife and three-year-old daughter, Donna Lynn. For 24 of those 37 years, Heafner has made golf his life. He came from a family of moderate circumstances in Charlotte, and when he was 13 began caddying at the Charlotte Country Club. Today, he lives in a handsome brick home only a few blocks from that same country club. He married his childhood sweetheart, the former Mary Allen, on December 19, 1940.

Dugan Aycock of South Boston, Virginia, gave Heafner his first chance in a pro shop when he was 17, and the

big Tar Heel later held club positions as assistant pro at a variety of golf courses in North Carolina. He became a full-fledged professional in 1932, but it wasn't until 1938 that he decided he was ready to take a fling at the tournament circuit. He had been struggling along trying to make a living, and, after he quit caddying, worked for three years in a candy factory. Later, when he became famous, sportswriters dug up that fact and dubbed him "The Candy Kid."

Heafner won the Carolina Open in 1939 and placed third in the Greensboro Open with a 283 when the pros stopped off there that spring. He qualified for the National Open soon after and almost became golf's greatest sensation overnight.

That hot Saturday morning at Spring Mill in Philadelphia, he shot a blazing 66, which tied the record at that time for low score in the National Open. When the big rookie came in for lunch after that performance, he was mobbed by sportswriters, golf equipment salesmen wanting him to sign contracts, and autograph fans. This sudden burst of fame badly unnerved him and he missed his lunch. Nobody bothered to look out for his welfare, shoo the people away, or let him rest. Hungry, baffled and rather dazed, Heafner went out that afternoon to shoot an 80 and wind up tenth.

Clayton wasn't alone in his tough luck that day. For it was the same fateful afternoon that Samuel Jackson Snead, a fellow who had encouraged Heafner to try the circuit, took an inglorious 8 on the easy par-5 final hole at Spring Hill when a 5 would have won and a 6 would have tied.

In 1947, after his service hitch and after he had begun applying his new philosophy, Heafner won his first major title, the Jacksonville Open, beating Lew Worsham in the playoff. In 1948, he won the rich Colonial Club Invitational at Fort Worth, where the pros are not allowed to spend a cent and where first place is worth \$3,000. It was his best year to date, and he closed the books as ninth-ranking money-winner with \$13,202. He was also runnerup for the Vardon Trophy with a 70.43 stroke average for 88 rounds.

It was at Jacksonville years ago when he was just starting out that Clayton had one of his strangest experiences. There was only one spectator following Clayton and his partner. On every lie, the spectator would walk up, look at the ball and then stare at Clayton, all the time never saying a word. This kept up for three days, with the same fellow following Heafner every step he took. On one hole, Heafner missed him. Looking around, he saw the character peeping at him from behind a pine tree. This was too much for Clayton. He went over to where the man was standing and exploded, "Say, bud, why the hell don't you follow some good player?" The spectator took off like a shot over the hill and was never seen again.

Heafner's durability was proved in the 1949 National Open. His first three rounds were 72-71-71 on the tree-lined Medinah course at Chicago. On the last day, Heafner battled Cary Middlecoff down the stretch in a two-man duel watched by most of the record crowd of 14,000. On the final green, he missed a six-foot putt by an inch and finished in a second-place tie with Snead at 287, one stroke behind winner Middlecoff. A double-bogey on No. 12 really cost him the tournament, he says. "That one broke my back. I knew I



"On the night of December fifteenth did you, or did you not, miss one foul shot and two layups?"

didn't have a chance after that." It was one of the most stirring scraps in Open history.

The \$1,250 prize money helped salve his feelings, but Heafner kicked himself for missing his big chance, figuring he might never be that close again. Yet, two years later, in the 1951 Open, he was right back again at Oakland Hills, finishing two strokes behind Ben Hogan. Hogan had to shoot a 67 to beat Heafner's 69 on the last round, finishing with 287 to Clayton's 289. A four-foot putt on the seventh hole of his final round missed by a half-inch, and on the eighth he skirted the cup by about an inch from five feet away.

At the 18th green, needing an eagle to tie, Heafner banged a tremendous drive into the rough on the right, then powered his second shot into the rough to the left of the green. But he blasted up to 18 inches and sank his putt for a par, earning \$2,000 second money.

You can't count this type of campaigner out. Considering how kind the years have been to his physique, he could still be up there five years from now. He has come close to the Open title three times now, but it has always eluded him. He'd like to have it before he calls it quits.

Although he's 37, Heafner feels he still has several years to go before he reaches his peak. Sam Snead is 37 and the Slammer is still doing better than all right. Lloyd Mangrum is also 37, Jim Ferrier 36, Vic Ghezzi 39, Dick Metz 43 and Dutch Harrison 41. Walter Hagen was going strong at 40 and barely missed winning his third Open title at 43.

Heafner is a giant of a man. He stands six feet one and weighs 225 pounds. To prove that he took his golf seri-

ously, Clayton once went on a diet and shelled 35 pounds. Fellow golfer Jimmy Demaret once looked at Clayt, shook his head and sighed: "Clayt is a victim of circumference."

For a big man, however, Heafner is not an enormous eater. He likes steak and green salads best, for they fire his boiler with energy. In his younger and less affluent days, he envied the young sports who had snappy-looking automobiles. With the first money he won on the circuit, Clayt purchased himself a high-powered convertible. Nowadays he goes to Detroit about once a year to swap it for a new one with more chromium and more speed. Cars are his only weakness.

In his spare time, Heafner plays golf. When he's at home between tournaments, he goes out to the Eastwood Club, where he is the traveling pro and main stockholder, and plays a round with old school friends who get plenty of free instruction from an expert.

His wife, who didn't know an eagle from a birdie when they were married, says she can never tell from his expression or his mood what he shot that day. "When he comes home I say, 'What did you have today?' The answer may be '66' or '73', but it never affects his appetite or his sleep. A good round or a bad one, it doesn't seem to bother him," she says.

While he's on tour, Clayton spends his free time at the movies, preferring musicals. He dislikes night clubs. "I never could get him to go to one when we were traveling on the circuit," says Mary. "Now that I'm staying home with the baby, I'm glad he doesn't like them."

Of the hundreds of golf courses he

has played from one end of the country to the other, Heafner still thinks the No. 2 links at Pinehurst in his native state is the finest and fairest test of golf.

Off the course, Heafner is a sociable chap, well liked by his fellow professionals. At work, he plays in dead earnest, always concentrating on his job. Bad shots still bother him, although not as much as they once did. In his early days he was a gambler, taking chances on long shots. Now he plays them more carefully. Too carefully, say his friends. The fact is that Heafner has too many shots, has mastered the game to the point where he has a wide latitude. His critics say if he went for the pin with abandon as he once did, he might be more successful. Heafner refuses to buy this advice, feels he's a better golfer now than he ever was before.

Clayton is a great believer in practice. "There's where you learn concentration," he says. "I try to hit every shot on the practice tee or green just as if it were for the Open championship. You've got to practice concentration. Otherwise when you need it, you haven't got it."

The rigors of the tournament trail don't bother Heafner at all. Where many a pro will retire at intervals for a rest, Clayton sticks to the long grind from January to December, driving from California, through Texas, Florida, the Carolinas, the East, the Midwest and then back to Florida. He picks up his share of the cash on the way and still counts on winning that Open title some day. But he's not obsessed or excited any more. Golf's angry man has calmed down—considerably.

—■—

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The Rookie from Vinegar Bend

(Continued from page 21)

bobs up and down on his forehead. When he grins, he grins like a school-boy called on to recite on parents' day and the physical effect spreads over his face like the ripples on a stream. There is color and appeal in the way he walks, for his gait is obviously that of a boy who has straddled many a furrow in the wake of a mule.

The baseball bug was planted in Mizell by a cousin who had lived in Mobile. "He moved back to the country," Vinegar Bend says, "and got us all interested in it, so in 1948 we got our own team out in our section and called it the Long Branch Rebels. There's a creek there by that name. I was the whole pitching staff and my brother was the catcher. He's older than me, and me and him both live on the farm with my grandma and uncle. You see, my daddy died when I was young and my mother was sick, so my grandma and uncle raised us both.

"I started every game we played that year and won 18 and tied two. We were invited to a tournament up the country, and they had it arranged so's we'd have to play twice in one day, figuring that with one pitcher we couldn't make it. Well, we did. I pitched 18 innings and we won both games, and then we had a free-for-all. We won that, too, and we went home the winner of them all."

HIS cousins and brother talked Mizell into the Biloxi trip. But he refused to go alone and so he and four cousins set out for the Cardinal camp. He wasn't acquainted with baseball's rules of the road, for he had another year in high school and could only be looked at, not touched. As it was, a storm almost cheated the Cards out of him. Called on to pitch to three men one afternoon, he struck them out. That night a tremendous tropical disturbance frothed up the Gulf Coast, breaking up the camp. Vinegar Bend went back home, but he had struck up a beautiful romance with the Cards. When Vinegar Bend walked down the aisle with his high school diploma the next April, Cardinal scout William (Buddy) Lewis was there to walk out with him. Lewis gave Mizell \$500 to sign, drove him to Hattiesburg and put him on the train to Albany, Georgia, where St. Louis maintained a farm club in the Class D Georgia-Florida League.

This was the first of Mizell's lucky breaks in minor-league guidance, for at Albany he came under the hand of a young manager named Sheldon Bender, a pitcher whose arm had gone bad. Bender, a St. Louis native, was breaking in as a manager that season, and his early days with Mizell were like life with Huckleberry Finn. "He showed up," Bender says, "without glove, shoes, sweatshirt, anything. He was just there. When we issued him his two uniforms, one for home and one for the road, he handed the greys back. 'I won't need but one,' he said.

"The people at the hotel told me he was up and out on the street or in the lobby at five o'clock each morning. I asked him if there was something bothering him, and he said there was. He said he couldn't sleep after five o'clock because that was the time he got up to milk the cows back home. He wasn't pitching any, he wasn't tired, and he was getting all the sleep he needed. It was a good month before he began to live like the rest of the boys.

"I worked with him over two weeks before I dared use him in a game. He didn't know how to throw a curve. He called it a 'crook.' He didn't know how to stand on the rubber and he had no idea about holding men on base. He was getting restless on the bench, so I finally used him in relief against Americus and they got five runs off him in one inning."

Bender's regular report to the Cardinal office that week carried this line about Mizell: "Real asset to the team, with his humor."

"About two weeks later, I started him at Waycross. I was afraid to use him at home. He walked six and never got past the first inning."

Bender reported that week: "Will be tough when he can get ball over plate. Learning fast."

"Finally, on June 4, he showed me he was ready. We were beating Americus bad and I put him in for the last three innings. Seven of the nine outs were strikeouts and they never got a hit off him. I knew he was ready. He started and went all the way June 15 and won his first game from Tallahassee, 6-2. He walked ten, struck out ten, and didn't allow but three hits."

From that point on, Bender's reports developed to a crescendo of praise. "Learning fast. Control improving. . . . Very close to plate. He's not really wild. . . . Has developed good move to first. . . . Fielding is gradually improving. . . . Was faster than ever when he struck out 18 and tied league record. . . . Learning to pace himself. Seems to improve naturally with each game."

At the end of the season, Bender listed him as a major-league prospect with an excellent attitude.

"There was a catcher here then," Bender says, "named Willie Osten, a mountain boy from Tennessee. He was an extrovert and he helped Vinegar Bend get out of his shell. After all, he'd never seen a professional game until the first one he dressed for. He wasn't shy around the team but he hadn't got accustomed to crowds yet.

"Pretty soon Willie had Mizell up at the microphone on special nights singing and cutting the fool with him. He got to be the greatest attraction they ever saw in the Georgia-Florida League. He was the difference between a 1,000 and a 3,000 gate. He just about ruined baseball in Albany. They've been looking for another Vinegar Bend ever since he left, and a fellow like that happens about once in 20 years."

THERE was a big Indian pitcher named Paul Jay on the Waycross team that season and his popularity was extremely low in Albany. On one particular evening, the Albany crowd and Jay had reached an impasse after several innings of bickering and the fans were ready to pour over the rail after the Indian. During a bitter exchange, Mizell strode out of the Albany dugout and into the third-base box where Jay was coaching. The act had the appearance of a man looking for a fight and the fans were sure Mizell would finish off their antagonist. As Mizell reached Jay, he said something and Jay reached in his hip pocket. He brought out a plug of tobacco. Mizell took a chew and went back to the bench. Mizell was simply out of tobacco and Jay was the nearest man who had a chew. The act cooled the heated fans immediately.

As he moved into Winston-Salem, North Carolina, in the Class B Pied-

mont League, Mizell began to realize the value of his unprofessional arts. At various stages of the 1950 season, he was called upon to ride mules, engage in milking contests and render his picturesque solo, "I'm a Country Boy." His voice won't make history but it goes well with the character of the song. It went so well in Winston-Salem that Vinegar Bend made a special recording in Houston and it was flown to the tobacco capital for use on opening night last season.

Mizell takes exceptional pride in his milking skill. "They put me up against one of these fellows who studied cows in college," he said, "and while he was milking a quart, I got a gallon out of my old heifer."

In an exhibition game that spring, he suffered through three innings in a new pair of spikes. When his turn was done, he sat down on the mound, removed the shoes, tied them together, threw them over his shoulder and walked off the field in his stockinged feet. He wasn't pitching to get out of the inning, but out of the tight shoes.

BY THE time he arrived at St. Petersburg to join the Cardinals for a preview last spring, Vinegar Bend had become a renowned character. But he had only touched the border of fame. Before it was determined that he should spend the season at Houston, a decision reached after much reflection on his distinctive spring work, he had touched off reports that led the baseball world to believe he was Rube Waddell and Dizzy Dean all rolled up in one. He captivated the major-league press with his "down home" didoes and his infectious ways. It was with deep regret that they said their farewells as he went off to Texas. But he didn't depart without a flourish.

The Cardinals were scheduled to play an exhibition game in Columbus, Georgia, and when the squad showed up without Mizell, the townspeople kicked up such a storm that a plane was chartered to fly Vinegar Bend in for the starting assignment. He struck out seven batters in three innings and the park was loaded with natives who came to see him do it.

"It's wrong to call him another Dizzy Dean as far as pitching is concerned," says old major-leaguer Al Hollingsworth, the Houston manager, "for you're comparing him with one of the real great ones. He's colorful like Dizzy, and he's a smart boy, got great instincts and learns quickly. You tell him something once and it sticks, like his move to first and his fielding.

"Oh, he's got good stuff, a real live fast ball that acts up. His curve is good and getting better. But he isn't in Dizzy's pitching class yet. It might work out that way later."

Vinegar Bend has carried the golden touch wherever he goes. At each of his three stops they have a pennant to remember him by, plus some dynamic records for a rookie. After his delayed start at Albany, he won 12 and lost three, struck out 175 in 141 innings and stood second in the league with his 1.98 earned run average. He walked only 65. At Winston-Salem, he was slow adjusting to Class B ball, but recovered from a 1-5 start and finished with nine straight successes. The final total gave him 17 wins, seven defeats, 227 strikeouts in 207 innings and a 2.48 ERA, again second in the league. His walks totaled only 81. On the side, he set a Carolina League record with seven straight strikeouts in a game in which

he fanned a total of 18 batters.

It was during this season that he exploited one of his lesser talents for that thing athletes call "my greatest thrill."

"I hit a home run," Mizell said with that monkeyish grin. "I guess I'm the worst hitter in the world, the 'pull' kind that's always slicing 'em down the first-base line. But this was a real home run, over the left-field fence in the playoffs—I bat right-handed—and it won my game. The crowd took up a collection and gave me \$220. When anybody asks me if I ever hit a homer, I always say, 'yeah, \$220 worth.'"

He made a typical slow start at Houston last year. ("I started off like a wet rocket," he says.) He was wild, lost the close ones and, at one time, stood 2-6 when he had been advertised as the guy to make Houston forget Dizzy Dean. At the end, his won-and-lost figures were not too impressive; he won 16 and lost 14. But he led the league in one-run defeats. He simply had the misfortune to pitch on the nights when the Buffs were swinging with dish towels. But look at these statistics:

He led the league, in low-hit games, allowing five hits or less nine times. He had a one-hitter, participated in another which was lost, a two-hitter (which he lost), three three-hitters (one of which was lost), two four-hitters and two five-hitters. He had games of 18, 17, 15, 13 (twice), 11 and 10 (twice) strikeouts, and pitched seven shutouts. In the 17-strikeout game against San Antonio, he and Bob Turley, now on the St. Louis Brown roster, set an all-time league record with 31 strikeouts between them. All told, he had 257 strikeouts, highest in the league since Dean fanned 303 in 1931.

He allowed only 161 hits for 828 times at bat, an average of .194, lowest in the league. His earned-run-average of 1.98 was second best.

Mizell led rural Vinegar Bend in a charge that captured metropolitan Houston on September 7, his big night of the year. The Houston club imported the entire male population (32) of the Alabama village for a "Vinegar Bend Night," and 9,000 fans came out in the rain. The hero lost to Shreveport, 3-2, although he struck out 15. He won one game in the Dixie Series with Birmingham, 1-0, and then was cancelled out the rest of the way by a throat infection as the Buffs took a licking.

"It was a good year for me, though, if I didn't do anything else but straighten out that move to first," he says. "I got so bad, I was afraid to throw over there. One night, I even picked off my own first-baseman. I was getting shell-shocked but I worked on it and got a pretty good move by the end of the year. Sometimes I was so good I surprised the whole ball club with it, including the first-baseman."

Mizell goes back to the Cards this year with a prime chance of staying, for the left-handers ahead of him, Brecheen and Brazle, are tired veterans.

"I never built up much hope of staying up last year," he said, "but I've got a bead drawn this year. When I first signed up for \$500, I didn't know any better. When I asked for more money the next year, they said 'that comes later.' And the same thing last year, 'that comes later.'"

"Wellum, I got my story ready this time. I'm gonna tell 'em that later's done here."

HOW I KEEP IN SHAPE

By
SUGAR RAY ROBINSON



Acme

THERE are two points of view to this business of keeping in shape. At least, that's true for the fighter. One concerns the between-fight routine and the other has to do with the actual training for a fight. I find it easiest to keep in shape between fights. I also get the greatest kick out of it because then I'm combining business with pleasure. Between fights, the most important thing is not to cease being active. I think all people, whether athletes or not, should always do some kind of exercise. My exercise—and hobbies, too—are dancing and golf. I think they're the greatest things in the world an athlete can do to keep in shape. I play golf two or three times a week (shoot in the 70's, incidentally). The fresh air is wonderful for the lungs and the game helps my stamina, and, of course, my legs. I've always loved to play golf. Dancing is comparatively new to me but I'm really getting to appreciate it now. It's a wonderful conditioner. I do tap dancing, rope dancing and am also working on a soft-shoe routine. My dancing partner, Ray Nugent, and myself are planning a theatrical tour very soon. I dance every day for two or three hours, and if that doesn't keep me in condition, I don't know what will. There are other little things to do between fights to insure the maximum of physical effectiveness. Although my weight doesn't bother me too much, I have to eat the right foods at all times. I try to get to bed early every night. I'm at the office a lot in those periods, supervising my businesses, but golf gets me outdoors enough.

Training for a fight is an entirely different story. Then you're on a real strict routine which you have to follow faithfully day in and day out. If you don't—well, you know as well as I do what can happen. Here's a typical day for me at a fight camp: I get up at 6:00 a.m. and immediately go out and do roadwork. I do from three to five miles of jogging each morning. I usually get back about 9:00 and have a good breakfast. I'm only allowed two meals a day, breakfast and dinner in the evening, so I make them big ones. After breakfast, I usually lounge around awhile and relax. Then I go for a long walk. I take a nap from 1:00 to 2:00 each day and at 3:00 p.m. begin the actual gym work. This consists of punching the bag, rope-skipping and boxing with sparring partners. At 5:30, I eat dinner. I have a strict diet to follow. It consists mainly of meat and vegetable courses. After dinner, I take another walk, then take an hour or so just to relax. I'm in bed by 9:00 p.m. every night. The two basic things in this routine are the rest and roadwork. Roadwork is the most important part of pre-fight training. It increases your stamina, fills your lungs with clean, fresh air and gives you the energy to carry through the day. In an actual fight, you're usually all right as long as you don't get tired. As long as you don't get tired in the ring, you can think. Otherwise, you cease all activity pretty fast. I guess I trained the hardest for the last Turpin fight, the one in which I got back my middleweight crown. But I train about the same for all of them. They're all important. I always allow five weeks of conditioning, which is about average for fighters. Of course, I could fight again right away if I didn't get hurt. What counts is to get in real good shape, tough and hard. The seasons of the year don't make much difference in the routine. Of course, in the summertime you don't work quite as hard. It's too hot and you perspire a lot and can lose weight fast if you're not careful. Otherwise, the routine is about the same.

As for the young guys who want to become boxers, or, for that matter, athletes of any sort, I would recommend three things: First, clean living; second, determination; third, faith in God. Get those three things and staying in shape will follow naturally.

So You Want to Be a Manager!

(Continued from page 13)

August that I would not be back, the boys came to me, almost to a man, and said they hoped I would return. Then they went out and won 23 of their last 32 games, which made me feel pretty good.

We had a good bunch of boys on the club—no heavy drinkers, no one hard to handle. Two of the best were our young pitchers, Joe Presko and Tom Poholsky. Every ball club should be lucky enough to have boys like those two.

To lighten the serious job of playing big-league ball, we put in a system of \$1 fines for missing a sign, failing to sacrifice, or leaving a runner on third with none or one out. The boys really worked to avoid those fines, not because of the money, but because of the razzing they took when they came back to the bench after getting stuck with a fine.

We had no real comedians on the club but Solly Hemus was funny enough. He kept Red Schoendienst, our second-baseman, in stitches. The better Solly hit toward the end of the season, the funnier he got.

After we obtained Stan Rojek from Pittsburgh and alternated him with Hemus until Rojek was hurt, Solly really blossomed out. After making a play, while the infield was peppering the ball around, he would yell, "What a play, what a play! How good can you get?" He called his arm his hose, and after he made a good throw, he'd come into the dugout and say to me, "Skipper, the old hose is getting better every day!"

Hemus doesn't have the physical equipment to be a great shortstop—his arm isn't strong enough, he doesn't cover a lot of ground, he's not fast and he's not agile. But because of his fine determination, he turned out to be one of the key men on the club. He has great spirit and he's a guy who will break his back to win.

I think the strong finish we made was based on the way Hemus developed at shortstop, the shifting of Stan Musial to first base from the outfield, and the strong finish Enos Slaughter made after we rested that great competitor. Bringing Musial in strengthened our defense and added more punch, because we had better outfielders on the bench than we had first-basemen.

I said previously I'd like to talk some more about the importance of speed on a ball club. Speaking of Musial reminds me of it. Everyone knew our attack consisted of Stan Musial. The other managers told me that as long as they got "Stosh" out of there, they didn't worry about beating us. And he was not only our best hitter—by a mile—but also our fastest runner. Injuries and age had made Schoendienst and Slaughter just average runners, and everyone else was slow.

If I had one thing to choose in a ball club, it would be speed. If you've got a power club, the opposition has only one thing to worry about—the hitter. They know that the runners are going to stay on base until someone hits them along. Look at the Red Sox and all their power. What has it got them? If your club has speed, you beat out more infield hits. The opposing team hurries to field the ball and throw it—and makes more errors. You have runners going from first to third on singles, something we practically never did last year. You can use the

hit-and-run and the stolen base more often. If your club has speed, you're better defensively, too, because defense is mostly a matter of covering ground. You can't teach speed any more than you can teach hitting.

I thought Leo Durocher took good advantage of the speed the Giants had last season. When Brooklyn began to run into trouble, I was surprised the Dodgers didn't use their speed more. I don't have much right to criticize the Dodgers, though, the way they worked us over 18 times in 22 games.

Because of our lack of speed, we depended too much on Musial for our attack last year. No man, even as great a player as Musial, is going to hit every day. The other managers had us tagged when they said all they worried about was getting Musial out.

However, Hemus wasn't the only pleasant surprise for me last season. Rookie Joe Presko was another one. He was, without a doubt, the best pitcher on the team. After we saw in training camp that he had the tools, we broke him in carefully and he developed fast. He would have won 15 or 20 games if he hadn't hurt his arm in July, and don't think it didn't hurt us to lose him for the rest of the season.

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In training camp, Tom Poholsky, another rookie, was the No. 1 pitcher. Tom tailed off at the start of the season because he lost his control, and he's the type of pitcher who has to have his control to win. I think maybe the continual uncertainty about when he was going to be drafted worried Tom and affected his control. After he found out when he was going into the Army, his control came back and he finished strong.

Billy Johnson was another pleasant surprise. When it became obvious that we had to have some punch, Fred Saigh gave us \$15,000 in cash and a \$25,000 ballplayer, Don Bollweg, to the Yankees to get Billy. Johnson was the best defensive third-baseman I ever saw play for the Cardinals, and he was second to Musial on the club in home

runs. He was well worth the price.

Another deal led to one of my unpleasant surprises. After failing to get Andy Pafko from the Cubs and Sid Gordon from the Braves, Mr. Saigh made a five-for-two trade with Branch Rickey of Pittsburgh. Let me take time to say that managers and owners usually are too timid about making deals for fear the players they trade will "show them up" after they change clubs. What difference does it make if the man becomes a star for the other club? If he's not helping you, and you can trade him for someone you think will help, it's worth the chance. At any rate, on the night of the trading deadline, June 15, Mr. Saigh sent Howard Pollet, Joe Garagiola, Ted Wilks, Bill Howerton and Dick Cole to the Pirates for Wally Westlake and Cliff Chambers.

We were after Westlake for his power and we considered Chambers an added starter. We took Cliff on a 30-day trial because we knew he'd been having arm trouble.

Unfortunately, when Westlake saw balls that had been dropping for home runs over the left-field fence in Pittsburgh going for long outs at Sportsman's Park, he got discouraged and gave up on himself. He couldn't wait for the season to end. We knew it was 16 feet farther to the left-field fence in St. Louis than it was in Pittsburgh, and that left-center was deeper, but we didn't think it would bother Westlake so much. But while his hitting disappointed us, we found Wally to be a much better fielder than we had expected. It just goes to show that you never get to know a ballplayer well just by watching him play 22 games a year against your team. You don't really know him until you have him on your own club.

If Westlake comes back this year and adapts himself to the park, and starts hitting to other fields, he will be a much better ballplayer. No right-hand hitter I know ever hit a lot of home runs to Sportsman's Park.

While Westlake failed to give us the power we expected, Chambers, coached by Harry Brecheen, won 11 ball games for us from June 19 to the end of the season. That was definitely a pleasant surprise.

My hardest job all season was telling Pollet and Garagiola they were going to Pittsburgh. But it looked as if Joe just needed a change of scenery, and Howie hadn't been able to get in top shape after a long holdout in the spring.

I made mistakes from the day I became a manager. My first mistake was signing a one-year contract. After my experience with the Cardinals, I obviously would not sign again as a manager for only one season.

On the day I took over, I said the Cardinals would drop the platoon system. I also said I thought I could get more out of George Munger as a pitcher. I soon found out that the Cardinals couldn't drop the platoon system. There aren't enough major-league players to go around and we had less than our share of them. After you've watched some left-hand hitters try to hit left-hand pitching, and some right-hand hitters try to hit right-handers, you realize you have to juggle your lineup from day to day. Look at the world champion Yankees. Even they don't have enough big-league ballplayers to use one lineup day in and out.

I thought I could give Munger the drive he needed to go with his great ability, but that was like trying to make gasoline out of water. Red is just too

That Home Run Saved Me

(Continued from page 26)

But after January 1, I gave a polite no to all those invitations. Spring training started for me two months ago. I was up and dressed at seven o'clock every morning, and before the sun was much above the horizon, I tramped several miles over the golf course with my boxer, Major. When I returned home, I was ready to tear into bacon and eggs with all the trimmings. It was a tough schedule, hiking in the morning and rowing in the afternoon, but I'm determined that in 1952 I shall lose my reputation as an in-and-out hitter and give Stan Musial a run for the batting title.

Many people wonder whether that 32nd homer of the 1951 season will put the pressure on me to go for the long one this coming season. Homer-happy, the trade calls it. I doubt it. I have already gone through the experience. I was barnstorming after the 1951 Series with a fine group of ballplayers headed by Birdie Tebbetts. Most of the opposing pitchers were young, strong-armed boys whose main ambition seemed to be to strike every one of us out. Their control would have shocked fireballing Rex Barney. You just don't dig in against that kind of pitching. One night, near Fall River, Massachusetts, a fast, wild fellow was pitching a whale of a game. In fact, in the eighth inning he was ahead of us by a run. As it turned out, I came up in the eighth with the bases loaded and dumped a single to left which scored two runs and won the game for us. I felt pretty good and I guess mine was the loudest voice of all in the shower-room chorus afterwards. Can you imagine my surprise and dismay when on leaving the park not one of the fans said a word about my game-winning single; they all wanted to know why I hadn't hit a homer!

If I were playing regularly in a park like Ebbets Field, I might be tempted to go for the long one. There the wall runs almost straight across from left field to center. But at the Polo Grounds, a home-run hitter must be strictly a pull hitter—which I am not. Some of my hardest-hit balls during the season are nothing but routine fly balls to the center-fielder. So you can see it would be foolish for me to try to break any home-run records. Of course, there will be times when I will come up with men on base when a home run is needed to tie or win the game. You can bet that in such situations I will be swinging for the fences.

This year I intend to stick with the batting style which I adopted in the latter half of the '51 season. I will be crouched over the plate, loose and relaxed, concentrating on the pitcher, hitting to left field or right field with the pitch. The three "musts" of hitting are concentration, relaxation and timing. It takes years of experience to acquire all three. That is why most players spend so many years in the minors. I had one full season in the minors, with Jersey City, and I realize now that it wasn't enough. In that one year, I didn't have time to experiment with different batting styles or with various bats. I didn't have the opportunity to fully discover my batting ability. I believe I have paid for that lack of minor-league schooling with a mediocre record for my first five years in the majors. It is reflected in my batting averages—one year good, the next year bad.

However, all that is behind me. I

have had five full years of major-league experience. And in those last two weeks of the '51 season, when we fought with our backs to the wall, I gained the knowledge and the confidence that I have what it takes to play on a winning team.

This year, Leo Durocher will not have to hustle out to the batting cage to ask me why I'm still batting straight and stiff and taking that long stride. I'll be crouched over the plate, feet close together, coiled, ready to spray my base hits to all corners of the field.

One of the first questions many people ask me is how did I feel when I was moved from the outfield to third base. I'll tell you. Have you ever been out of a job? If you have, then you know the loneliness that comes to you as you tramp around, asking for the opportunity to make a living for your family. Last season, around the end of June, I had gotten so bad at bat that I was asked to sit down. I was still on the payroll, of course, but sitting on the bench day in and day out, hitting with the scrubs, knowing that I had let the club down badly, and watching the boys out there hustling and fighting for every ball game—well, I was the loneliest and the saddest man in baseball. No one bothers with you when you ride the bench.

When, on July 20, Leo asked me if I could handle third base, he must have thought I had been a frustrated Pie Traynor all my life. I was so excited about playing again. I got to like third base. True, I was no Billy Cox but I was in the ball game every minute, talking it up, encouraging the pitchers, riding the opposing third-base coach. Unlike the outfield, you can't relax a minute at third. Why, a guy almost needs a chest-protector to stop some of those drives coming down the third-base line. When the new season starts and Leo tells me to play third, I'll trot

out there with a smile, but if he says, "Bob, you take left field," why it's only a few steps further. On a winning ball club, you place all your faith in the manager.

Leo Durocher is a great manager, not only for his daring in running the team but for his understanding and handling of his players. Let me explain. As you know, the '51 season didn't begin as a happy one for either the Giants or myself. The club, which had shown bright promise in spring training, lost 11 straight and became completely demoralized, and I found myself caught in a terrific batting slump.

A victory against the Dodgers ended the losing streak and then began the long climb back. Gradually, things began to go right for us. Balls stopped taking those bad bounces and the hits began to come when they were most needed. Slowly, the Giants gathered momentum and became once again a cohesive, fighting unit. Everyone pitched in and did his share—everyone that is, but me.

Try as I might, I couldn't find the key to my batting slump. I was getting panicky and listening to each and every suggestion from the other players, and getting progressively worse. In all this time, Durocher never said two words to me about my hitting. To appreciate this you must understand that in baseball .200 and .250 hitters just don't tell anyone how to hit. Durocher's lifetime hitting average was under .250—despite his brilliance as an infielder. Therefore, he reasoned, were he to offer me any suggestions regarding my batting stance, it would only antagonize me. Yet he felt strongly that if I would change my straight-up-and-down style to a crouch, move closer to the plate and shorten my stride, I would shake my slump and become one of the most feared hitters in the league. He never said a word to me but he did discuss it with several of the ballplayers—Whitey Lockman, Larry Jansen, Dave Koslo and Eddie Stankay.



"And then, Bobby Thomson came to bat . . ."

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Since the 1950 season, my roommate on the road and in spring training has been Whitey Lockman. Whitey is one of the great players in the game today and an intense student of baseball. Not only that, but he is a persistent guy. Since practically the first day we roomed together, he tried to get me to change my stiff, upright batting style to a crouch similar to that of Stan Musial.

How many nights Lockman lulled me to sleep with his arguments! He even enlisted the aid of Jansen, Koslo and Jack Lohrke. Many nights Doc Bowman, making his bed check, came across the four of us slugging coffee while the argument raged hot and heavy.

Being a stubborn Scotchman, I persisted in my old style and felt that in due time I would find my batting eye. A club which has lost 11 straight, however, just can't wait for a player to find himself. And so, on the second Western swing, Leo was forced to bench me. Day after day, I rode the bench, knowing that the club had counted heavily on my bat and that I had failed them miserably. In all this time, Leo kept encouraging me to hang in there, but never once did he mention hitting to me.

When Durocher decides to act, he does so with firmness—and, above all, in a hurry. It was the first day back from the Western swing that he called Jansen, Koslo and Lockman into his office. For an hour they discussed the pros and cons of my hitting. Finally, the decision was made. I was in the batting cage taking my cuts when I spotted Leo, under a full head of steam, making straight for the cage. I could tell there was something up. He was still half

walking, half running, when he let me have it. *Move closer to the plate! Shorten my stride! Crouch!* Those were the orders.

It felt awkward, but when Durocher tells you to do something, why, that's it. At first, the hits dropped in reluctantly, but as I gradually got the feel of the new stance, the base-hits began to flow more freely. The averages tell the story. From the beginning of August to the end of the season, I batted at a .400 clip. My final figure was .294. Considering that in the middle of June I had been flirting with the .200 mark, I was quite happy with the .294.

I believe the club's run to the pennant really began on August 11. The Phillies were red hot and had taken the first game of a four-game series at the Polo Grounds to move one and a half games behind us. It looked like curtains for the Giants. But we fought back to take the next three games, then sweep a three-game series with the Dodgers and go on to win 16 straight. It didn't look as though we had much chance of catching the Dodgers, but the club was hustling and fighting and just wouldn't be beaten—and the breaks were beginning to fall our way.

I was a new man at third. Kidding and laughing, talking it up, the game was fun. But best of all was the manner in which my Adirondack bat was talking for me. I was getting those base-hits again and it sure felt good.

With seven games left to play, it still looked as though our belated spurt would fall short of the mark. But when the Braves took three out of four from the Dodgers at Braves Field, our spirits rose and we knew we had a wonderful

chance. As long as I live, I'll never forget that last inning of the final playoff game. It is still hard to believe, the thundering, deafening roar of the crowd, the chaotic turmoil on the field as we fought our way to the clubhouse. How can one ever forget?

Most everyone attributed the breaking of my batting slump to the change in my stance. But there was more to it than that. With my inability to hit, I found my appetite gone and my stomach continually tied in knots. Most alarming of all, my weight was dropping rapidly. I had lost my snap and I felt tired all the time.

Through a mutual friend I was introduced to a wonderful, kindly doctor. He immediately diagnosed my trouble as a stomach ailment which had caused my blood count to drop to a dangerously low figure. In two weeks under his strict dietary supervision, I was well on the road to recovery, and in a month I was completely cured. The doctor was reluctant to have me include this in my story but I feel that it is only fair that it be told for the first time.

Finally, there are the thousands of letters I received from fans all over the country. Not just fan letters, but letters telling how the writers had gone down on their knees and prayed, prayed fervently to the Lord as I came to bat in that ninth inning.

They say it was a lucky hit I got, that it was a bad pitch I swung at—but who's to say? Who's to say what force the prayers of those fans put behind the ball as it flew into the stands.

—■—

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Can Kinder Keep It Up?

(Continued from page 53)

was ready to pitch every day. He went to manager Joe McCarthy and offered to carry the whole ball club on his shoulders. As it was, he worked every other day, either as a starter or as a relief pitcher. The figures prove he has been no shirker the last two seasons, either. He's a pitching rarity—ready, willing and usually able every day.

There was no love lost between him and McCarthy. Kinder is an independent soul who treats everyone, from his boss to the grimy-faced kids who seek his autograph, exactly alike. Kinder takes people as he finds them. Apparently, he and O'Neill got along in a businesslike way.

He didn't find McCarthy too pleased when he first reported to the Red Sox spring camp at Sarasota, Florida, in 1948. To begin with, Kinder, without permission, reported late, a heinous breach of discipline in any manager's book. A day or two after he arrived in camp, he wandered into the hotel after hours with what McCarthy thought was a suspicious blear in his china blue eyes. The irascible Red Sox boss dressed him down at breakfast the next morning. There were newspapermen around and the story was all over Boston sports pages within 24 hours.

"I don't know what all the excitement was about," Kinder said later. "I was invited to a party with some friends from home. I got permission to go. I'm no dope. All I had was a couple of beers. Can't understand why anyone would get mad."

McCarthy got very mad indeed. He had a doghouse of his own, and he carefully packed Kinder deep in the back of it. Before Ellis could get out anywhere near the light, he hurt his arm, pitching in an exhibition game at New Orleans. It was the first time that had ever happened to him. It looked as if he might have to go back to the roundhouse whether he liked it or not.

But, like Prothro in Memphis, McCarthy was desperate for pitchers. That desperation, plus the conviction that Kinder would help the ball club if his arm came around, saved Ellis from oblivion. He stayed with the Red Sox. It was a fortunate idea. His arm miraculously recovered and, by mid-season of 1948, Kinder was a winning pitcher. He ended up with a creditable ten wins and seven losses. Incidentally, he climbed out of McCarthy's doghouse, as all winners do—even if he was never admitted to the manager's circle of bosom pals.

Kinder has for his right arm all the devotion a ballet dancer has for her feet. He sits in front of his locker and flexes the muscles of his salary flipper, drawing in his Arkansas monotone, "Look at her. She's loose and supple. Why, she'll be getting me and the family by for years."

The lanky, curly-haired right-hander sincerely believes in his arm. He really thinks "she" will last ten years and, more often than not, he talks about the old-timers who were starring on the mound after they were 40 to prove his point. The fact that he won 23 games with "her" in 1949 was no surprise to Kinder. Nor did he think it unusual to put "her" to use in 63 games during 1951.

Few modern major-league ballplayers have had the financial struggles that have beset Kinder. Those who knew poverty as youngsters shed that burden in their early twenties, when

they reached their baseball majority. But Kinder has had tremendous responsibilities as long as he can remember. It wasn't until 1949 that he could meet them easily without working at some menial off-season job.

He was married at Atkins when he was 19. His first wife, the former Hazel McCabe, lived in a neighboring Arkansas town. (On January 16, 1951, he married Ruth Correy, a Boston girl.) His eldest boy, Charles, now 16, was born when Ellis was 21. Kinder made his living farming and playing ball. His first baseball job was with Scottsville in the County League in Arkansas. His salary was \$75 a month. It was as deep in the sticks as you can go, deeper than Class D in organized ball.

Kinder finally signed to play Class D baseball for the same reason that he returned to Memphis from the railroad yards—because he could make more money. He signed with Jackson in the Kitty League late in 1938. A pitcher of Kinder's caliber, even when he starts his career at 25, usually manages to struggle a little way up the ladder after a year or so in the depths of the bushes. Not Kinder. Despite a right arm as good as it is today, a fast ball faster and a curve ball sharper, he played Class D ball for more than three seasons. Except for a short interlude at Binghamton in the Eastern League in 1941, Kinder couldn't get out of Jackson to save his life. When he finally advanced to Class B ball for a season, even that was with a Jackson—Jackson, Mississippi, this time, in the Southeastern League. He was there in 1942.

Had Kinder done badly during that period of his career, there would have been an explanation for his utter obscurity. But he won 17 games in 1939 and 21 in 1940, and his 307 strikeouts in 1940 set a Kitty League record. Yet, except for the brief Binghamton visit, Kinder was left to stifle in the sticks. Not until the middle of the 1942 season, when he was purchased by Memphis, could he struggle above Class B. He can't tell you why it happened. Asked about it once, he shrugged his shoulders and, grinning his pixie grin, said, "Nobody loved me, I guess."

Kinder, with all the resignation of a Mexican peon, was born to the six hundred. He has always felt that his is not to reason why. With occasional exceptions, he normally accepts any and all situations as they arise. Characteristically, he accepted his burial in the minors along with everything else.

Always, however, he made one basic stipulation to his baseball bosses: Either they paid him what he thought he was worth or they couldn't have him.

When Kinder and Prothro came to terms for the 1944 season, there was, of course, a war on. Kinder himself was six months from going into the Army and he knew it. Hoping that someone might pick him up for post-war delivery if he did well, Kinder did a terrific job for Memphis in 1944. At 30, he led the Southern Association in strikeouts with 132, had a 2.80 earned-run average and won 19 games. Just before he went into service, he got word that the Browns had bought him.

"I should squawk," Kinder says today. "It was the big leagues, wasn't it? That meant more dough. With my luck, of course, it would have to be the Browns."

When he reported to St. Louis in 1946, Kinder was broke. He was fresh out of the Army and had two children with a third on the way. Once he checked in with the Browns, he rarely saw his family. He couldn't afford to move them to St. Louis.

In two seasons with the Browns, Kinder did not come anywhere near burning up the American League. He won three games in 1946. His 8-15 record in 1947 looked like nothing more than you would expect from an old baseball geezer living out his big-league days with the most pathetic and inept club in either league. But despite his record, Kinder had three strong points. One was the fact that he struck out 110 men in 1947. One was his comparative mastery over the Red Sox. And the third was his absolute calm whenever he took the mound.

His knockout record spoke for itself. His mastery over the Sox was reflected in two victories and two defeats during the 1947 season. That was a better record than any other St. Louis pitcher had over the Bostons. Furthermore, everyone on the Sox talked about him whenever he pitched. As for his absolute calm, Kinder's explanation for that is, "I fooled 'em on that one. Anyone can be calm when he's pitching for the Browns."

Actually, Kinder gives himself the worst of it there. On the last day of the 1949 season, with the pennant riding on his arm, Kinder was the most thoroughly relaxed ballplayer in Yankee Stadium. The jitters were pretty well distributed between Red Sox and Yanks that afternoon, but they passed right over Kinder. When Ellis was charged with the loss of that important game, one of the year's most amazing

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streaks came to an end. Up to October 2, 1949, Kinder had won and completed 13 straight starts, picking up a few other victories in relief in between. On top of that, within the week that led up to the October 2 game, Kinder had shut out the Yanks, saved victories for Jack Kramer and Walt Masterson and taken part in a losing cause that was charged to Chuck Stobbs.

During that week, he would have started every game if McCarthy had asked him to. Kinder believes in giving complete service in return for money received.

In view of the record-book figures on his career (and age), Kinder's performance in 1949 was remarkable. Red Sox fans would have been satisfied with a few wins and steady relief work from his seasoned right arm. But no one expected the string of victories he put together that eventually totaled 23 by season's end. No one expected he had the stuff to fan 14 batters as he did in a nine-inning game against the Browns in early August, 1949.

When Kinder failed to match his great 1949 performance the following season, it appeared that time had finally caught up with him. But Ellis reported to the bullpen and took a new lease on life. In mid-September, with the Red Sox in their customary contending spot, manager Steve O'Neill said, "I don't know what we'd do without Kinder. He's made all the difference. Why in the last couple weeks, Kinder has saved eight or nine games for us." Unfortunately, Kinder couldn't do enough saving to put the Sox in first place. But he had proved he was still a valuable man to have around.

Last season, Kinder's rubber flipper saved the Sox from falling right out of the first division. He showed all the qualities of a durable fireman—steady nerves, willingness to work, good control, a strikeout curve ball and, of course, an indefatigable right arm.

Steve O'Neill called on him 27 times in relief without offering him a start. Then he asked him to pitch the second game of three against the Yankees in early July. Kinder responded with a ten-strikeout, 10-4 victory and the Sox went on to sweep the series—the brightest point of the season for them. Later, during a stretch of 29 innings and 17 games, he didn't allow a run. In the famous 17-inning marathon with the Chicago White Sox, Ellis pitched the last ten innings and allowed five well-scattered hits. When the Yankees secured the pennant, Kinder had taken the mound in 63 games for Boston—by all odds, the best relief figure in the majors.

How does he do it? He doesn't know himself. A million people must have asked him what he has now that he didn't have ten years ago. His only reply, as a rule, is the smile and the shrug. Sometimes, he'll add, laconically, "Must be my arm's getting stronger."

His teammates have ideas of their own on the subject. "He knows how to pitch," says Johnny Pesky.

"He's got great control," says Vern Stephens.

As for Kinder himself, the old man of the Ozarks just smiles his smile, shrugs his shoulders, flexes his muscles and sits in front of his locker, looking a little like the wise old owl who jumped away from the wolf just in time.

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Will the Phillies Sweat Their Way Back?

(Continued from page 10)

is doubtful he would go along with him if no big strides are taken in the next two seasons. Carpenter has insisted he would not sell the team, but he said that when the Phillies were winning. He has been raised in an atmosphere of success. He cannot stomach failure. If the club does not produce, he probably will not keep it.

Philadelphia fans have shown they will support only a winner. There are only so many baseball fans in the Quaker City who will go to Shibe Park to see the Phillies and A's—a combined attendance potential of about a million and one half. In 1950, when the Phillies won the championship and the A's were far down the ladder in the American League, Sawyer's men drew 1,217,035 customers; the Athletics attracted 309,805. Last year, when the Phils slipped to fifth and the Athletics put on a spurt, the Phillies drew 973,658 and the Athletics 464,469.

IF THE Phillies continue in the second division and the A's continue their upward climb, the figures easily could be reversed. It takes an attendance of 800,000 to keep the Phillies and their organization out of the red.

Being a realist, Sawyer knows he must succeed and that the only sure way is by sweat and hard work. It was his personal recipe for success. Born and reared, according to his own statement, "on the other side of the tracks," Sawyer advanced through the CCC camps, Ithaca College, a professorship, coaching, playing and managing in the Yankee farm system to the Phillies. He has never forgotten how to work.

But he thinks his players forgot in 1951. That is why he is pouring it on this spring. It isn't the first time Sawyer has adopted a tough attitude in his four years as pilot of the Phillies. When he took over the team late in July, 1948, from temporary manager Dusty Cooke, who had replaced Ben Chapman, he sat back and watched the players. "I want to get acquainted and form my own opinions," he said. The team finished sixth.

The next spring, he went along in easy fashion, working hard but not cracking the whip. The team started well, then began to slip. Sawyer learned that many of the men were having breakfast and lunch served in bed, that they ignored his curfew, brought their wives on trips, and in general were enjoying themselves immensely.

The club dropped to fifth and looked as if it might fall lower. Suddenly, Sawyer dropped a bomb among his complacent players. He called the team into what proved to be a fateful meeting in New York. He discontinued the practice of signing checks in the hotels for meals, put each player on a food and transportation allowance of \$6 a day, laid down a rigid curfew, banned all card-playing, and stopped the practice of taking wives on trips.

It was apparently no coincidence when the Phillies beat the Dodgers the night after Sawyer's stern lecture. They swept a three-game series in Ebbets Field and drove on to a third-place finish. Their spirited performance was enough to justify Sawyer's action.

When the club reported for spring training in 1950, it was still full of the drive and hustle that had featured its

play in the last part of the previous season. The Phillies were riding high, wide and handsome in front of the rest of the National League until September when Curt Simmons, the important left-handed ace of the pitching staff, was called into the Army. They stuck it out and won the pennant after a harrowing struggle on the final day of the season.

Being a young team, the Phillies may have been unusually susceptible to the pitfalls of the winter celebrations that followed their 1950 pennant victory. They reacted like any normal collection of victorious young athletes. They hit the banquet circuit hard, they bought new cars and homes with their World Series money, and, quite logically, they grew a little complacent about their job of defending the championship in 1951.

"I knew there was something wrong at spring training," said Sawyer. "The men went through the motions of training but they didn't put their hearts and heads into it. I couldn't overcome this complacency. They didn't bother with a strict training routine. They went to the dog races at night or dashed around the countryside."

Sawyer reviewed some of the personnel problems: "Ed Waitkus failed to reach the same physical perfection he had acquired the year before. Andy Seminick, handicapped by injuries and suffering from the results of being hit on the head by Max Lanier on May 7, dropped back to where he had been when I took charge of the team. Del Ennis was a big disappointment at the plate. Gran Hamner ran into a streak of bad luck in the spring, his line drives going right into the hands of fielders. Mike Goliat collapsed."

Yet, despite these early-season difficulties, the Phillies kept within hailing distance of the Dodgers and were only a game and a half behind the Giants on August 13. In an effort to rally his team and give it the "shock" treatment Branch Rickey recommends for a slumping club, Sawyer called another disciplinary meeting in which he tightened up the rules again. Players were ordered to report to Frank Weichec at 8:30 every morning for meal money—or pay for their food out of their own pockets. The curfew on the road was moved up to 11:30. After night games, Weichec was supposed to check in the players by 1:30.

Unlike the 1949 meeting, this one failed to build a fire under the Phillies. Apparently, all it built was resentment. The new crackdown on discipline was referred to as "boy scout treatment." Most of the players abided by the new rules but it was obvious that they resented them.

THE club's reaction to Sawyer's mid-season move last year caused some fans to wonder how it would respond to the Spartan training setup in Clearwater this spring. A get-tough policy with big-league players does not always bring the desired results. It did with the Phillies in '49 but was not so successful last year. Nor did it do wonders for Ben Chapman when he was running the team. According to the players, Chapman had an infallible system of snaring curfew-breakers, but his private-eye work did not endear him to the squad. Jack Onslow's iron rule with the White Sox failed to

win many games but Paul Richards, his successor, has apparently made tough discipline pay off at Comiskey Park.

If all the rumors that have been kicked around Philadelphia about the ex-Whiz Kids were true, it would take more than a rigid code of training rules to set the club right again. Stories of locker room fights, complete with blow-by-blow descriptions, made the rounds last summer and fall. One popular report had Del Ennis and Gran Hamner tangling in a bloody fist fight. Mike Goliat, who was demoted to Baltimore by Sawyer for "resting on last year's laurels," was the subject of some other lurid tales. They were all products of fans' imaginations.

The Phillies may have been too complacent. They may have lacked the drive they showed in 1950 (although Enos Slaughter was quoted as saying he was sure the Phillies were "pressing too much"), but their troubles did not come from internal feuds. They are no longer the Whiz Kids but there is still a great degree of rah-rah community spirit on the club. Probably no other team in the majors has as many players who pal around together when they are at home as do the Phillies. Last year, a whole colony of Phillies lived in the Mayfair residential section of Philadelphia and the players and their families were frequently together. The fact is often cited by those who oppose Sawyer's present training camp routine.

THE management knows it will take more than sweat to correct the sorry lack of RBI's in the Phillies' 1951 batting order. Only Chicago and Cincinnati batted in fewer runs. It will take more than sweat to put the Phillies' pitching staff back on the winning schedule it showed when Curt Simmons was with the club.

In December, Carpenter and Sawyer took a step which, they hope, will strengthen a few vital spots. A seven-player swap with Cincinnati brought second-baseman Connie Ryan, pitcher Howie Fox and catcher Smoky Burgess to Philadelphia. A couple of 1950 favorites at Shibe Park, Dick Sisler and Andy Seminick, along with Eddie Pellagrini and rookie Niles Jordan, were given up by the Phillies. Ryan, of course, is expected to supply the class at second that has been missing since Emil Verban left the team. Fox adds potential strength to a right-handed pitching corps that already includes Robin Roberts, Russ Meyer, Bubba Church, Karl Drews, Andy Hansen and Jim Konstanty.

Meanwhile, the men who shared the Phillies' disappointment in 1951 were quietly preparing for the formal training sessions at Clearwater and the start of what they are determined will be a strong comeback. Robin Roberts, a paper-box salesman during regular hours, took time off each day to work out in a gym. Roberts, incidentally, has been one of the team's most faithful workers. Del Ennis was in a swimming pool every day, trying to loosen up the tight back muscles that bothered him last summer. Stan Lopata walked five miles to and from his job in the steel mills. Ralph Caballero labored with a construction gang.

It was obvious that the players were not going to face trainer Frank Weichec and his grueling conditioning program without some heavy preparation. That in itself was encouraging to Sawyer.

But the big battle lies ahead and the Phillies are getting ready for it with plenty of work and sweat.



Acme

HOW TO WORK THE HIT-AND-RUN

By
TOMMY HOLMES

IN a particularly close ball game, when the opposing pitcher is tough to score on, you must try to open up the infield, especially if it has a good defensive shortstop and second-baseman. One of the best ways to do it is by use of the hit-and-run play. The idea of the play is to properly hit behind the runner in order to advance him an extra base. Don't get it confused with the run-and-hit. The run-and-hit is strictly optional. The batter is not required to swing at the ball if it's a bad pitch. When the hit-and-run sign is on, however, it's a different story. The batter has to swing at the pitch no matter where it is. To be a good hit-and-run man, the batter must be a consistent hitter who can bang the ball to all fields. He also should have good eyes and should be able to control the bat. It's not necessary for him to be a fast man. Walker Cooper, who is one of the slower men in the league, worked it for us several times when it was instrumental in winning ball games. With the outfield playing deep for him and the second-baseman playing him close to second, Big Coop would just slap the ball down the right-field line.

There are certain situations when it is foolish to try the play. One is when you're either losing or winning a game by a big margin; then it has little effect. The opposing pitcher is also a factor. You can't work it very effectively on a pitcher who doesn't have good control. The pitcher should be one who has an excellent chance of getting the ball over the plate. The batter, of course, has the biggest responsibility. When I give him the hit-and-run sign—and I give all the signs on the club because that's my responsibility as manager—he has to pass it on to the base runner. What's more important, he has to know where to hit that ball. He can usually tell by keeping his eye on the shortstop if he is left-handed and by watching the second-baseman if he bats right-handed. I remember one game I played in against Brooklyn a few years back. It was a tight game and in one of the late innings I came to bat with hit-and-run instructions. With men on first and third and one out, and the count 2-0 on me, I swung and the shortstop covered second. But I fouled the pitch. The count went to 3-1 and we crossed them up by pulling the run-and-hit, with the second-baseman covering second. I managed to hit the ball just through the spot he vacated and it helped win the game for us. Sometimes the two infielders will switch tactics with each pitch but if the batter is alert he can often spot them in time.

We hit behind the runner to good advantage last year in our final game against Brooklyn, the one that many people thought cost the Dodgers the pennant. It was the last of the eighth, the score tied, 3-3, and Preacher Roe was pitching against us. Bob Addis, the first batter, singled. With Sam Jethroe coming up, everyone figured the bunt was in order, Sam being such a fast man. Gil Hodges and Billy Cox came charging in to cover and Jackie Robinson started cutting over to first, ready to receive the throw. But I gave Sam the hit sign. He banged the ball right through the spot vacated by Robinson. Addis made third on the hit and later scored the winning run on an infield out. I had confidence in Sam and knew he would try to do just that. We worked on it for a long time. That's what I'm going to be doing with kids we take to training this year. They're going to learn to hit in any situation.

The greatest hit-and-run man I ever saw was Billy Herman. He had wonderful instinct, and 99 times out of 100 could hit through the second-baseman or shortstop and catch them out of position. He could bang the ball hard to both fields. Johnny Cooney was another good one, too. Paul Waner, of course, was great.

To sum it up, a hit-and-run play must have an effect on the opposition. Even if the batter fails to hit properly on the play, many times he can advance a base-runner to second where he will be in scoring position. If the hitter can learn to hit to right field, he can advance a man to scoring position without hitting safely. At any rate, the hit-and-run is a potent offensive weapon. It isn't used too often, but when it is it can win a ball game for you.

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Old Pro from Syracuse

(Continued from page 49)

specifically, he charged that Al was using substitutes as commandos, softening up the enemy by wrecking its star performers. The Syracuse club sent Joe Lapchick a bunch of sour grapes and awaited the deciding game on its home floor. The baskets stood rigid and unmoving all night, but that didn't help the Knicks much. A record local crowd of 10,270 hooted and booed the big-city boys as they went down to defeat, 91-80. Player-coach Cervi contributed 14 points and a lot of noise.

In something of an anti-climax, the Nats tackled the Lakers in the final round, winning twice before bowing to superior height and shooting power. The last game, played at Minneapolis on the 23rd of April, 1950, saw three separate brawls break out. Cervi wasn't around to go down with his ship; he was ordered out of sight by the referee for protesting a foul too loudly.

Al's hypersensitive reactions to basketball officials have been characterized by some of his rivals as nothing but cheap vaudeville. A friendly foe (and most of Cervi's basketball enemies are friends and admirers off the court) recently described him as the Barrymore of the NBA, a guy who can make a one-act play out of sending in a substitute. Cervi admits to occasional flights of melodrama when he's coaching from the bench. He never was one to sit quietly and dope out strategy. What his critics fail to understand is that the majority of Al's performances are spontaneous expressions of his emotions at the time. When the referee whistles down a pretty scoring play by Syracuse, Cervi reacts like an old fire horse to the clang of the station bell. He just can't help it.

Not all of Al's reactions are angry ones. In the 1948-49 National Basketball League season, when Syracuse finally clinched its first victory over arch-rival Rochester, Cervi, who had been a player with the Royals the winter before, was so elated that he went into an original Irish jig on the floor. The Syracuse crowd of 9,000 shared his unrestrained joy.

Seated on the bench, dressed in a red warmup shirt, shorts, white shoes and a brace on his right knee, Al is a rare study in pantomime. The quick sweep of action that takes the ball from one end of the court to the other is enough to evoke Cervi's entire theatrical repertoire. Part of it goes like this: From a tense pose at the edge of his seat, where he either wrings his hands nervously or massages his bald spot with quick, short little strokes, he throws himself into an exaggerated slump, his arms flopped disgustingly over the backs of the seats on either side, his face covered with a look of bitter scorn. A Syracuse basket brings a lightning-like change. He sits bolt upright, waving his fist in the air in victory gesture.

One of the Syracuse Nats' front-office executives—there are four vice-presidents, a treasurer, a secretary, a general manager, an executive vice-president and a president—told me it was this bubbling spirit with which Cervi coached and played every game that was the key to the club's success. "It's not easy to get a pro team 'up' 66 nights a season, but Cervi seems to do it," he said.

He had his boys "up" one night early this winter when I watched them play Fort Wayne in the first game of a

doubleheader at Madison Square Garden. It was just another game on the long NBA schedule, played before a small, indifferent audience on a neutral court. The Nats, who pride themselves on their tough defense, held a 36-33 lead at halftime. In the Syracuse locker room, the players dropped on the benches which lined the four walls. Some of them lit cigarettes and leaned back, taking long drags; others mopped their faces with towels given them by the equipment man. Cervi prowled the center of the room, waiting impatiently to talk. When he did, he unrolled a non-stop series of miscellaneous comments and instructions.

"Now keep it spread like I told you . . . The minute you bunch up . . ." He dropped his arms in a gesture of futility. "We can run with these guys. I told you that . . . We gotta control those taps. Be sure of 'em! . . . Now, c'mon," he implored them, "keep it open within set-shot range."

The manager looked around and said, quietly, "Anyone need shoelaces?" No one answered and Cervi, who had been checking the scorebook, turned to the Nats' leading scorer, Dolph Schayes. "Dolph, you get off in those corners. They got to come to you." Cervi paused, then raised his voice, "I told you before how much we got to win this game." He clapped his hands and snapped, "Awright, let's go!" The players jumped up, most of them yelling and clapping, and clamored out the door.

It was a scene you might expect to find in the Winona High locker room at halftime, but the pros are supposed to be too old for this stuff. The Syracuse Nats get it from Cervi night after night, and who can say it doesn't do them good? In the second half against Fort Wayne, they ran and controlled the taps and didn't bunch up and Schayes popped them in from the corners. The final score was 80-62.

Cervi makes no claim that he creates spirit in his players; he tries to make sure it is there in the first place. His job is to keep the flame alive. The Nats have been successful in getting boys who want to play the Cervi way. That may be one reason why there are rela-

tively few big-name stars on the team.

Whenever possible, Al scouts a prospective player himself. "First, I look for spirit and hustle," Cervi explains. "The player must be good on defense. There are too many good shooters in the game. A sound defense always has a chance; your offense may go wrong every so often but your defense remains constant."

A prospect gets a thorough test before Cervi signs him. Al tries to scrimmage against the player, checking his defensive reactions and aggressiveness in particular. He gave George King, the former Morris-Harvey record scorer, the works in Toledo one hot August afternoon. King passed the exam and became a member of the team. Wally Osterkorn of Illinois also got Cervi's personal attention.

The old college try, which Cervi demands of his players, is something he acquired without ever going near a college. Al is a direct graduate of the basketball sandlots, a fairly rare case in a game dominated by fellows who have at least been exposed to university life. Al's basketball education, however, is more thorough than that of any other active pro.

It started back in Buffalo, New York, where he was born, February 12, 1917, to parents who had emigrated from a village near Rome, Italy. He was the youngest of six children, three brothers and three sisters. "I guess you would have to say it started in the sixth grade at Public School 71. Al Moore, who played baseball in the majors, was coach and he encouraged me. I was team captain. What a little runt I was!" (Cervi now stands five feet, 11 and one-half inches and weighs 182. His weight hasn't varied more than five pounds in the last ten years.)

Cervi played on the team at East High in Buffalo and, at the same time, picked up some rugged experience and a few dollars in semi-pro games. A game was usually worth \$7 to \$10, plus expenses. His book-learning became irregular and, in 1937, he dropped out of school and became a basketball pro in earnest. "Now, of course, I wish I had finished and had gone to college," he says.

Al was learning his profession in the late Thirties in gyms, auditoriums,

HOW WOULD YOU CALL IT?

By Frank C. True

QUESTION

The Yankees were playing the Indians in Cleveland. The Indians were at bat with one man out and a runner on first. The count on the batter was three balls, two strikes. On the next pitch the batter swung and missed but the catcher dropped the ball and the batter raced for first. The catcher threw wildly into right field and the batter continued to second. The first runner was thrown out at third. The Yankees claimed he was the third out. Were they right?



ANSWER ON PAGE 90

dance halls and armories throughout western New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio. Allie Heerd, a member of the old Buffalo Germans, persuaded him to become a legitimate pro and play for the Bisons, a local independent team. From the Bisons he went to the Rochester Ebers and Rochester Seagrams, sponsored by a distillery. He played in some fast company. Johnny Moir and Paul Novak of Notre Dame and Gus (Swede) Broberg of Dartmouth were among his associates.

By playing often, he could average \$125 a week, an attractive pre-war wage. Pro basketball was still on a rustic, barnstorming basis then and Cervi played under all sorts of conditions. At St. Stanislaus Hall in Rochester, where he frequently played, it was necessary to run right up on the stage after driving under the basket. "That's where I first learned to act," Al said with a grin. Among his favorite floors was one in Oil City, Pennsylvania, with a red-glowing coal stove in the middle of the court. "It had a little railing around it so you wouldn't get scorched," Al pointed out.

"I guess the game has lost much of its intimacy for the fans," he said. "We give them better basketball in better halls but maybe there isn't as much excitement."

By excitement, Al means the sort of slam-bang contact that went on among the pros in those days. It was rough but interesting. After some games, Al's shins were so bruised he couldn't drive his car away. The scars from those early pro wars are frequently wrapped in bandages now. Cervi uses enough gauze and adhesive tape to keep Johnson & Johnson in business all by himself. Once, when he took the floor with his familiar knee brace, plus a hip pad, tape on his thigh, a band-aid around his finger and an elbow protector, Art Deutsch, the club's general manager, solicitously inquired about the elbow injury, one he had not been aware of before. "Oh, that," Al said. "I put the pad on in case I get hurt."

Cervi's basketball career was temporarily halted by his induction into the service at Fort Niagara in May, 1941. He spent four and a half years in uniform and had as enjoyable a time as any draftee in the Army. He was placed in Special Services where a large part of his duties consisted of playing second base for the camp team. Fellow players included Matt Batts, Bob Hooper, Steve Peek and Joe Gallagher. With Foster Field, Texas, Cervi doubled and scored against Clint Hartung when the Hondo Hurricane was building his fabulous baseball reputation in the service. Al's ballplaying was of sufficient note to earn him a try-out with the Buffalo Bisons. But, although he was a regular Eddie Stanky at getting on base, his arm apparently was good only for dribbling a basketball.

His Army pals were impressed by Cervi's wide versatility in sports. He won the badminton championship at Foster Field and went to the finals of the Houston handball tourney in the doubles competition. He turned out to be an excellent swimmer and later acted as a Red Cross instructor after the war.

Cervi married Ruth Marion Smith, who lived a few blocks away from him in Buffalo, his first year in the Army. Staff-Sergeant Jake Mooty, the ex-Cincinnati and Chicago Cub pitcher, gave him a pass so he and Ruth could get married and have a two-day honeymoon. The Cervis now live in a home

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in Syracuse with their three children—Allen, six; Kathleen, three; and Marcia Marie, born last December.

There was no question of how Al would support his family when he was discharged from the service. It was just a matter of where. Lester Harrison, president of the Rochester Royals, had once told him, "Son, I'd prefer you play for rather than against me." Harrison got his wish in the fall of 1945 when Cervi reported to the Royals, then in the National Basketball League. Al got into 28 games, enough to earn him a selection on the league's second all-star team. The next year, his 14.4 scoring average was the best in the league. By 1947-48, when he was picked on the NBL's first all-star team with George Mikan, Jim Pollard, Moe Todorovich and Red Holzman, the fans in Sheboygan, Oshkosh, Hammond and other towns around the circuit were convinced that Cervi was as fine a pro, inch for inch, as you could find in basketball.

Al's switch from star player at Rochester to player-coach at Syracuse in 1948 was exceeded only by the jump of Leo Durocher from the Dodgers to the Giants that same summer as the most astonishing change of uniforms in sports. Over a period of years, Cervi, always a member of an invading quintet, had acquired in Syracuse the nickname of "Little Poison." But the Nationals were \$63,000 short of breaking even and they felt that something shocking had to be done. Cervi, they hoped, would stir up some excitement—and win a few games.

Al was enthused with the idea of being a player-coach. He didn't consider the Nats a lost cause. The first big step toward building a winner was

taken when Dolph Schayes was signed. With help from the big NYU sharpshooter, Cervi steered his club to a second-place finish behind Anderson. Al played 57 games and was named to the NBL all-star team and picked as Coach of the Year. It was quite a season for the veteran player and rookie coach.

The war between the NBL and the Basketball Association of America ended in 1949 with a cumbersome merger between the two leagues. Syracuse, its schedule loaded with old NBL clubs, was the class of the new group. The Nats lost only 13 times in 64 games. They answered the critics who had said they could whip only the weak sisters by compiling a 16-4 record against the old BAA teams and by knocking off the New York Knicks in a three-game playoff.

Cervi's playing record in the major pro leagues, which shows five all-star first- or second-team mentions since 1946, and his remarkable success as a leader of the Syracuse Nats are, of course, unparalleled in the game. There are players in the league with more impressive records and coaches who have won more titles, but no one has done as well at both.

At 35, Al should be ready to call it quits as a player. He is down to an average of ten or 12 minutes of action a game now. But Cervi would hardly know what to do if he couldn't run around and take sets and layups with the boys before the game, and he is quite sure he might go crazy if he had to sit on the bench all night, coaching only by remote control. It's something he would just as soon not think about for a while.

How the White Sox Are Building a Winner

(Continued from page 47)

tentatively discussed his prize farm shortstop, Bobby Morgan of the Montreal Royals. "But," Lane says, "he had \$250,000 ideas about Morgan, and that was simply beyond the reach of our pocketbook. Anyway, I was far more interested in Carrasquel. So we didn't get very far, although Mr. Rickey spent a lot of time with me and gave me much sound advice. Then, that night, I flew to St. Paul with Mr. Rickey and Wid Matthews, who was then his chief scout. Wid's now with the Cubs. I mentioned our interest in Carrasquel briefly but didn't pursue the matter deeply. Mr. Rickey left us after the game in St. Paul and went on to St. Louis to visit with his family. Wid and I flew back to Chicago. On the way, we talked about Carrasquel and Wid said he was pretty sure the old man wouldn't sell him."

The next act in the drama was staged in Cleveland. Lane was in town with the White Sox and was visited by Branch, Jr., who hashed over the Carrasquel situation with him at some length, although inconclusively. Act three occurred in Chicago, with Lane and Comiskey being invited to have dinner at the Blackstone Hotel with Mr. and Mrs. Rickey and Branch, Jr. Things began to come to a boil that night.

"After dinner," Lane says, "Chuck and I sat down in the parlor of Mr. Rickey's suite and we talked business. Branch was mostly interested in selling us Sam Jethroe and Dan Bankhead. Every time I asked him what he wanted for Jethroe, he puffed on his cigar and said something about the player being worth half a million dollars. I kept coming back to Carrasquel but I didn't get very far. I also tried for Irv Noren and Danny O'Connell, but Branch said the Pittsburgh club wanted O'Connell and he felt they ought to have the boy inasmuch as they hadn't done too well in their deals with him in the past. He felt he owed O'Connell to them. Noren was somewhat the same problem. He had always wanted to close a deal with Clark Griffith, he said, and Griffith was extremely anxious to get Noren. So he planned to give Noren to the Senators even though we were offering more money for the player than Griffith was willing to pay. 'However,' Branch said to me, 'I'll tell you what I will do for you, Frank. I'll sell you a shortstop. If you want Carrasquel, and you're prepared to make me a good offer for him, you can have him.'"

Rickey tied a string to the proposition, however. He stipulated that the White Sox would have to agree to purchase Jethroe if another deal which he had in mind for the Negro speedster fell through. "I interrupted him once," Lane said, "and told him the prices he was quoting were too high, but Branch waved that off. 'I'll sell you these players' contracts,' he told me, 'at reasonable prices.' It finally developed that for Carrasquel he wanted \$25,000 and three players. I told him I'd give him \$25,000 and one player. He had a list of players in his hand with prices marked after each name. I took a look at it and saw he had a question mark after Chico's name. I asked him what the question mark was for and he explained it meant that Carrasquel had been optioned out only

once and didn't have to be sold. The Dodgers could keep him in Fort Worth if they wanted to. That, of course, would be in line with Mr. Rickey's policy. He always tried to keep his good young players as long as he could. He'd sell them only if he was forced to, if they had to be brought up to the majors and he simply had no place for them on the Brooklyn roster. Well, of course, I didn't want to linger on the subject. I wanted to get Carrasquel off that Fort Worth roster right away.

"It was now almost six o'clock in the morning, and we'd been talking steadily all night. Chuck had already dozed off three or four times and Branch had given me the benefit of his scholarly lecture on the fallacy of judging a ballplayer by his RBI total. This thing had to end. Rickey was back on the subject of Jethroe and the last thing he said to us as we were leaving was that he wanted us to go up to Buffalo with him and watch Jethroe play. After



we left, Chuck asked me if I wanted to make the trip, and I said no.

"I know Jethroe," I told him, "and I know he'd be a good buy. No matter how well he hits in the majors, he's so all-fired fast he can't help but look good. But we can't afford to buy both Jethroe and Carrasquel, and Carrasquel is the one we must have."

"Chuck agreed with that, so we didn't go to Buffalo and I embarked on a telephone campaign to close the deal with Mr. Rickey. We discussed the identity of the player we would turn over to him along with our \$25,000, but we never seemed to be able to get together on it. Finally, I told Chuck I was going to New York to see if I could wind it up.

"I was worried because I remembered that Rickey had said he wanted to complete these deals before the end of the fiscal year on September 30. I didn't want to miss out. Well, when I got to New York, I called Branch and asked him when I could release the publicity on the Carrasquel deal. I figured that would smoke him out.

"Judas Priest!" he yelled over the

phone. 'Do we have a deal?'

I went over the whole thing with him and reminded him of his definite promise to sell us a shortstop and his statement in the Blackstone that if we were willing to make him a fair offer for Carrasquel, we could have him. I told him I was ready to turn over \$25,000 in cash, pitcher Charlie Eisenmann and infielder Fred Hancock for the boy's contract—and if Hancock didn't prove satisfactory, I'd take him back and pay \$10,000 more, which I later had to do. He listened and said, 'Well, Frank Lane, if that's what you have in mind, if you think we have a deal, we have a deal!' That was all there was to it."

The White Sox had a shortstop and they were on their way.

Whenever anyone asks Lane how he was able to steal Carrasquel from Rickey, Frank tells an illuminating anecdote which proves that Branch wasn't blind to Chico's potential. "Commissioner Chandler gave a dinner at the Stork Club in New York a couple of months after we closed the deal," Lane says, "and in the presence of the late John L. Smith, one of the owners of the Dodgers, Branch held out his hand to me and said, 'John, I want you to witness this. If Frank Lane takes my hand, he is agreeing to sell Chico Carrasquel back to us for \$50,000 more than he paid for him.' I think Mr. Smith was pretty much taken aback. After all, he knew nothing about the boy.

"We'll let you know along about next August 15," I told Branch. 'But I think we'll worry along with Mr. Carrasquel.'"

Rickey, the greatest talent scout of them all, knew he was turning over a baseball prize to the White Sox. But he was loaded with fine young shortstops—Morgan, O'Connell, Carrasquel, Rocky Bridges—and he also had a pretty fair shortstop on his ball club in Peeewe Reese. He couldn't keep them all.

That the Mahatma had no use for Carrasquel was the greatest break the Chicago White Sox had had since the scandal of 1919 had wrecked The Old Roman's last good team. Chico flashed across the infields of the American League like a comet. In his freshman season, the good-looking Latin hit .282 and was so sensational in the field that the sportswriters couldn't wait to compare him with such a master of the position as Phil Rizzuto of the Yankees. More than any other one player, Chico symbolizes the rejuvenation of the White Sox. He lent the first authentic touch of class to a lineup that hadn't had any since Luke Appling and Ted Lyons were in their prime.

While all this was going on, relations between Lane and Onslow were deteriorating swiftly. They made no secret of their active dislike for each other's methods and newspapermen covering the club had a field day splashing their name-calling sessions all over the sports pages. By the end of the '49 season, it was plain that Chuck Comiskey's good-natured attempts to ease the strain were doomed to failure. Happy Jack wasn't fired until May 26, 1950, but the delay was simply due to the fact that he had a year to go on his contract and the Sox were reluctant to throw away good money paying him not to work. Actually, Onslow signed his own dismissal notice in mid-September when he went over the heads of both Lane and young Comiskey and tried to set up a council

of war with the Comiskey ladies and Joseph Sheehan, the club lawyer. That changed the picture from a Lane-Onslow fight, with Chuck as referee, to a war between Onslow on the one side and Chuck and Lane on the other. Happy Jack didn't have a prayer of winning that one.

Handsome Chuck told the press angrily, "When I took over last September, my mother told me I was to run the club. I hired Frank Lane and I hired Jack Onslow. I'll continue to do the hiring and the firing, if any. Lane and I have worked together on everything. I'm completely satisfied with his work as general manager."

If that wasn't ominous enough from Happy Jack's standpoint, Comiskey's next blast surely put the handwriting on the wall. "If Onslow intended to ask my mother about his future status, and the invitation to Sheehan indicated such a possibility, then he was approaching the wrong member of the family. I'm the boss!"

The usually blustering Onslow backed off. "I just wanted to find out what's going on," he said defensively. "They never tell me anything and I'm only the manager of the club."

Perhaps the squabbling with Onslow made Lane hungry for a spell of good feeling all around because when he made his announcement regarding spring training plans, he retained the ban against automobiles but forgot about the rule barring wives. The players had found that prohibition obnoxious and it had caused considerable discontent. When Comiskey announced Onslow's retention for the 1950 season, a corned beef and cabbage party late in October, the White Sox bedded down for the winter all one big happy family.

It didn't last.

To begin with, the Sox looked miserable in spring training. During one stretch, they blew four straight games to minor-league opponents and about the only consolation they had was that the clubs which licked them—Austin, Beaumont and New Orleans—weren't in the American League. Neither, for that matter, were the Chicago Cubs, who swept a three-game series from the South Siders on the eve of Opening Day. With eight straight exhibition-game defeats behind them, the hopeful White Sox opened the championship season by blowing four in a row, including three to the scorned Brownies.

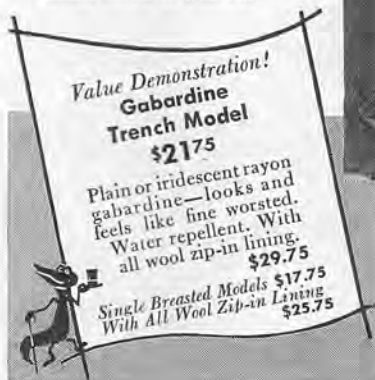
The general air of jumpiness which hung like a black cloud over Comiskey Park in those days was relieved only by the spectacular play of the imperturbable Carrasquel. Chico showed no nervousness at all about moving into the big-time. He hit more than satisfactorily and his fielding was breathtaking. On Opening Day, he brought the fans up yelling with two eye-openers, one of which the veteran umpire-in-chief, Tommy Connolly, termed, "one of the two or three greatest plays I ever saw."

A spell of abominable weather which washed out seven of 13 scheduled ball games gave the beleaguered Sox a chance to right themselves. But they couldn't take advantage of it. On the evening of May 12, they were in seventh place with a record of four victories and 11 defeats. This state of affairs caused a revival of the old Chicago gag about the time the City Council gave serious consideration to a proposal that 35th Street in Chicago, on which Comiskey Park is located, be renamed

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along baseball lines. The name most frequently suggested was Comiskey Road but the project was abandoned when an irreverent sportswriter suggested it should be called Seventh Place.

One week later, the gag was dead because the Sox were in eighth place, having picked up one more victory and six more defeats. Things were not going according to plan. The new enthusiasm that had taken root in the streets of the South Side withered and gave way to the familiar old dark brown taste.

The events of May 14 were typical of that period. On the wings of a six-game losing streak, the Comiskey forces trooped lugubriously into Cleveland Stadium for a doubleheader. Onslow selected the experienced left-hander, Mickey Haefner, to start the first game. Mickey responded by loading the bases with the first three men up. When he pitched three wide ones to the fourth batter, Happy Jack purpled. Fortunately, Haefner braced and got his man on a fly ball to the outfield, although a runner scored from third after the catch. Mickey must have felt lonesome with no one occupying third base, and he promptly walked the next man to fill the bases again. This was too much for Onslow. In his grimmest manner, the strategist from West Acton, Massachusetts, lurched out of the dugout and planted his ample girth before the plate umpire. He implied that Haefner's inexplicable wildness was the fault of the umpire and he could scarcely have been surprised when he was ordered to spend the rest of the afternoon in the clubhouse.

Happy Jack rushed inside, changed his clothes, and stationed himself in the tunnel behind the dugout, from

where he signaled instructions to his agents. Apparently inspired by Onslow's devotion to duty, the Sox pulled the game out of the fire, 3-2. They couldn't make it in the nightcap, losing that one, 3-1. But at least they had put a stop to the old losing streak. The new one didn't look so bad yet.

You can imagine Happy Jack's reaction when he found out that Hank Greenberg, the alert general manager of the Indians, was protesting the Chicago victory on the ground that Onslow had violated the rules by wig-wagging orders from the tunnel. Jack was fit to be tied and his temper wasn't improved any when president Will Harbridge of the American League, although rejecting Greenberg's protest, slapped a \$50 fine on the Sox manager for his unseemly conduct.

Things ground along. The club ran the new losing streak to seven games before tasting another victory. Then all hell broke loose. The inevitable firing of Onslow was first. The Sox were playing a night game against the Indians at Comiskey Park on May 26. In the late stages of the game, word was flashed to the press box that "an important announcement will be made in vice-president Comiskey's office 15 minutes after the game." The bulletin, anything but a surprise, was to the effect that Onslow had been dismissed as manager, that coach John Corriden was taking over for the balance of the season, and that Luke Appling would assume the status of a coach. It was goodbye to the stormy petrel, and Happy Jack took it hard.

"I could say a lot of unpleasant things," he said bitterly. "I could tell of the times I've had to take the rap for things which weren't my fault. I

HOLE IN ONE!



Acme

Against odds of 10,286 to one, Emory Thomas hit the jackpot.

Although odds of 10,286 to one represent a huge challenge, only one man in all recorded sports history ever did anything about turning them into a "lead pipe" cinch. He was the late Joe Cook, vaudeville headliner of a generation ago. Joe, an ardent golfer, built a private course on his lovely New Jersey estate. It was laid out according to the rules until the ninth green. This one Mr. Cook constructed in the manner of a large funnel. All you had to do with your tee shot was hit the green. The ball would then proceed to spiral around until it disappeared in the hole at the bottom for the most precious prize in golf: the hole-in-one. On a more conventional course, chances of making the shot would seem insurmountable.

But, as in any other long-shot venture, you can break the bank the first time out and save a lot of trouble. Jack Forrester, one-time pro at the Meadowbrook Club on Long Island, took a woman out some years ago for her first lesson. She went through the usual beginner's routine: placing her feet properly, gripping the club, etc. Finally, Forrester walked her over to one of the short holes and handed her a club. "Now you hit one," he told her, "just to get the feel of it." She did. The ball landed on the green 160 yards away and plumped into the cup. "So that's all there is to it!" the pupil commented.

Another beginner who marvelled at the speed with which he picked up the game's finer points was Carl Sodi. He took an even dozen strokes on the first hole. On the second, he needed 13 before he holed out. On the short third, he decided to try an iron from the tee. Miraculously, he hit the pellet squarely, lofted it like a Hogan onto the green and watched it roll into the hole. "I guess I'll stick with the game," he announced.

Every golfer at some time has facetiously remarked to his companions as he stepped up to the tee, "Watch me sink this one!" Few have made good. But Eleanor Labonte did—twice, in fact. In July, 1930, she aceed the 153-yard third hole at the Charles River Country Club near Boston. Three days later, playing in a team match, she stepped up to the same tee. "I made a one on this hole the other day," she casually remarked. "Watch me, I'll show you how it's done." She swung her club. No one was more surprised than Miss Labonte when once again the ball landed on the green and trickled into the cup.

Her "repeat" was made without occult influences such as the rabbit's foot which once belonged to the famed "One-Eyed" Connolly. Johnny Weismuller borrowed it one day before embarking on a round of golf. Shooting on the short sixth hole at Los Angeles' Lakeside course, he carefully rubbed the charm. No bunny could have found his burrow more directly than that ball did the hole. Johnny told a friend about it and loaned him the rabbit's foot. Skeptically the friend went through the same procedure at the same hole. His incredulity vanished when the ball once again rolled in. The most publicized hole in one, perhaps, was the performance of Joe Williams, New York sportswriter. Some years ago, while covering a Jack Dempsey training camp in North Carolina, Joe went out for a round of golf. On one of the short water holes he put his first five shots into the drink. The sixth landed in the cup.

About 20 years ago, James Cash, Jr. hit one at Belmont, Massachusetts, that just stopped on the edge of the cup. As Cash walked to the green bemoaning the fate which denied him his ace, New England was visited by one of the few earthquakes in its history. It was only a slight tremor but it was enough to make the ball quiver, move and drop into the hole. For sheer drama, however, one has to give the Oscar to that greatest of all golf tragedians, Walter Hagen. In 1924, the Haig was demonstrating for a convention of lighting engineers the practicability of illuminating a golf course. A 246-yard hole was lighted up for the test. With more than 1,000 people lining the fairway, Sir Walter stepped to the tee and whammed the ball onto the green where it trickled gently into the cup spotlighted by the glare of several million candlepower. Almost as dramatic was the shot golfer Jack Chilton made a couple of years ago. Jack sent a drive hooking off the 12th tee. Bending over to identify a ball on the 11th fairway was a fellow-golfer named Fred Leach. Chilton's drive zipped past his face, missed his nose by a nostril and smacked squarely into the breastpocket of Leach's shirt! But call it a hole-in-one or a pocket-in-one, the odds are still stacked high against you.

—LEO FISCHER

knew this was coming because I wasn't wanted here. And when you're not wanted, you don't stay long."

On the heels of the Onslow incident, Lane announced the Sox had traded Cass Michaels, Bob Kuzava and John Ostrowski to the Senators for Ray Scarborough, Eddie Robinson and Al Kozar. It was almost as though the general manager was answering Onslow's charge that Lane was always making "phantom deals" which never happened.

Gradually, the furor over l'affaire Onslow quieted down. The deposed manager spent his time fishing and picked a check for approximately \$822 out of his mail box every other week. The White Sox began to show signs of life under "Lollipop" Corriden, whose managerial methods were in sharp contrast to those of his iron-fisted predecessor. A month after the great turnover, the club was in sixth place and had 25 victories against 33 losses. Scarborough was pitching well and Eddie Robinson, the new first-baseman, who had been hitting a lame .212 when he joined the Sox, was knocking the cover off the ball.

At the end of the season, nobody was either especially pleased or especially discouraged over the sixth-place finish which the club achieved for the second year in a row. Comiskey and Lane were convinced they had improved the team but were under no illusions that it was a contender as it stood. They unblinkingly accepted the need for more speed, more power, more defensive skill. They understood, too, the need for a manager with inspirational qualities, a field boss who could cut away the last layers of defeatism and sell the new White Sox the idea that they could play with the best in the league.

Johnny Corriden was released with an invitation to remain in the organization as coach, scout or minor-league manager. Meanwhile, Lane was trying to interest Paul Richards, manager of the Seattle Rainiers of the Pacific Coast League, in the job. Behind this move lies another of the fascinating stories that are part of the White Sox saga.

"Richards," Lane said, "is a fellow who has been under my observation for 20 years or so. I first saw him when he was an ambidextrous pitcher for the Macon, Georgia, club. I wasn't in baseball then. I was just a fan and I saw Paul play while I was driving between Cincinnati and Tampa. It was something to see. He pitched righty to the right-hand hitters, lefty to the left-handers. That was in the first game of a doubleheader. In the second game, he played third base."

When Lane returned to Cincinnati from that trip, he sought out his friend Larry MacPhail, who was then the president of the Columbus Redbirds, and told him about Richards. MacPhail had no immediate use for the player but passed Lane's recommendation along to Mike Kelley, owner of the Minneapolis Millers. Paul, who turned out to be not only a pitcher and a part-time third-baseman, but also a catcher, worked behind the plate for Minneapolis two seasons later and hit a lousy .361.

"That was my first bit of baseball scouting," Lane said, "and it made me look very good. Probably helped me get the job working for MacPhail at Cincinnati in '33."

The paths of Lane and Richards crossed again in 1936. In his capacity of Cincinnati farm director, Frank saw a good many games in the Southern As-

sociation, where the Reds maintained a farm club at Birmingham. Paul was catching for Atlanta. "He was not only catching," says Lane, "he was also managing. In fact, when I saw him one night in a game against our club, I thought he was doing a hell of a job of umpiring, too. I can remember yelling at him that I was thinking of buying him an indicator."

The acquaintanceship of the two men developed into a real friendship after the war when Lane was running the American Association and Richards was managing Buffalo of the International League. "Whenever we'd bump into each other," Frank said, "we'd have dinner together and talk baseball. I was impressed by his sound philosophy. I always thought I'd like to have him on my side."

After the unhappy experience with Onslow, Lane counseled Comiskey against following the fuzzy tradition of the sport by hiring a former major-league manager who, as Frank puts it, "ostensibly had been a failure somewhere else." He sold Chuck on the idea of bringing up a new manager, a man who could develop along with the rest of the organization, whose future was still ahead of him. He meant Paul Richards.

As early as 1949, his first year in Chicago, Lane had told Richards that if he ever had to make a change in the dugout, he would want Paul to move in. When he next brought up the subject, after the firing of Onslow, Richards tried to talk him out of it. "I won't hold you to that promise," he protested. "When you said that, I was a pennant-winning manager at Buffalo. Now you're talking to a guy who's probably going to finish last in the Pacific Coast League, certainly no higher than sixth. I don't want to put you on the spot."

"I told him," Lane said, sticking out his square jaw to emphasize the point, "that we didn't care whether he was sixth or 16th, he was the manager we wanted."

On October 10, 1950, Paul Rapier Richards of Waxahachie, Texas, a minor-leaguer most of his baseball life although a member of one world championship team, with Detroit in 1945, was named manager of the White Sox. Nobody suspected it at the time, but a new era was about to begin at Comiskey Park.

"I've made a lot of deals since I took over the White Sox," Lane said earnestly, "and some of them turned out pretty well. But the best deal I ever made was when I got Paul Richards for our manager. . . . He's no yes man. He has decided ideas about what he wants to do. . . . I may not always agree with him but he's our manager and that's what we hired him for."

To say that Paul Richards is no yes man is like saying Ted Williams is a pretty fair hitter. This tall, deceptively languid, 43-year-old Texan is one of the most ferociously independent characters in baseball. Behind his deep-set, piercing eyes lurks a busy, inventive brain and an unquenchable competitive instinct. In the prize ring, Richards would fight like Gene Tunney, fearlessly but never wildly, savagely but with cold calculation. He is, as they say, a tough man.

When it comes to discipline, Richards uses nothing but a capital D. He demands and gets unwavering obedience from his athletes. He also gets a full measure of effort from them or else he gets rid of them. He is a fanatic

on conditioning who has been known to run an entire minor-league squad around the ball park for a workout on the day of the last game of the season. He thinks nothing of ordering his ballplayers to fall out for extra practice immediately after the finish of a losing ball game. He is no slave to orthodoxy as was demonstrated by his little stunt of pulling right-hander Harry Dorish off the mound in a game against the Red Sox last year and stationing him on third base while lefty Billy Pierce pitched to Ted Williams. After Williams popped up, Richards yanked Pierce and sent Dorish back to pitch against the right-hand power following Ted in the Red Sox lineup.

"Bush-league stuff," other managers have been heard to grumble about Richards' tactics. But the feeling has grown in many quarters that these comments stem from pure, unadulterated jealousy. In taking a ragtag, bob-tailed outfit all the way to the top of the league in the first half of the pennant race, and finishing a solid fourth, Paul had made the excuses of some other managers look suspiciously weak.

Richards himself is not much of a man for excuses, as his ballplayers quickly discover. He will put up with a physical error but can be relied upon to raise Cain over a mental flub. He doesn't care to listen to long-winded explanations. The silent type himself and one of the most difficult interview subjects in baseball despite the fact that he used to be part owner and sports editor of the Waxahachie *Daily Light*, Paul doesn't show any enthusiasm for unnecessary conversation of any kind. Frank Lane tells an amusing story in this connection. "When Paul was managing at Atlanta," he says, "there was a young college boy on his squad as a catcher. This kid was a real rah-rah type, always talking it up, and one day he threw the ball into center field trying to catch a man stealing. After the inning was over, he charged back to the bench shaking his head and yelling cheerfully, 'My fault, fellows! My fault!' Paul was standing on the dugout steps and he gave the kid a very cold stare. 'Listen,' he said, 'there isn't a soul in the ball

park who doesn't know it was your fault. I don't see much point in reminding them!'"

It would be a grave mistake to assume from all this that Richards is an insensitive muleskinner who thinks he can beat his ballplayers into winning. Paul is a baseball idealist. He strives for perfection all the time but he never discounts the human element. He tries to set an example of professional pride that his men will be inspired to follow. He will give unstinting support and encouragement to any ballplayer who gives the game everything he has. He doesn't quit on you until he is utterly, dispassionately convinced that you can't make the grade.

The Nelson Fox case is an excellent example. Little Nellie hit a dismal .247 for the White Sox in 1950 and didn't look any too good on the double-play pivot. But Richards admired the scrappy youngster for his spirit and his determination; he backed him 100 per cent. All Fox did in return was tear the league apart in 1951, fielding like a demon and hitting an incredible .313.

"The thing is," Richards told me, "when you're looking at a ballplayer, you can't look inside him. Fox is just one of those kids who's got what it takes. . . . He never had the opportunity before, never had a chance to feel like he was a regular. . . . We just gave him the chance, that's all. He took it."

The White Sox went into the 1951 season a well-conditioned team, boasting a nice balance between youth and experience. There were only three men on the entire squad—pitcher Howie Judson, third-baseman Floyd Baker, and pitcher Randy Gumpert—who had worn the White Sox uniform when Frank Lane moved into the general manager's office in the fall of '48. (There is only one left now—Judson.)

There was a hint of what was to come in the convincing way the new Sox belted the ears off the Cubs in the pre-season city series, but even more to the point was the 17-3 shellacking they handed the Browns on Opening Day at St. Louis. Backing up Billy Pierce's left-handed pitching with a 19-hit assault on five Brownie pitchers, and drawing 14 bases on balls, the

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Chicagoans gave Richards his first major-league victory without even forcing the boss to work up a sweat. Paul was kept busy flagging runners home from the third-base coaching box but he found it pleasant work. He was even happier when his boys walloped the Browns again the next day, 13-5. There wasn't a heavy heart in the Sox entourage as they headed for their home opener against the Tigers.

On a cold, wintry afternoon, 8,731 loyal Sox fans sat in drafty Comiskey Park and got their first look at their shined-up darlings. With Randy Gumpert pitching a three-hit shutout, the Sox made it three in a row by whipping the Tigers, 5-0. It wasn't so much the fact that they won, it was the way they won, that tickled the hearts of old line South Siders and made them feel that something new had been added. This was a running team, a team that could come up with the impossible play to get a pitcher out of the inning, a team that acted as if it belonged in the major leagues and was confidently setting about the business of proving it. Why, who could remember a White Sox team pulling what these frisky kids did in the fourth inning of that Comiskey Park opener?

Rookie Jim Busby, going like a four-alarm fire, singled in that inning. He stole second. Just to add insult to injury, he stole third on the very next pitch! Manager Richards appraised the situation, flashed the squeeze sign, and pitcher Gumpert dropped a gorgeous bunt in front of the plate. Busby, a top-notch sprinter during his college days at Texas Christian, was home free.

Major-league baseball was back in Comiskey Park.

It is to the joint credit of Lane and Comiskey that they did not sit back and relax as the Sox broke from the barrier. They were realists: they knew they needed a little something more and they had a hunch where they could find it. "We always get Paul's ideas on the kind of player he wants," Lane says, "and he kept telling us he wanted a good hitting outfielder with speed. Paul's hipped on speed. So we sacrificed a fellow with tremendous power, Gus Zernial, to get Minnie Minoso, a man with tremendous speed."

Not that getting Minoso was as simple as that sounds. Far from it. When Lane first tried to lure him away from Cleveland, Hank Greenberg wanted Billy Pierce in exchange. Lane couldn't see giving up his No. 1 pitcher, so it was no deal. Then Frank began to visualize the possibilities of a three-way trade, ringing in the Philadelphia Athletics. He knew the Indians coveted Lou Briesie of the A's as a relief pitcher. He knew the A's would give a great deal to get hold of a home-run producer like his man Zernial. And he knew he would give his shirt to put a White Sox uniform on Orestes Minoso, a bench-warmer at Cleveland but a potentially magnificent player.

"Where are you going to play this guy if I get him?" he asked Richards. "How do you know what he is? One day he's in the outfield, the next day he's a third-baseman."

Richards, who had watched Minnie play for almost a whole season in the Coast League and had fallen in love with the Cuban flash, was characteristically terse. "Listen," he told his boss, "you get him. I'll play him."

Lane went to work. "First I talked to Art Ehlers, the Philadelphia general manager, and Greenberg on the long-distance telephone from Chicago," he

said. "But it was kind of discouraging. As soon as one got hot, the other cooled off. So I decided to switch my headquarters to New York, where I'd be a little closer to the scene—at least, to Philadelphia. I put on a pair of pajamas when I walked into my room at the Hotel Commodore and I didn't step outside until I had closed the deal 36 hours later." He laughed, remembering the tension of that concentrated campaign. "I got Greenberg out of bed twice," he said, "once at one o'clock in the morning and again at four. The room-service waiter who was on the day shift didn't think anything of finding me in my pajamas at nine o'clock in the morning when he brought my breakfast, but he looked at me pretty strangely when he found me still wearing them at lunch time. 'What's the

ceeded in taking the play away from Chico Carrasquel, previously the special pet of the Comiskey Park rooters. Minnie has the fire and dash that only the great ones have. He exploded like an atom bomb on the aroused South Side and no man can say for sure exactly where his impact on Chicago in particular and baseball in general will end.

Richards enters an emphatic second to a crack made by the old Cleveland outfielder, Joe Vosmik, in the spring of 1951. Someone had asked Vosmik if he thought Minnie was ready to play regularly in the American League. "He's not only good enough for the American League," Joe said, "but if there was a league higher than the American, he'd be ready for that, too."

Minoso, like Carrasquel, is a symbol of the chip-carrying, chesty crew the new White Sox have become. He'll take an extra base on you at the slightest opportunity and he doesn't mind bumping you a little hard when he skids into the bag, either. With a couple of key men acting up like that, and a purposeful, bold manager running the show, it's logical that the other Sox should follow suit. Casey Stengel, the Yankee manager, still grimaces when he remembers an early-season game at the Stadium in which the hopped-up Chicagoans beat his champs on one daring play. Nellie Fox, on first, ran like a scared rabbit when Phil Masi singled to Joe DiMaggio in center field. Instead of putting on the brakes in conventional fashion and pulling up at second, Fox didn't even bother to slow down. He put a direct challenge to the aging Yankee Clipper's arm by racing all the way to third. DiMag was so startled he threw the ball away and Masi trotted home behind the grinning Fox.

In another game at Yankee Stadium, Minoso, who, whether by accident or design, gets hit by pitched balls more often than anybody in the majors, caught one of Eddie Lopat's so-called fast balls in the rump. Undisturbed, Minnie dropped his bat and jogged down to first. Lopat, convinced Minoso had allowed the ball to hit him, displayed a good deal of ill humor. Minnie just laughed and, after the game, Paul Richards suggested pleasantly that it was Lopat's own fault for not having learned how to throw the ball any faster than that.

It isn't that the new White Sox are malicious. They're just a bunch of underprivileged boys who are starving for a bite of the World Series melon which the Yankees persist in regarding as their own private property. The Yankees (and the Indians and the Red Sox and the Tigers, too) will do well to remember the day in Boston on the first eastern swing of the White Sox last year. The weather was miserable along the Atlantic seaboard and the game between the Chicagoans and the Back Bay millionaires was postponed. It was too cold to play. But it wasn't too cold for the White Sox to practice. For an hour and a half, with the sober-faced Richards supervising the activity, every man on the ball club ran through his paces. There was no one to watch them but a handful of groundkeepers and a few marveling newspapermen. The Red Sox had skipped home as soon as the game was called.

Everybody knows now how those tactics paid off. Once they got the feel of the thing, they couldn't be stopped. They murdered every pitcher who was thrown into the breach against them. In late May and early June, they put

Sports Quiz

ANSWERS

FROM PAGE 55.

1. Joe DiMaggio, Tommy Henrich and Charlie Keller. DiMaggio retired from the Yankees as a player, Henrich retired as a coach and Keller was released by the Detroit Tigers.
2. Ken McGregor.
3. Ed Macauley, St. Louis; Dwight Edleman, Illinois; 'Dolph Schayes, New York University.
4. They are left-handers and they are currently serving in the Army. Leo Kiely is property of the Red Sox, Ed Ford is a Yankee and Curt Simmons belongs to the Philadelphia Phillies.
5. True.
6. Forrest Evashevski (U. of Iowa).
7. Chet Nichols, 2.83.
8. Jesse Owens.
9. True. Australian doubles teams have captured the title for the last three years.
10. Lou Gehrig, 494.
11. Fortune Gordien (186 feet 11 inches).
12. Joe Cronin.
13. Gene Tunney.
14. The hook shot.

matter,' he asked me, 'you sick?' I told him, no, I wasn't. Then I said, 'But I may be sick if I don't accomplish what I'm trying to do.' I thought that over for a minute and had to laugh. 'On the other hand,' I told the guy, 'I may be even sicker next summer if I do accomplish it!'

Lane spent most of the 36 hours on the telephone in the Hotel Commodore. It cost him \$260 in toll charges and he later found out it cost Greenberg almost \$250. But the deal finally was closed on April 30 and it is probably fair to say that it was one baseball swap which worked out to everybody's satisfaction. All three principals are first-class ball-players and they all came through handsomely for their new clubs.

To say Minoso came through for the White Sox is to be guilty of a gross under-statement. The coal-black refugee from the Cleveland dugout was runner-up to Ferris Fain for the league batting championship with a .326 average. He was so electrifying a player in all departments of the game—running, fielding and hitting—that he even suc-

together a flamboyant winning streak of 14 in a row, including a complete seven-game sweep on one eastern trip. They won 20 of the first 24 games Minnie Minoso played for them. On the night of June 14, they were in first place in the American League, four and a half games ahead of the Yankees, winners of 36 ball games and losers of only 14. They had the sprawling city of Chicago crazy. Attendance already was up 150,000 over 1950. The White Sox were the most publicized team in baseball. The new era promised by Lane and Comiskey was no longer about to dawn; it was very much a reality.

It wasn't just because they were winning that the Sox gripped the imagination of the country. It wasn't even just because they usually managed to win in dramatic, exciting fashion. It was because they were winning with the most fantastic collection of castoffs anyone could hope to see. You watched them as they ran out on the field, cocky and confident, and you shrugged your shoulders and figured they must be doing it with mirrors or witchcraft. After all, what did they have? Two great rookies in Carrasquel and Minoso, sure—although Minoso hadn't been considered good enough to crash the starting lineup at Cleveland and Carrasquel had been declared expendable by the greatest talent scout in baseball, Branch Rickey. There was Nelson Fox, a failure with the Athletics; Al Zarilla, unwanted by the Red Sox; Ed Stewart, given up by the Senators; Don Lenhardt, surrendered by the Browns; Phil Masi, wearing campaign ribbons from the Braves and the Pirates; Gus Niarhos, not good enough to stick with the Yankees; Billy Pierce, rated too wild by the Tigers; Saul Rogovin, another Detroit castoff; Joe Dobson, too old for the Red Sox; Randy Gumpert and Ken Holcombe, turned loose by the Yankees; Bob Dillinger, labeled a poor team man and shunted from the Browns to the A's to the Pirates before the White Sox grabbed him and added him to Paul Richards' wholesale reclamation project; Eddie Robinson, unable to make it with the Indians or the Senators.

Clearly, it was all a mistake.

That it was no mistake at all is a matter of record. Sure, the Sox couldn't stay up there. Mostly, the pitching didn't hold up. Some of the early-season batting surprises tailed off, too. But when all the shooting was over, the ball club was very much back in business, the fans had had a great run for their money, and Comiskey Park had a first-division team for the first time in eight long years.

In keeping with the recent history of the rejuvenated organization, the Sox made headlines during the off season with another red-hot family squabble. Vice-president Chuck startled the baseball world by handing in his resignation, complaining bitterly that he was "inadequately paid" and "deprived of proper tenure," a fancy phrase which the press took to mean that he wanted a long-term contract. At first, everyone felt Mrs. Comiskey would patch things up with her only male heir, but at a meeting of the club directors on Friday, January 18, Chuck's resignation was formally accepted and to all intents and purposes he departed from the set-up. Nevertheless, it still seemed incredible that he would remain outside the fold. It has long been the popular feeling that Chuck was destined to succeed his mother eventually as president, and, until events prove otherwise, most ob-

servers will look for a settlement of the civil war.

What about the 1952 White Sox?

"Our club is one right now," says Frank Lane, "that, with the addition of a player or two, could be a hell of a ball club. We're willing to make deals in which the other fellow gets the better of it in actual player value simply in order to get the particular man we want. For example, we felt we needed a catcher, so we gave the Browns a lot of good player talent, including that fellow from the Coast League, Jim Rivera, for Sherman Lollar. Maybe we gave up more than Lollar is worth, but we needed him and we wanted him.

"We'd do the same with the Athletics to get Shantz, but we wouldn't give up three or four top-line players to get him. You can't rob Peter to pay Paul. If we could give them what they need in the way of young ballplayers who would help them at three or four positions, they could afford to give us an established pitcher. . . . That's the way you've got to do it. . . . A program like that, of course, is okay with a second-division club. You can't make such a deal with the Red Sox, the Indians or the Yankees. They're not looking for the three-for-one deal. Like us, they're looking for the one man who could help them win the pennant." Frank laughed. "It's not so easy for us to make a deal any more, you know. We're considered a contender now." He rolled the word around on his tongue; he was obviously pleased with it.

Richards came out of the next room and sat down next to the telephone. Restless, he put through five telephone calls for Earl Mann, the general manager of the Seattle club, who was staying at the same hotel. Each time, the line was busy. Finally, the operator informed him Mr. Mann was speaking on the long-distance wire. "Damn," said Paul impatiently, "if that's Seattle he's talkin' to, he's gonna have some bill!"

Where did he plan to play Minoso next year?

"I hope to play him in left field all the time, if I can. We're gonna give Rodriguez a shot at third base."

Was it true that he had had a particular desire to get Saul Rogovin on his club when he came up to Chicago?

"There's a lot of guys I'd like to have. He just happened to be one we could get."

Which clubs did he think would give him the most trouble?

"I won't say anything about the other clubs. We're just playing against the league. For all we know, the Browns may be tougher than the Yankees."

Paul, you can see, is no spendthrift when it comes to conversation. But we thought we'd try one more on him, anyway. Did he feel that his club, as presently constituted, had a serious chance for the pennant?

Those hypnotic eyes burned right back at you, the long legs swung to the floor and the remarkable manager of the amazing White Sox hitched himself forward in his chair. He looked almost angry, the way he looks sometimes in the third-base coaching box, his hat pulled down over his ears, trying to get a rally started.

"Yeah," he said in a sharply rising tone. "Yeah," he repeated as he got to his feet. "Hell, yes, I do!"

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Lew Jenkins Fights Again

(Continued from page 31)

struggled to get away from the referee and hit Marquart again. Marquart, by now no more than a heap on the floor, just inside the ropes, was counted out.

Overnight, Jenkins was a hero in the town. The most vicious fighter, the most savage puncher they had seen for a long while. He was the killer type that the Big Town likes so much.

Hymie Caplin, wise in the ways of the prize-fight trade, sent him out of town. He sent him back to Dallas for a short rest and one fight.

"Let the customers scream for him to come back," Hymie said.

While the customers screamed, Jenkins rested for a couple of weeks. Then, in Dallas, he knocked out Chino Alvarez in one round—the same Chino Alvarez who had knocked him out a year and a half before, when he was flopping in a cheap hotel in Dallas and eating in hash joints. Hymie waited for another month, then brought him back. He knocked out Tippy Larkin in one round.

Now Hymie was scheming. Lou Ambers was the lightweight champion. He was 27 years old, which is not old, even for a fighter. But he had had 80 fights, under the name of Otis Paradise, on the bootleg "amateur" circuit through Pennsylvania and upper New York State before he came out in the open as a professional, and he had had more than a hundred fights around the country since then. He wasn't punching as fast as he once could, and his legs couldn't carry him out of range of a hard-hitting opponent as they once did. Jenkins, for all his scrawny build, was a terrific puncher. Hymie reasoned he must hit Ambers on the chin somewhere along the way, and when he did . . .

That was the match Hymie wanted and he got it. On the night of the fight, May 10, 1940, less than three hours before the men were to enter the ring, Hymie Caplin had Jenkins in Toots Shor's and was introducing him to his friends. At that hour, the challenger should have been resting in a hotel room somewhere near the Garden. But here he was, being led from table to table by his manager and his manager saying: "Shake hands with Lew Jenkins, the next lightweight champion of the world."

Lew looked less like the next lightweight champion than he did like a guy who had moved in to stick up the joint. He wore a rumpled suit and a khaki shirt. Above his scarred, seamed face, his hair was tousled. If there was a thought in his mind that he soon would be fighting for a title, he gave no sign of it. That wasn't his only stop on the way to the ring. Hymie, knowing his fighter, took him to several other places.

At ten o'clock, Jenkins was in the ring with Ambers. He tagged Ambers with his right hand in the first round, again in the second. In the third round, he knocked him out. He was the lightweight champion of the world.

Allie Stolz, a very good lightweight, also in Hymie's stable of fighters and an articulate young man, looks back to the time when . . . but let Allie tell it:

"Lew was the strangest and, in many ways, the most likable fellow I've ever known. I used to live with him at Pompton Lakes or in a hotel in New York when we were training together. Training? Well, Lew never worked too

hard at it. But we spent a lot of time at Pompton Lakes. Once in a while he would disappear and be gone for three or four days. Then he'd call me up and say: 'Where have you been?'

"Then there were his motorcycles. One for straight speeding, one for hill climbing and one that, so help me, ran in curves and circles. He almost drove Mike Jacobs crazy with them. He also had a guitar, a phonograph, a stack of records—and a yen to be a songwriter. Cowboy laments were his favorites and he had a lot of records of some cowboy singer and he would play them over and over again. Then he would take his guitar and strum it and sing the songs and say: 'Don't I sound just like him?'

"Well, he didn't, exactly. I thought the singer on the records was pretty bad but Lew was worse. Then he got this bug about being a songwriter. He'd write a couple of songs a day and try them out on me. He never seemed to notice it, but no matter what the words were—and they were pretty awful—the tune always was the same.

"Listen to this one,' he would say, and he would go into it, in that cracked voice of his.

"I heard that one yesterday,' I would say. And he'd say: 'No you didn't. I just wrote it.'

"One day he said: 'I hear them fellers get a lot of money for writing songs. I'm going to write some more and sell them and make a lot of money.'

"There he was," Allie said, "the lightweight champion of the world, one of the greatest punchers of his weight that ever lived, and a terrific drawing card—and he was going to make money writing songs!

"Money? I never knew anybody who cared less for money than he did, except to have it in his pocket to spend or give away. I suppose in the year or so when he was going good, he made \$30,000 or \$90,000. And all he has left to show for it is a little shack out there in the country and a motorcycle they are keeping for him in the police garage in Pompton Lakes."

"If he woulda took care of himself he woulda been a great fighter," Willie Ketchum said.

But he didn't. The title meant money to him. Money, as Allie Stolz said, was something to spend or give away. He wasn't in shape for his first fight after the one in which he knocked Ambers out. It was an over-the-weight bout with Henry Armstrong and, at the end of the sixth round, he was sick to his stomach and rolled off the stool in his corner. He trained for Bob Montgomery and beat him in ten rounds, trained for Pete Lello and knocked him out in two, trained for Fritzie Zivic and boxed him ten rounds to a draw. He gave Ambers a return match and, this time, knocked him out in seven rounds.

But then he went down. He lost to Montgomery in a return, was beaten by Red Cochrane, lost the championship to Sammy Angott, lost to Marty Servo, to Mike Kaplan, to Jack Hyrd, and was knocked out by Fritzie Zivic. He lost, lost, lost. The war came and he enlisted in the Coast Guard. Between invasions, he had two fights in Oran and won both. Then the war was over and he was around Philadelphia, fighting for Blinky Palermo. He won a lot of fights from nobodies but it was no good and he chucked it. Then there was the trouble in Korea and he joined the infantry. He was in Tokyo for a while and then he went to the fighting front and . . . well, this is where we came in.



"May I see your seat check, Madam?"

TRECEINCO

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Hockey's New Mr. Zero

(Continued from page 14)

Hainsworth, Tiny Thompson, Bill Duran and the old Mr. Zero of the Boston Bruins, Frankie Brimsek. Only in his second full season in the league, Sawchuk already is regarded as the best goalie in Detroit history. He made the league's all-star team and his great record last season, which saw him come within one goal of winning the most coveted prize a goalie can receive, the Vezina Trophy, also enabled him to make off with the Calder Trophy as the rookie of the year. With the 1951-52 season drawing to a close, Sawchuk is within reach of the Vezina Trophy. Of course, for Sawchuk, and for the Red Wing team as a whole, the prime target is the Stanley Cup.

When I asked Terry why he had skated over to congratulate Rayner that evening in New York, something I had never seen another National Hockey League goalie do before, his answer was direct and conclusive. "Chuck Rayner is the best, that's all. He's got a style all his own. When I was a boy, all I wanted to be was a Rayner. It's a great thrill playing against a man you used to idolize, and when he comes up with that kind of a performance, well, you just feel you've got to say something."

Those were modest words coming from a youngster who himself has been described almost exclusively in superlatives ever since he began his professional hockey career. In a way, they were typical of this handsome, clean-cut native of Winnipeg, Manitoba. When you first meet Sawchuk, he is apt to impress you as being somewhat gruff, as if he were trying to get on top of you, beat you to the puck, if you like, the way he does on the ice. But as he talks and as his Canadian sternness melts away, you get a truer picture. Although he works at a man's job, Sawchuk has all the mannerisms and characteristics of a guileless, unsophisticated boy. But on the ice it's a far different story.

Someone once said that a goaltender, to be proficient at his occupation, must possess, first of all, good vision; second, split-second coordination of the hands and feet; third, concentration. As you watch Sawchuk guarding the goal mouth, you see these three things fused in their highest form. You see Sawchuk, as cool and steady as the ice he stands on, crouched for any eventuality, his brown eyes fixed impassively on the puck. Then you see him fall to the ice, executing a split with his feet, his stick in his right hand moving like lightning in the right direction. Finally, you see the puck being turned aside or smothered under him. At its best, it is artistry of the first order.

Sawchuk is the only man in the entire history of the game to win the rookie award in each of hockey's top professional leagues. He did it with Omaha of the United States League in 1947. A year later, he did it again with Indianapolis of the American League. And in his first year in the NHL, he made off with the Calder Trophy. The most amazing part of this record, however, is the fact that his performances got progressively better as he moved into tougher competition. With Omaha, he had a 3.22 average and four shutouts. His first year with Indianapolis he had a 3.06 average. As a rookie in

1950-51, Terry piled up 11 shutouts and had a superlative 1.98 average. By the middle of January this year, he was leading the league in shutouts with nine, and his average hovered in the 1.75 bracket.

Sawchuk's knack for turning in shutouts has led to an amusing situation among the Red Wing players. It seems that a Detroit merchant initiated the practice last year of awarding a hat each time Sawchuk registered a shutout. To Terry, this represented a vexing problem because it is his custom never to wear hats. So he conceived of a rotation system whereby he would pass them on to his defensemen.

The first time Terry scored a shutout this season he gave his gift certificate to the Detroit trainer. Then the five defensemen were equipped in rapid order. When it came Terry's turn again, he reluctantly gave in and awarded his certificate to veteran wing Sid Abel. "I figured it was time to give the forwards a break," Terry said with a grin. "They can only get free hats by scoring the hat-trick, and only Gordie Howe has done it so far this season, so maybe I can shame them into doing it more often."

It's difficult to find a chink in Sawchuk's superb armor, but a rival coach, Dick Irvin of the Montreal Canadiens, once thought he had. He said, "If the kid has any weakness, any weakness at all, it's a shoulder high shot on the right side." To understand the reasoning behind that statement, you would have to see Terry's naked right elbow and the wide, jagged, ominous-looking scar running down its side. Behind that scar lies a story of pain and handicap that might have sent a less hardy individual off the ice for good.

To this day, Terry is not completely sure how the elbow was originally injured. He thinks he hurt it in a football game when he was 12 years old, but because it failed to bother him for two years, he gave it little attention. Then, one day when he was 14, he found he was unable to lift his right arm, much less bend the elbow. A doctor put his arm in a cast for two weeks but it wasn't until two summers ago that Terry had his first operation to get at the root of the trouble. Prior to that he had been bothered annually by the elbow and sometimes was unable to lift the arm above his waist. In a Toronto hospital in the summer of 1950, four bone chips were removed. Last summer it was the same story, only this time the operation took place in a Detroit hospital and five more chips and a pair of inflamed tonsils came out in the bargain.

"Never again," Terry remarked. "I didn't mind the elbow operation, but those tonsils! I wouldn't go through it again if I had to."

The tonsils are probably gone for good but there is still a likelihood that Terry will need further work done on the elbow. Although he has full mobility now, X-rays disclose more loose chips lodged inside.

The life a goalie leads around the net may not be quite as rough as that accorded a hard-hitting defenseman, but there is still plenty of danger involved. The first time Sawchuk ever sustained an injury as a pro it nearly meant the loss of an eye. It happened in Houston in 1947, ironically enough

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on his birthday, when Terry was playing for Omaha. During a gang play late in the game, Terry, watching the puck with his usual undivided attention, moved his head around and a flying stick caught him squarely on the right eyeball. That night he spent some of the most miserable moments of his life.

"When I got to the dressing room and the doctor said something about losing the eye, I broke down and cried. I didn't want to lose an eye, much less give up my hockey career. I didn't sleep a wink that night worrying about what I might do for a living. The next morning the news was better. They put three stitches on the eyeball and I was back in action in two weeks."

Sawchuk is completely dedicated to his profession. He has been crazy about hockey ever since he first started ice skating when he was four years old. "My mother would take me out in 20-below weather and wait for me all day. And this went on right up until I was nine. Anything I wanted I got from her. We weren't wealthy or anything, just average, but I always had everything I ever wanted."

Terry was born in Winnipeg, December 28, 1929. His father, Louis, worked as a tinsmith but was invalidated seven years ago in a fall from a scaffold. Since he first entered pro hockey, Terry has been the chief support of the family, which also includes a younger brother, Gerald, and a six-year-old adopted sister, Judy. An older brother died when Terry was ten.

"My big brother's goalie pads were the first ones I ever used," he says. "Our uncle gave them to him originally. My brother had a heart murmur and died when he was 17. I couldn't believe it when it happened. He used to take me out in Dad's car and let me drive, and we played cards together all the time. I missed him for a long time afterwards."

"My kid brother, Gerald, is 13. He's a right wing. He played goal last year but didn't like it. Says there's not enough action. It's my hope some day in seven or eight years, if I can last that long, he'll play right beside me on the Red Wings."

A great booster of the Detroit organization, Sawchuk is a typical product of its fruitful farm system. He was signed to a Red Wing contract when he was 16 by a former Detroit scout, Bob Kinnear, who liked his looks when he was playing junior league hockey in Winnipeg. Terry began playing hockey in the Winnipeg bantam league for boys of 14 and under. After graduating from East Kildonan High School, where he also played baseball and football, Terry played a year of junior hockey with the Gault, Ontario, Red Wings. A year later, he moved up to Omaha where his career got under way in earnest.

Terry gives much of the credit for his development as a goalie to his three professional coaches. "At Omaha, Mud Bruneteau taught me how to block shots and I would attempt to save and this went on until I had it down pat. He was a good coach."

"Ott Heller and I, at Indianapolis, had a pact between ourselves. When I used to fall, he'd always stand by me and yell for me to get up on my feet. We worked that over and over again, me starting to fall and him hollering for me to stand up. That's a very im-

portant thing because when a guy is coming in on you, you have to try and stand up as long as possible and keep him guessing. That way you might be able to confuse him or get him to commit himself too early or too late."

"Tommy Ivan, of course, has been very helpful with me at Detroit. He's practiced straight-on shots with me and helped perfect my whole style."

Trying to describe that style, Terry put it this way. "I try simply to concentrate on the puck. I'm not much of a holler guy. Someone like Rayner can yell at his defensemen and watch the puck at the same time, but I have to concentrate on one thing. I have a very low, crouching style. My reflexes are that way, I guess. I can see better through legs than over some tall guy's shoulder. It's an easier way to get hurt—but so far nothing's happened."

One New York hockey writer said that Sawchuk possessed the quickest reflexes ever seen on ice. A writer in Toronto commented that, "Terry never gives bad goals and he seldom yields a goal at crucial times in a game." Despite that sort of a build-up, Terry feels he let his club down in the playoffs a year ago. The Red Wings were ousted by the Montreal Canadiens in



the opening round. Although his elbow was bothering him at the time, he refuses to alibi his performance and chooses, instead, to give all the credit to Montreal's goalie, Gerry McNeil.

But the Red Wings knew what they were doing when they decided to bring Sawchuk up. At that, it took a nine-player deal and shipment of one of the league's leading goalies, Harry Lumley, to the Chicago Black Hawks to make room for Terry. In February, 1950, Sawchuk received his first test in the National League when an ankle injury temporarily sidelined Lumley. Terry's greatest thrill in hockey to date came during that seven-game period, when he shut out the Rangers, 1-0. Those seven games convinced the Detroit management that Sawchuk was too good to stay in the minors.

Detroit's publicity director, Fred Huber, explained the background of that deal. "At about that time, Lynn Patrick, who was coaching the Rangers, came out publicly and said there were only three big-league goalkeepers and one of them was in the minor leagues. We knew that, too, but we had to wait for an opportunity to move Terry in. When the time came to make the deal

with Chicago, they wanted a goalie thrown in so we offered them Sawchuk, hoping they'd take Lumley. It was a gamble but it worked. Terry is three years younger than Harry and that meant a lot."

Because of his youth and competitive spirit, Terry dislikes inaction. In one game last year he had nothing to do but twiddle his thumbs for 22 minutes while Red Wing attackers swarmed around the enemy's goal mouth. "The guys were razzing me after the game about giving me a rocking chair so I'd be real comfortable," Terry said. "Funny thing about it, though, I wasn't comfortable at all. I was more scared in those 22 minutes than at any other time during the game. You get the nervous heebie-jeebies expecting someone to break loose on you at any minute, and when he doesn't, you get more nervous than ever. I could really feel it, just looking down at the other end and watching that clock move so slowly. I got cold, too. Just standing on a big chunk of ice so long without moving is no fun."

Because he doesn't have a chance to skate during a game, Terry makes it a rule to take his pads off and race around the rink during practice sessions. After practice, when some of his teammates stay around to shoot, he will also get a stick and shoot into the nets and boards.

Terry treats his eyes, which are his mealticket, as some people treat a new automobile. During the hockey season he shies away from reading or movies or anything that will strain them. He always tries to get two and a half to three hours rest before a game. After the game he will grab a sandwich and then try to fall asleep. He usually is unable to sleep for two or three hours because of the nervous tension still in his system. "Sometimes after a real tough game," Terry says, "I don't get to sleep at all."

One of his biggest problems is keeping his weight down. Last fall he reported to the Red Wings' training camp weighing 220 pounds, 25 pounds over his normal playing weight. By dint of a heavy amount of sweating, plus a strict diet, he managed to reach 195, his best playing weight. Last season, he played at 212 but felt it was too much and made him too heavy on his feet. He sticks to a diet all season long, foregoing sweets, potatoes and bread. One thing he is unable to pass up, however, is his favorite dish—pizza pie. "I really love it," Terry says. "I can eat a whole one by myself. In Detroit I have a friend who makes it. Every time he calls me up to ask me over, I ask him first whether he's going to make pizza. If he answers yes, I'm on my way."

To help keep his diet in check, Sawchuk smokes a pack of cigarettes every three or four days. He drinks an occasional beer but touches nothing in the way of hard liquor. Last Christmas, Terry became engaged to a pretty blonde named Dorothy Forsberg. He met her about a year ago in Winnipeg where she is a receptionist for the Sawchuk family doctor. Dorothy excels at skiing and also likes to dance, something Terry can take or leave as the occasion demands. They haven't made any marriage plans yet; Terry wants to build up his bank account first.

Last year, Sawchuk did handsomely in the cash department. The league gives a \$1,000 bonus to each member of

the All-Star team, to the winners of the various trophies and to the players who participate in each playoff round. The Detroit organization in turn matches each bonus, so Terry took home \$6,000 in excess funds. He received a nice salary increase this season and is quite satisfied with his financial arrangement.

Sawchuk's chief nemesis in the league is Maurice Richard, the Montreal Canadiens' wizard. "No matter where he shoots from, it's always on the net. His backhand's even tougher than his forehand, and he shoots a heavy puck. When you stop it, it feels like it's going through you. Other tough guys are Milt Schmidt of the Bruins, that Toronto line of Kennedy, Smith and Sloan, and Don Raleigh of the Rangers."

Six goals is the most Sawchuk has allowed in a game in the NHL. In one game a year ago, when the Rangers scored six on him, Terry should have been in bed. He had the flu and bleeding tonsils.

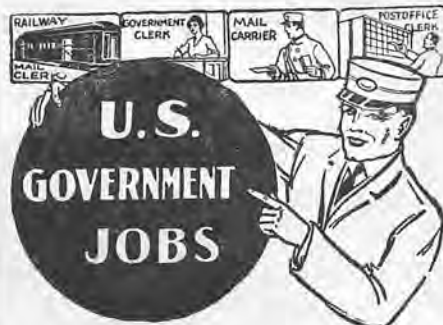
During the season, Terry rooms with Fred Glover and he is a member in good standing of the Sid Abel, Tony Leswick, Red Kelly pinocle association. The group plays that card game with almost as much seriousness as hockey.

If he hadn't pursued hockey as a career, Sawchuk might well have become a professional baseball player. A first baseman and a long-ball hitter, Terry played junior Legion ball in Winnipeg and one summer hit over .500. He was offered a tryout once with the St. Louis Cardinals but turned it down to concentrate on hockey. In 1948, he worked out with the Indianapolis team of the American Association. He did so well that Al Lopez, then managing Indianapolis, wanted to send him to New Orleans to get in shape, but Terry refused.

"Before I went up to the plate for the first time that day, I was scared to death," Terry said. "I was afraid I wouldn't be able to hit their pitching. As I was waiting my turn to bat, this fellow named Chet Johnson, who pitched part of one season for the Browns, came up to me. He said, 'Listen kid, don't be scared of anything. I've had it pretty tough in my day and I've been pushed around a lot. But let me tell you, when I go out on that mound, I tell myself I'm the best pitcher alive. You do the same and you'll be okay.'"

"I've never forgotten that advice," Terry concluded.

He hasn't, either.



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Ruby Goldstein, the Third Man

(Continued from page 19)

Ruby was too stunned to get up. Only nineteen at the time, Ruby was really through as a fighter. However, he still could marshal a big following at the drop of a match. "He still had those beautiful punches," Johnny Attell was saying, "and those fans still believed."

Two years and a half after the Terris fight, on December 13, 1929, 18,608 paid \$106,992 to see Goldstein against Jimmy McLarnin in the Garden. It wasn't a fight and didn't figure to be, what with McLarnin on his way up and Ruby just Ruby, but it was a tribute of affection. The contest was over in less than four minutes of actual fighting. Goldstein tried but he was on the floor four times.

After that, even his most devoted fans lost heart. Then Hymie Cantor died, Ruby's money, invested carefully, he thought, disappeared. He lost \$44,000 in stocks and bonds of the Bank of United States. A few years after that, when he was really flat, he got a letter from the bank, assessing him \$1,900 as a stockholder!

In the late 1930's (he'd made his last attempt at fighting in '37) I knew Ruby as one of the boys along Jacobs Beach, the regular fight beat on West 49th St. in New York City. He never complained but it was obvious that only the help of friends was sustaining him. You were apt to meet him any night after midnight, in the lobby of the Forrest Hotel or in a cubbyhole cigar store up the block towards Broadway. Ruby knew the gossip of the ring's Rialto and his wisecracks deflated many a stuffed shirt. His sense of humor included the ability to laugh at his own troubles. "You know, it's not easy to be a bum," he would say, with a half smile, as he removed the cigar from his mouth.

Long before that he had given up at-

tempts to get ahead in boxing as a handler. If he had any ambition to referee, it remained unspoken.

Today, Goldstein is so wrapped up in his job of refereeing and what he's convinced are its responsibilities, he will not visit any place where he might rub elbows with managers, boxers or betting men. "I don't mean to duck anybody," he says, "but can I afford to talk to a manager? First thing I know I'll be working one of his fighter's fights and they'll say things."

West 49th St., his old hangout, is now off-limits for Ruby. Some time ago, Harry Markson, IBC executive, offered to drive Goldstein home to Brooklyn after a Garden fight. There was a heavy rainstorm and Markson urged Goldstein to walk with him to the garage in the area.

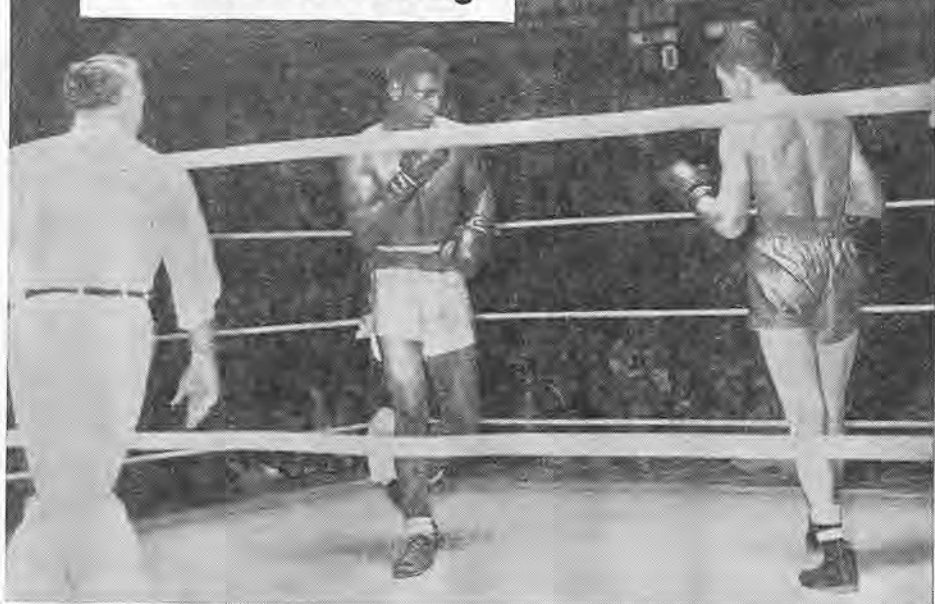
"No, no," he insisted, "I'll wait down at 48th and 8th Avenue."

A few years ago, Ruby went to Miami with a Heart Fund group of sports figures, including Joe DiMaggio. While they were dining, a couple walked over. The wife asked if she might take a photo of her husband with the celebrities. Everybody seemed willing but Goldstein. Later he remarked, "I couldn't pose that way. I didn't know who he was; maybe he's a bookmaker wherever he comes from."

Ruby's no hermit, even if he is careful of where he goes and whom he sees. His work outside boxing—he's a "missionary" for Melrose Distillers—takes him around. He visits various groups and makes an average of four appearances a week. He makes his home in a Flatbush apartment with his wife, May, and their small son, Herbert.

It is by phone in this apartment that Ruby learns from the Athletic Commission when he's officiating. The message, which usually comes in around 3:30 in the afternoon, merely tells him to re-

The Scoreboard Comes to Boxing



Neon lights flashing in the background tell fight fans who's ahead in bout.

UNTIL recently, boxing has been the only major spectator sport to keep the outcome of the contest (barring knockouts, of course) a dark secret until its conclusion. But if Michael J. Mesi of Portland, Oregon, has his way, this age-old practice will soon be at an end. For Mesi has come up with a contraption that promises to revolutionize the sport for the fans. It is an electrical scoreboard and it already has received an official endorsement from the National Boxing Association and an unofficial boost from Jack Hurley, the widely-known fight manager, currently the brains behind light-heavyweight Harry Matthews. Hurley, who saw the scoreboard in action in Portland, calls Mesi's gadget "the greatest single improvement for spectators in my 30 years in boxing."

Mesi, a former fighter himself, first conceived the idea in 1945. The scoreboard, which can be built to any specifications, is suspended above the middle of the ring or in any other convenient vantage point. On the top of the board are numbered lights, from one to 15, indicating the rounds. Directly below the rounds are three individual scoring sections for the judges and referee. The sections are divided by the word "even" which is flashed on in case a round is called a tie. On each side are numbers from one to four, the points which can be awarded to the fighters. Four control boxes operate the scoreboard. The boxes have a manual control dial by which the official indicates the number of points each fighter is to receive. At the conclusion of the round, the official makes his decision, turns the dial, and then presses the button on his control box which lights up the words, "Decision Made." As soon as the three officials have awarded their points, the board lights up in view of the fans. The lights flash simultaneously so that the verdict of one official cannot influence that of another. Then the scoreboard automatically totals the points awarded to the respective fighters and keeps a cumulative total of points posted throughout the fight. The score for each round is left on the board until the timekeeper blows the ten-second warning whistle, at which time a button on his control box clears the board of all but the cumulative score, and moves the light indicator to the number of the next round. The round number remains lighted as a convenience to the fans.

Mesi picked up his mechanical aptitude at the University of Oregon and later fooled around—in a legitimate way—with pinball machines. He spent 18 months in his attic working on the scoreboard, using parts of old pinball machines in the first working model. The board contains 546 electric lights, 12 relays and 32,000 feet of wire. The Portland Boxing Commission tested it last year at a Harry Matthews fight. During the evening, officials of the commission collected the ballots of the capacity crowd, stating their reaction to the use of the machine. The results were conclusive. Fully 95 per cent of the audience favored adopting the scoreboard permanently.

At its convention in Chicago last September, the NBA adopted a resolution favoring the scoreboard's use by the member commissions. Until the time when there is one uniform scoring system throughout the country, Mesi is going ahead building new boards to conform to any scoring system. He's hopeful that one day fights will be scored on a uniform basis around the country. However, his scoreboard is a big step in the right direction. It gives the boxing fan a deserved break.

—HARRY GLICKMAN

port. The commissioner in charge makes the choice for the main event, usually indicating who gets the feature by the assignment in the semi-final.

Normally, all working referees sit at ringside. In some ball park fights, Ruby has been sequestered in a dressing room, a precaution which, no doubt, meets with his firm approval.

On the day he works Ruby has his last meal at 4:30 and that is a light one. He wants an empty stomach by ten o'clock—just like the fighters.

Unlike the fighters, managers, promoters, etc., the referee has not profited from the recent upsurge in boxing interest. Ruby's financial return is shockingly small for a man with such prestige and importance in the ring. Although he worked ten headline main events in 1951, only once, in the Robinson-Turpin fight, did his fee exceed \$200, the referee's take for all bouts with net receipts between \$100,000 and \$200,000. Ruby's total earnings as a referee in 1951 were no more than \$1,500.

Ruby is admired by other referees. Arthur Donovan, the former kingpin, described him recently as "looking the part." This is the very same phrase as was used for years in complimenting Donovan. Mark Conn said the other day: "Whenever I'm not working, I go to see Ruby. I learn something each time I see him."

Ruby, however, does not name any referee as his model. One's suspicion is that he is satisfied with his work. He should be. He has been consistently steady in the pinches.

One sample of his poise came in the first fight between Tony Zale and Rocky Graziano, September 27, 1946, at Yankee Stadium. At the end of the fifth round, Zale had to be helped back to his corner. Goldstein went over and asked: "How are you, Tony?" Zale said, "I'm all right." Wholly on his judgment of how Zale looked, rather than what he said, Ruby let him continue. In the sixth, Zale knocked out Graziano. "At that, I was a little surprised," Goldstein confessed.

It was in that knockout, too, that he proved his accuracy in counting. Graziano had protested he was up at ten. Movies showed that Goldstein was right. At the outstretched signal, Rocky was just getting off the floor. He later apologized to Ruby.

Ruby was placed on a spot in the Garden on February 16, 1951, in a fight between Eugene Hairston and Paddy Young, middleweights. The latter, who previously had taken a punch well, went down four times in less than two rounds.

"He went down the last time from a punch that wasn't too tough," Ruby was explaining. "So I knelt in front of Young while he took the count and I asked him, 'Are you hurt or are you trying to quit?' He said he was hurt. I said, 'If you quit on me, I'll have you suspended for life.'"

When Young was dropped for the third time in the round, it was mandatory for Goldstein to stop it.

Later, Ruby was asked if he thought there was anything doubtful about the knockout. "From what I saw, he was knocked out legitimately. Maybe a year from today, they'll find different. After all, I'm not the wisest man in the world. I'm no Solomon."

If that isn't the closest thing to an all-purpose answer, Solomon will have to supply it.

Phog Allen, Windbag or Prophet?

(Continued from page 41)

a 52-51 victory. Phog's theory apparently had been justified by the win but he wasn't satisfied with that. After the game, he was highly critical of the officials and referred to the St. John's players as "a pack of alley cats." The basketball writers present couldn't wait to get at their typewriters and begin putting Allen through the wringer again.

You have to go back to basketball's early days to discover the first fuss Phog kicked up in the public prints. Forty-eight years ago, an angry manager of the famous Buffalo Germans said of him: "Maybe the kid is a great salesman, or maybe he is just an out-and-out crook."

His anger, directed at a 20-year-old boy, who then went by the name of Forrest C. Allen, had certain justification. The Buffalo team had won the Pan-American basketball championship in 1900, and in 1904 had journeyed to the World's Fair at St. Louis and won another championship. The Germans called themselves "world champions" and there were few to dispute them.

But young Allen was numbered among the dissenters. He was born in Independence, Missouri, about 15 miles east of Kansas City, where he lived in the same block with Bess and Harry Truman. Both his father and mother were Irish and Phog inherited the traditional fiery and vibrant Celtic temperament.

As a young boy, he had been fascinated with basketball and played it with his brothers in his father's barn. In 1904, he became a member of the Kansas City Athletic Club basketball team. The team was nothing to boast about. Its one distinction lay in the fact one of its members was Jesse James, Jr., who was an excellent player. But to young Phog, the Kansas City team was the greatest in the world, and using the Kansas City Journal and the Kansas City Times as his sounding boards, he proceeded to tell one and all that fact. He had a way even then of needing his opponents. The Buffalo Germans, probably more amused than annoyed, agreed to play Kansas City for a \$500 guarantee.

Raising that kind of money in Kansas City in 1904 was no easy stunt. But it didn't bother Phog. He announced that five prominent citizens had donated sufficient funds to cover the guarantee. The cocky Buffalo team swept into town and, almost as quickly, was swept off its feet by the furious play of the locals. The Germans won the first game of the three-game series but were beaten, 30-28 and 45-15, in the next two. Phog's "five prominent citizens" turned out to be phonies. But Kansas City was so impressed by the feat of the Athletic Club and its dynamic young star that the sum was quickly raised.

This escapade skyrocketed young Allen to dizzy heights of fame in the Midwest, and the next year he was a member of the University of Kansas team at Lawrence. There he came under the influence of the gentle and religious Dr. James Naismith, who had originated the game of basketball at Springfield (Massachusetts) College in 1891. Naismith was the director of physical education at Kansas and Phog's close association with him must be kept in mind when attempting to

evaluate Allen's contributions to the game. Many of his quarrels with the rules are merely the continuation of proposals Naismith made years ago.

Phog's first season on the Kansas team was a blazing success. He established the all-time scoring record for a game, which wasn't broken until 1940. His fame reached far beyond Kansas City and it wasn't long before Dr. Naismith got a letter from the students of Baker University, asking if it would be possible for Baker to hire the services of Allen as a coach.

The letter caused Dr. Naismith considerable amusement. When he met Phog, he said, "I've got a good joke on you, you beggar. They want you to coach basketball at Baker."

"What's funny about that?" Phog demanded.

"Heavens, man," the Doctor exclaimed. "You don't coach basketball. You just play it!"

"Why can't you coach it?" Phog questioned. "You do other games."

Naismith merely shook his head and chuckled.

Today, over Phog Allen's desk, hangs a portrait of Dr. Naismith. The inscription reads: "With kindest regards to Dr. Forrest C. Allen, the father of basketball coaching, from the father of the game."

Phog alternated between Baker as a coach and the University of Kansas as a player, and the next year he added the Haskell Indians to his coaching chores. The third year he was coaching Kansas, Baker, and the Haskell Indians. His three teams showed 74 wins and ten losses.

It was during this period that he got his nickname. He umpired baseball games and his booming, foghorn voice soon got him the monicker "Foghorn." This was quickly cut to "Fog," but it remained for Ward Coble, sportswriter for the Daily Kansan, the University paper, to add a little refinement to it.

In 1910, Phog began to look around for a profession. He finally decided to become an osteopath and entered the Kansas City School for Osteopathy. He might have lived his life as Dr. Allen had not the school had an excellent gym and had he not been given the job of physical director. In his spare time, he evolved his famous principles of pass and pivot and the angle pass, which were the basis for his famous and high-sounding "Stratified Transitional Man-for-Man Defense with the Zone Principle."

In 1912, Phog graduated as a Doctor of Osteopathy and was licensed to practice in Kansas and Missouri, but with this new basketball system whirling around in his mind he couldn't concentrate on practicing osteopathy. He was offered the job of coach of all sports at Warrensburg (Missouri) Teachers College and he accepted. At Warrensburg, his teams chalked up 114 wins and seven losses for a percentage of .929.

In 1919, he was called back to Kansas and appointed basketball coach and athletic director. He has been there ever since and it is on the campus at Lawrence that one gets a picture of this stormy petrel of basketball somewhat different than that the public gets.

Today, at 66, Phog Allen doesn't look much over the age of 40. His body is erect and slim and his face still has the ruddy glow of youth. He is a natty

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dresser, preferring imported tweeds that sometimes run into green colors. His socks are plaid and his ties flashy. Recently, he has added a small green feather to his hat. The old Irish temper is still there and the inexhaustible energy and drive. When practice starts, he puts on a uniform, and if his pupils are not shooting baskets as he thinks they should, he goes out on the court and gives them a demonstration.

He boasts that he neither smokes nor drinks, but he consumes horehound candy in quantities that would give any other man screaming indigestion. When he is talking to you, he insists you eat it also, explaining that it is good for the larynx.

The first thing you hear about Phog on the Kansas campus is talk about his "brain waves." Students will button-hole you and tell you confidently that these strange and unexplained mental phenomena are the basis of his great success as a coach.

They are apt to flash through his mind at any time and any place, but usually they come between two and five o'clock in the morning. The most fantastic and most unbelievable one came just after three o'clock on the morning of November 5, 1920, while he was deep in slumber.

Phog was coaching football as well as basketball that year. The Kansas football team was called the "Midgets," averaging only 162 pounds, the lightest team in the school's history. At 1:30 that afternoon they were to meet a powerful Iowa State eleven. It was generally believed Kansas would be beaten by six or seven touchdowns.

Suddenly, in his dream, Phog heard the roar of an airplane, and as he looked up, he saw the Kansas team was in it. Oddly enough, only six of the regulars were there, along with five second-string players. The plane was on the 40-yard line and it veered to the right, made a sharp turn to the left, then flew over the goal line and out of sight. Phog woke up, jumped out of bed, made a diagram of the course the plane had taken, and then went back to bed and slept soundly the rest of the night. The next afternoon, just before the game, he told his squad about the dream. To the astonishment of the crowd, the Kansas team that lined up for the kickoff consisted of six regulars and five substitutes.

Dutch Lonborg, who became basketball coach at Northwestern and now is director of athletics at Kansas, was quarterback and captain. He had his

instructions from Phog. If Kansas won the toss, he was to elect to receive, and on the first play from scrimmage he was to give the ball to Harley Little, right halfback, who was to carry it along the same route the airplane had taken—if he could.

Lonborg won the toss and Kansas received. Henry Welch returned the ball 15 yards. On the first play, Little was given the ball and the back sped toward right end. But the powerful Iowa State linemen had pushed the Kansas substitutes back and were closing in on him. Swerving to the right, following the course Phog's dream plane had taken, he skimmed the sidelines, cut back, letting three big Iowa State men fall on their faces, and then streaked for the goal line 72 yards away. He crossed it standing up.

The kick for point was good and Kansas led by seven points. Throughout the grueling game the small Kansas team, inspired by Little's amazing run, held the heavy Iowa State team scoreless and Kansas won, 7-0.

Nobody cracks a smile when they relate how Phog's "brain wave" won that game. Enthusiasm ran so high afterward that Phog began agitating again for a new stadium. It was completed several years later at the cost of \$660,000. For years the great horseshoe was never more than half filled and it came to be known as "Phog's Folly." But in recent years seats for the important games have been sold at a premium. Plans are under way to enlarge it.

The stories of Phog's "brain waves" are legend on the campus, and so are his superstitions, which seem to be part of his Irish temperament. He has a fanatical phobia against cold feet. On the day of a home game his boys go to classes in the morning and eat their usual mid-day lunch, but at 3:30 their time belongs to Phog. He takes them to a large room filled with beds, and everyone, including Phog, climbs in and sleeps for an hour or more. When the players get up, Phog takes them on a mile walk. At 5:30, they sit down to their dinner, which really isn't any dinner at all. Each player gets two small slices of whole wheat toast, a portion of honey, half a grapefruit and several bits of celery. Sometimes this is washed down with a cup of hot chocolate; sometimes the boys don't even get the chocolate.

Then the team goes into a room where there is a large fireplace. The players are required to put their bare toes close to the fire until they are

almost roasted. When they are taken to the game, specially-heated taxis are used to keep their feet warm.

Phog has an explanation for all this: "I never saw a man with cold feet who wasn't nervous and jumpy. Keep the feet warm and you keep the nerves of the players calm."

Most of Phog's superstitions are just the reverse of the popular ones. The black cat to him is an omen of good luck and he has been known to have a black cat scamper across the court in front of his team just before an important game. The number 13 holds no horror for him. He loves to walk under ladders and often goes out of his way to do it.

In the dressing room just before the game starts, Phog is subject to strange and unpredictable moods, depending on the psychological state of his team. He has been known to snap off the lights and talk in a low and unruffled voice, telling the boys the game will be hard and the chances of victory depend upon the team's spirit and its desire to win. If the boys are listless and don't seem to be "up" for the game, he is apt to grab a chair, wave it over his head, and yell at them to get out of the room.

During the game, Phog sits on the edge of his chair and goes through the torment of the damned. As he once said: "It is the most exhilarating Hell man ever experienced." He drinks water copiously, anywhere from four to eight quarts during a game, depending on the intensity of the excitement. His water bottles have long been a barometer at Kansas of the kind of game to expect. If Phog has eight quarts beside him, the rooters know that the game will be a humdinger. A four-quart game usually doesn't excite anybody.

For years the Allen family lived in a big gray house, hidden by trees and shrubbery, near the campus of the University. His six children were raised there. All are married now and Phog and Mrs. Allen have moved to a smaller house.

Phog was faced with the touchy problem that confronts many coaches—whether or not to let his sons try to make the team. If we are to take Phog's own words in his book, *Better Basketball*, he doesn't favor the idea. "It is always difficult, if not unwise," he wrote, "for a father to attempt to coach his own son. A relative will sometimes unwittingly presume upon such a relationship."

However, in the case of Milton and Bob, both of whom received All-America mention at Kansas, he didn't have much to say about it. They started throwing basketballs around soon after they learned to walk. Phog wasn't able to resist their pleas that they be permitted to try for the team when they entered the University. When they made the team, they didn't face a gentle father. His demands of them were far greater than of the other players.

In 1936, when Kansas, all-victorious up to the last game, was scheduled to meet a fast and powerful Nebraska five for the conference championship, fans were shocked by the announcement that Phog Allen had benched his son, Milton.

Milton was the sparkplug of the Kansas team, one of the great players to come out of the Midwest. But on this occasion he had taken issue with his father's system of coaching. As a result, the team showed a decided slump in pre-game practice. Repentant and



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thoroughly chastened, Milton was allowed to play the last few minutes of the game. He fully redeemed himself by pulling a victory out of an apparent defeat. He never again offered any ideas on how the team should be coached.

Phog is a strict disciplinarian. His players have to follow rigid courses of training. Up to a few years ago, Phog had a unique way of disciplining a transgressor. He would take him to the handball court and give him a drubbing, knowing that being outshone by a middle-aged man would have a telling effect on the player. But this system went out of use when he tried it on Ted O'Leary, an All-America forward at Kansas. O'Leary gave Phog a sound beating. After that, Phog kept away from the handball court and adopted other means of keeping his players in line.

Phog's years of studying osteopathy have aided him greatly in his coaching. His teams are always in shape and seldom has a player been kept out of a game because of injuries. Lawrence, Kansas, has long been a mecca for ailing athletes. Mickey Mantle, the Yankees' young star, was sent to Lawrence, where Dr. Allen treated his injury. Johnny Mize, Tommy Henrich and a score of other famous baseball players have journeyed to Lawrence for the same purpose.

In certain Big Seven schools, Phog isn't very popular. When he walks across the court to take his seat beside his quart bottles of water, the rooters of the rival school often rise up and greet him with boos and catcalls, some times hurling apple cores in his direction. A cheerleader may grab his megaphone and call for the Phog Allen parody on the K.U. college yell, "Rock Chalk, Jay Hawk, K.U." Rival rooters scream: "Rock Chalk, Croak Phog, P.U."

Phog accepts all this with a beaming face and a friendly wave of the hand.

Several years ago the feeling got so strong at Kansas State that Milton Eisenhower, who was president, gave his students a lecture on good sportsmanship. They responded by rising en masse as Phog walked across the court and giving him a resounding cheer.

There was no beaming smile on his face that time. He sat down and looked nervous and jumpy, like a man who is suddenly frightened and doesn't know why. The feeling that something was wrong spread to his players and they lost a game they should have won.

Part of the animosity of rival schools is perhaps due to the fact that Phog and his Jayhawkers have won or shared in 21 out of 34 conference championships during the years Allen has been coaching at Kansas. In that period, his teams have won 402 games and lost 114. His 1951-52 club, a standout in the Midwest this winter, is bidding to improve that record and his lifetime coaching mark, which showed 682 victories and 200 losses at the start of the season.

No major college coach is close to Phog in the number of games won. Few, if any, have been coaching the sport since soon after its origin in 1891. Phog, of course, has a direct tie to Dr. Naismith; he, more than anyone else, has carried on the work of the man who invented basketball.

Allen has stirred up much controversy and some hostility by being so outspoken about the game he loves so well. Actually, his bark is far more vicious than his bite. It has been an exciting and good-natured fight to him; he couldn't coach the game without expressing his thoughts on improving it. Some time ago, he said: "To me, basketball is the greatest of all games and I'll play under any rules because the fundamentals will always remain the same. But that doesn't mean I won't fight for changes, and when I fight I don't give or ask any quarter."

—■—

Sharman at the Crossroads

(Continued from page 24)

doesn't get much chance to go for them under the basket." In Washington last year, Sharman missed only eight foul shots in the 31 games the Capitals played.

But Washington wasn't the first place where Sharman smashed basketball marks. On the West Coast, you mention basketball and you think of Luisetti. The old Stanford star, an All-American in 1941, is still an idol in California although he has long since given up playing the game. One of Luisetti's proudest marks was his Pacific Coast Conference (Southern Division) record of 232 points in 12 games, set in his senior year. Sharman piled up 238 points in 12 games during his last year at USC. Luisetti's best individual game mark was 30 points. Bill had 31 against Stanford and 32 against UCLA on successive weekends. He is the only player in the history of the Conference to have scored 30 or more points in a game more than once.

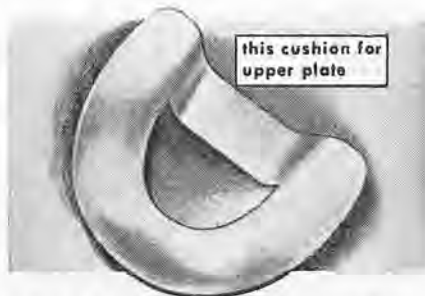
Luisetti was a good foul-shot artist but even the Stanford immortal didn't have a record like Sharman's. In his sophomore year with the Trojans, Bill didn't miss a foul shot all season, sinking 18 out of 18 in league play. In his junior year, he dropped 18 straight free throws into the hoop before missing

one. He made 26 in a row in his senior year. The late Sam Barry, who was coaching at USC then, unblushingly called Sharman the greatest basketball player he had ever seen.

This is the man for whom the Celtics went all out to keep in pro basketball. As early as last September 1, even before the Texas League baseball season was over, Bill got a phone call from Red Auerbach in Boston. That was the first hint Sharman had that the Celtics were willing to go out of their way to keep him in the game. The final decision to play basketball in Boston was made later.

"That guy is the finest right-hand push shot in basketball," Auerbach says. "I've never seen anything like it. On top of that, he's a great believer in condition, a clean-living kid and an asset to a ball club. I don't care whether he hits big-league pitching or not. I hope he stays in basketball for a long time. He'll be good for years."

Sharman is only 24. He was born on May 25, 1927, in Porterville. His father, John Sharman, had the news agency there for one of the leading Los Angeles papers. As a growing youngster, Bill used to get up at five in the morning to deliver papers. He only did it for a few years, though, because his father was much too interested in his son's sports



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career to let him jeopardize it.

After Bill returned from the Pacific, he and Illeana went to Los Angeles. Originally, they intended to go to college together, but their son, Jerry, who is now going on six, was born, and Illeana decided to concentrate on him. Between the GI Bill and help from home, they got along very nicely. When Bill was a junior, they both joined the Screen Extras' Guild and managed to get into occasional mob scenes.

"It was worth \$15.56 a day when we worked," Illeana recalls. "That isn't bad, but there weren't enough mob scenes. We just acted as background. We never could spot ourselves in a movie after it came out."

While Bill was breaking basketball records and contributing his brown hair, blue eyes and 185 pounds of physique to movie backgrounds, he was also playing baseball. Very fast and a reliable ballhawk, Sharman was considered a big-league prospect from his sophomore year on. He hit .365 in his junior season and Bob Clements, Brooklyn's West Coast supervisor, was among the scouts who liked his looks. When Bill batted .333 in ten games during the spring of his senior year, Clements offered him a contract. Even though he was only a few weeks short of a degree, Sharman accepted it. He hopes some day to make up the time he needs to get his degree.

Sharman was a bonus player. The Dodgers gave him about \$15,000 to sign. If the baseball bonus law hadn't been repealed last year, Bill would have spent the 1951 season sitting on the bench in Brooklyn.

The Dodgers assigned him to Pueblo in the Western League, and the Sharman trek was on. From then until now, the family hasn't had a real home. They stayed in Pueblo from April until early August of 1950. Then Branch Rickey, who was the general manager of the Dodgers at the time, wanted Bill nearer Brooklyn so he might observe him more closely. He was transferred to the Elmira club in the Eastern League, which, like the Western, was in Class A. Bill left a .288 batting average behind him

HOW WOULD YOU CALL IT?

ANSWER

The Yankees were right. The batter was out before he left the plate. Rule 44, Section 6 says, in part, "When, with less than two out and with first base occupied, a batter misses a third strike, he is automatically out." Therefore, the first baserunner became the final out when he was caught at third.

in Pueblo, played about a month in Elmira, then found himself playing basketball again.

After the Washington Caps folded, the Sharman family had a month's vacation before Bill had to report to Vero Beach for spring training with the Dodgers. Illeana went home to Porterville to await developments. When Sharman's contract was assigned to Fort Worth, she and the family joined him there.

As at Pueblo, Bill had an adequate but not sensational season at the plate. He batted .285 but impressed everyone from manager Bobby Bragan down with his tremendous speed and his fielding ability. The Dodgers decided to pull him back up with the parent club to finish the season last year. For Sharman, this could have been a much happier experience. Bill climbed into a Brooklyn uniform just in time to be on the kill—the kill of the Dodgers by the Giants, that is. Bill didn't take any long trips with the Bums. He just shuttled back and forth from Boston to New York to Philadelphia, watching slow death set in before his eyes. He never got into a ball game but he saw enough to last him a whole season.

Sharman was under no illusions about getting into action during that short stretch when he was with the club. The day he and King went over to the Boston Arena for a little basketball recreation, his old pal, Bones McKinney, called after him as he left, "So long, kid. I'll be out to the ball park

to see you perform this afternoon."

"If you want to see me," Bill advised, "get there early enough to watch batting practice."

Sharman is a man of practically no vices—unless you want to count his incurably voracious sweet tooth. He loves candy and milk shakes of any flavor. In college, he bore the nickname, "The Milk Shake Kid." He'll down a dozen a day if he isn't carefully watched. Oddly enough, he doesn't gain weight, despite his strict adherence to the rules of right living and his passion for milk. He weighed 185 in college and he still weighs 185. He burns energy as fast as he stores it up, of course, but he doesn't smoke or drink and he sleeps at least nine hours a day. He doesn't even drink coffee.

Bill's routine is almost the same during the baseball season as it is in winter. He has been used to playing night baseball and pro basketball is rarely played any other time. To Bill, that means getting up at 9:30 or 10:00 a.m. and eating a good breakfast, consisting of as much hot cereal as he can get his wife to cook, a couple of eggs, sausages, toast and milk. He eats his heavy meal around 3:30 p.m. and, in common with most athletes, is partial to thick steaks.

His future is problematic. All of his baseball-basketball predecessors left basketball prematurely. At least one, Frankie Baumholtz of the Chicago Cubs, is sorry he did it. Baumholtz played for the Cleveland Rebels in the NBA one year. Then the Cincinnati Reds gave him \$6,000 not to play basketball. His worst baseball season followed and he drifted to the Cubs after duty in the minors. He never could get back into basketball.

Chuck Connors, Eddie Ehlers and Howie Schultz tried doubling up. They all left basketball first, then failed to stay in baseball's big leagues. If there is a lesson in any of these examples, Sharman may keep up his basketball even if he can hit major-league pitching.

And that, as far as the Boston Celtics are concerned, would be a dandy idea.

—■—

Everybody Underrates Wyrostek

(Continued from page 28)
the same thing—within limits." With this attitude, he overcame the limitations of a weak arm and became one of the most dependable defensive outfielders in the business.

Barney, as the ballplayers call him, finished the 1939 season at Houston and played under Eddie Dyer the next year, regaining his batting eye. Rochester tried him again in 1941, but after waiting three months for him to do something with his bat—he hit .252 in 86 games—the Red Wings shipped him to New Orleans.

"Ray Blades was the manager there," Wyrostek recalled, "and he did a lot for my confidence. Ray said to me, 'You're my center-fielder no matter what you hit.'" As it turned out, Johnny hit pretty well, compiling a .315 average. That winter, the Cardinals sold him to Pittsburgh and it appeared as if he was on his way to the majors.

But his time hadn't come yet. The season had hardly started before he was shipped to Toronto. There, he hit .270 and blasted 18 home runs. A left-handed hitter, batting against the wind that blows off Lake Ontario, he set a park record for homers in one season.

He also made the International League all-star team.

In 1943, Pittsburgh manager Frank Frisch gave him another chance at a regular job, but fate intervened. The day Wyrostek broke into the starting lineup, he dived for a line drive hit off the bat of the Phillies' Pinky May. He speared the ball but separated the muscles in his left shoulder.

"I came home and went fishing and Doc Hyland (the late Dr. Robert Hyland, surgeon general of baseball) treated me. I was disgusted with baseball and I thought seriously about quitting. I guess every ballplayer reaches that stage sometime or other."

Wyrostek's discouragement increased when, at the end of the 1943 season, the Pirates traded him to Columbus of the American Association in a deal for Preacher Roe. Frisch pointed to Barney's .114 and .152 batting averages for part-time play as evidence that he never would be a hitter. Wyrostek, in reply, gives his side of the story. "I bet I didn't play ten full games for Pittsburgh, and the book shows me in how many? Sixty? I have to play regularly to do any good. Fellows like Augie Galan or Frenchy Bordagary

could play once in a while and do okay, but not me!"

Barney's outfielding instructor, Vince DiMaggio, backed him up. He warned Bill Benswanger, the Pirate president, that the club was letting a major-leaguer get away. Wyrostek, incidentally, gives the elder DiMaggio a great deal of credit for teaching him the technique of defensive play.

After a period of despondency, Wyrostek swallowed his pride and joined the Columbus club on opening night, just in time to strike out three times. But that was the last unobstructed look American Association pitchers had at Barney. After that, they got only fleeting glimpses, through the fingers of the gloves they threw up to protect themselves.

Hoping that Frisch was reading the Association box scores, Wyrostek went on a batting rampage. When the season ended, he had hit .358 in 110 games and rified 50 doubles to all fields. He was ready for the majors. But once again fate stepped in, this time in the guise of a draft notice. Wyrostek went off to the Army.

He hit Europe with Company C, 11th Tank Battalion, 10th Armored Division, and when the shooting stopped, Wyrostek was transferred to the 71st Division to play baseball. There he be-

came friendly with a minor-league pitcher named Ewell Blackwell.

In the winter of 1945, he came home to learn that he had been sold to the Philadelphia Phillies. He discovered later that the Phils had bought him primarily to use as trading bait. But a fine spring training showing caused them to change their minds. In the very first game of the season, Barney rapped out three straight extra-base hits.

In 1946, at the age of 27, Wyrostek completed his first season in the major leagues. He hit .281 for the Phils, though bothered by appendicitis attacks most of the season. He also spent a busy summer in the field. Flanked by rookie Del Ennis and slow footed Ron Northey, he made 388 putouts in 145 games.

During the winter, he underwent operations to remove his appendix and tonsils. His wife, Anna Brady, daughter of a sportswriter, tried all kinds of dishes to fatten him up. "Every season, I'd lose 20 or 25 pounds," Barney said, "and I'd be tired and weak from then on. Now I keep my weight up by cutting down on pre-game work. I take batting practice and catch a couple of flies and then I sit down. You can wear yourself out before the game ever starts with a lot of useless running around."

Barney relaxes during the off-season, too. Only during the winter, when the quail season is on, will he move out of the house. Then he takes Johnny, Jr., age 11, rabbit hunting. He used to play soccer to keep his legs in shape, but he gave that up. In addition to young Johnny, four other children comprise the Wyrostek family.

In 1947, while hitting .273 for the Phils, Barney hit .355 against the Reds (.393 against them in Cincinnati). The year before, he hit .303 against them. This gave impetus to the sales talk being delivered in Cincinnati by Wyrostek's old Army pal, Ewell Blackwell. Between Blackie's front-office persuasiveness and Wyrostek's hitting, the Red management became convinced they should get him, if only for their own protection.

Eddie Miller, the Reds' shortstop, made the deal possible. Early in January, 1948, Eddie spoke off the record to the Hamilton, Ohio, Quarterback Club. Like many other public speakers,

Eddie misjudged the willingness of several hundred people to keep a secret. He spoke unkindly about manager Johnny Neun and some of his teammates. The next day, Eddie's remarks were very much on the record. The Reds had to choose between making him manager of the Reds or making him a former Red. They chose the latter course by sending him to the Phils for Wyrostek and cash.

In 1948, Wyrostek hit the same .273 at Cincinnati that he had hit for Philadelphia the year before, although he tattooed his right ankle with so many foul balls that he played out the season with his lower right ankle and foot surrounded by adhesive tape. That was the year he hit 17 homers.

During the Neun and Bucky Walters administrations at Cincinnati, Wyrostek played center and right fields. Walters used Barney only against left-handers, which drew controversy because Wyrostek is noted as a tough customer against southpaws. Under Sewell, Barney has become the full-time right-fielder, moving elsewhere only in emergencies. Since he led his nearest regular teammate by almost 50 points in the 1951 batting column, and since the Reds' club average was 63 points beneath his average, Sewell no doubt wishes he could use his lately-arrived star in several positions simultaneously.

Despite the rather humdrum life he has led in the majors, Wyrostek can still point to special thrills. His biggest moments came when he played in the 1950 and 1951 major-league All-Star games. "I guess every ballplayer dreams about that from the day he starts playing," Johnny says.

Because he has always taken care of himself, Wyrostek sees no reason why he shouldn't have several more big-league seasons. But he's not looking too far ahead. His basic philosophy, gained from the hard, bumpy road which began in 1936 when a 17-year-old boy crossed the Mississippi for a tryout, is to meet each season as it comes. He's not going to worry about the curves that he might face in the years ahead. Johnny's formula for living is worked out from his formula for hitting. Judging by the examination grades posted for 1951, he knows his subject well.

SPORTalk

(Continued from page 7)

Information Department: Regulation baseballs used in professional league play have 108 stitches . . . Dizzy Dean is high on his brother Paul's 14-year-old son. Watching him work out one day, he said, "The kid can't miss. He's got big feet and he's lazy." . . . Vinnie Richards, the old tennis champ, claims his 15-year-old son, Dean, will win the national title in 1957.

RALPH BRANCA, who has been regarded by many as a hard-luck ballplayer long before he served up that fateful home-run ball to Bobby Thomson last October, has been asked why he persists in wearing No. 13 on his flannels.

"I'm not superstitious," Big Ralph reveals, "and I've always liked the number. For instance, there are 13 kids in my family. The numbers in my family's address add up to 13, and the numbers in our telephone number total 13. I wear a size 13 shoe. Oh, there are a flock of other things, too. You still

have to throw that ball up to the plate yourself, no matter what number's on your back."

Despite all this, the Brooklyn front office announced before spring training—presumably with Branca's consent—that his number for the coming season will be 12. Now who's not superstitious?

WANT to know who will win the Olympic games this summer? The answer is nobody.

J. Sigfrid Edstrom, president of the International Olympic Committee, says that winning the Olympic games "is something dreamed up by the sportswriters." He said that "The newspaper boys have a point system and declare winning teams by nations. But by strict Olympic rules, we give laurels only to individuals."

Edstrom, whose nickname is "Mr. Olympics," has attended all the Olympic games since their modern revival at Athens, Greece, in 1896. The 81-year-old retired Swedish industrialist spent the past year touring the world to assist various nations in planning their participation in the 1952 games at Helsinki.

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If sheer desire means anything, Clarence (Snowy) Simpson should be quite a coach. Three years ago at the age of 32, Simpson decided he wanted to enter the coaching ranks. He had been working from midnight to 8 a.m. in a Pittsburgh steel mill. The little five-footer explained to his wife one day, "You don't get anywhere in the coaching racket without a degree."

His wife was all for Snowy becoming a schoolboy again, so they packed up their belongings and took their nine-year-old daughter to Kansas State College at Manhattan, Kansas. Simpson picked Kansas State so that he could study under his own personal idol, Jack Gardner, the K-State basketball coach.

Impressed with Simpson's sincerity and willingness, Gardner gave Simpson a job as student manager. Now Snowy is Gardner's man Friday. He's likely to be doing anything from scouting to picking up sweaty uniforms. He also coaches, writes a sports column, keeps the most complete statistics you ever saw, mothers the K-State cagers and carries an 18-hour course in school.

THE Boston Braves came up with a publicity stunt recently to end all publicity stunts. They chartered a special plane to take Boston sportswriters on a 10,000-mile junket to introduce the Tribe's 1952 rookies to the fans. The trip took three weeks and representatives of the Boston press and radio interviewed boys from Newark to Spokane and from Los Angeles to Puerto Rico. Each rookie's hometown was visited and a luncheon held for him. And all the newsmen had to do was send home a story on each rookie, something the Braves publicity department could have done for them.

THE short, grey, stocky man doesn't look like one of baseball's greatest iron men. Yet the record of Arnold (Jigger) Statz, now 54 and scouting for the Chicago Cubs in Southern California, tops that of Ty Cobb, Rabbit Maranville, Mel Ott, Rogers Hornsby or any of the other 20-year-and-up veterans. In 23 years with the Giants, Red Sox, Cubs, Dodgers and Los Angeles, Jigger played in 3,473 games—or 277 more than Ty Cobb can show.

"I broke in with the Giants in 1919 and quit at Los Angeles in '42," Statz was telling Biff the other day. "It may sound funny, but I don't rate those 3,473 games as much of a record. I wasn't especially tired at the finish. I could still run and time the ball, even at 43, but my wind was short. My heart just wouldn't pump fast enough in the late innings."

Weighing only 145 for years, Jigger went to bat 13,242 times (Cobb had 11,429) and got 4,093 hits (Cobb had 4,191). His lifetime average was .309. "That's funny, too," he comments. "Sportswriters are still doing pieces about my classy fielding and weak hitting. What's .309—an optical illusion?"

OAKLAND'S crack AAU basketball team is having a rough time with its nickname. First, it was called the Bittners, but when the boys deserted their sponsor, Lou Bittner, they lost their monicker. Last year, it was the Blue and Gold Brewers, but that sponsor ran out of funds. This season, the Oakland five is playing under the aegis of Atlas-Pacific Engineering. Naturally enough, they're called the Oakland Apes.

THE Senior Bowl football game at Mobile, Alabama, was successful last year—on the third try. It probably gave Ed Bagdon, All-America line-

man with Michigan State in 1949, cause for mixed emotions. Bagdon, who is now a member of the San Francisco 49er's, spoke at the annual Michigan chapter meeting of the National Football Writers' Association in January, 1950, and he described the first Senior Bowl game.

"Don Mason and I drove down in his car and paid all our expenses, including buying our own uniforms. On the way home, we were passing through Kentucky and hit a cow. The crash killed the cow and did several hundred dollars worth of damage to Mason's car. It was a losing venture all-around for us."

Bagdon was just two years too late. Each member of this year's winning team received \$500; the losers, \$400—plus a small cut of the gate receipts.

NOT many jockeys win three national championships. Johnny Adams did it in 1937, '42 and '43. And at 37, he is still one of the country's best riders. Adams is a squat, soft-spoken Kansan with an unusual background. For example, few race fans know that Johnny became a noted jockey because of a notorious ringer—Exotude.

In 1936, he rode Exotude to win after win without suspecting that he was really sitting on a horse of another color, Blue Boot. "But by any name, he was quite a runner," says Johnny, "and he shot me right into the big-time."

Adams had the worst "accident" of his turf life in Chicago last year. Hoodlums jumped him on a dark corner, beat the little fellow brutally and left him for dead. Johnny came out of the hospital to wind up as the leading jockey at every track in the Chicago area in 1951 with a total of 165 winning rides.

WRESTLERS, especially those who are ticketed for the Simon Legree role—are known for their villainy. But it is doubtful if anyone can top the performance of George (K.O.) Koverly several years ago in Australia. Koverly and his foe met in the center of the ring and then returned to their corners, facing the spectators as the band played, "God Save The King." While the National Anthem was being played, Kov-

erly raced to his foe's back, planted a solid wallop to his face and broke the side of his jaw in three places. Police had to hold back the crowd as he was taken to jail. He was fined \$2,250.

WEST COAST scribes nominate the fiery Paul I. Fagan, owner of the San Francisco Seals, as better "copy" than Bill Veeck. In the last six months, Fagan (1) ousted the idolized Lefty O'Doul as Seals' manager after a 17-year reign (2) installed Tommy Heath as manager despite the screams of critics who wanted Augie Galan (3) branded big-league owners as "controllers of the most vicious monopoly in the U.S." Fagan says he'll get full major status for the Pacific Coast League or take the issue to court.

The portly millionaire once threw San Francisco fans into a frenzy by banning peanut sales in Seals Stadium. Fagan had to reverse himself on that one. But he hasn't backed down on his ban against the traditional ads on the outfield fences, nor on his rule that every Seal must take the field freshly shaved, with uniform pressed and with a handkerchief in his hip pocket. This season, Fagan had the Seals begin spring training on February 1. By season's end, they will have staggered through 242 days of baseball, a big load in any league.

DOAK WALKER may have transferred his footballing from Dallas to Detroit but his hometown still loves him. A Dallas businessman wants to change the name of Oak Lawn Avenue to "Doak Lawn Avenue," and paint stripes across it every ten yards, to represent the yardage Doak has gained in his career.

He also wants to erect goal posts at each end of the avenue. When someone pointed out that it would be a strange representation of a football field, because the street zig-zagged, the businessman snorted and said, "Shucks. So does Doak!"

THANKS for all the votes you sent in on the Campus Football Queen Contest. Your interest was very encouraging. See you next month.

—B.B.



"OK, fellows—that's enough spring training for today."

© SPORT MAGAZINE

Letters to SPORT

(Continued from page 8)

for in a Salem church. The minister of the church was transferred to Massillon. A year or so later, when he heard the boy's father was to be evicted from his house in Salem, he offered him a job as janitor in his new parish here. The man and his family moved and found housing. The boy, who played very little football at Salem, played only ten quarters out of 40 for us this last season and then only on defense.

The second boy tried out for football at Salem this fall, was injured before the season started and failed to play at all. He didn't move to Massillon until the season was almost over and, naturally, played no football here. At this moment he is wearing a bulky brace on a knee which may never permit him to play football again.

In neither case did we know the boys had moved to Massillon until they enrolled at the high school. It is interesting to note that until this past season, no out-of-town boy had made the Massillon varsity since 1934. That fact, dug up by some deep research by our local sports editor, would seem to belie May's statement that our people "travel around Ohio during the summer months hunting good players from other schools." If that is true, our "scouts" haven't had much luck in 17 years.

Our team, which won its fourth consecutive state championship this past season, whole-heartedly thanks your fine magazine for the notice of its efforts.

Massillon, Ohio CHARLES V. MATHER
Athletic Director & Coach

HOWE GOOD IS RICHARD?

In the article on Gordie Howe in the December issue of SPORT, Red Wing manager Jack Adams is quoted as saying, "Gordie Howe is as good as Morenz. . . I think he is the greatest player hockey has seen in the last 25 years."

The same Mr. Adams, in the story on Maurice Richard in the February issue, says about Rocket Richard: "He's the best player I've seen in 20 years."

Evidently there is a difference between what hockey has seen and what Mr. Adams has seen.

St. Albans, New York JOSEPH MARZIOTTI, JR.
Evidently.

BASKETBALL REVOLUTION

Why revolutionize basketball? The game itself is bigger than any bunch of crooks, so let the game beat the cheats and swindlers.

I have just read, with great interest, your article "A Proposal to Revolutionize Basketball," by Bobby Sand. I heartily agree with Mr. Sand that the point spread must go. However, I differ with him in his statement that his method will overcome the problem.

He suggests that the team that wins a given number of periods be declared the winner of the game. What is to keep the good team from controlling the points in each period and still have the total points meet the final spread? Under Mr. Sand's method the gamblers could really thrive. What would prevent them from making bets on each period . . . ?

I would like to suggest the following plan. . . . Why not, after the automatic time out, have all fouls credited to the offended players in the scorebook but save the foul shots until after the end of regulation playing time. The offended team could put the ball in play at an out-of-bounds spot nearest to where the foul was committed. This would keep the game moving and yet the offended team could retain possession. The scorer would keep account of the player fouled and the number of fouls he is entitled to shoot. . . .

After regular time has expired, let each player shoot the number of fouls indicated in the scorebook. People will say that every game will end up as a foul-shooting contest. What is the harm in this? Foul-shooting is definitely a part of basketball. How many games have been won or lost on the foul line? The only difference under this proposal is that the fouls committed in the last few minutes of the game would not be shot until the game is over. If anyone or any group can control the number of fouls and the number of shots each man will take—and make—then it is a bigger problem than we think. . . .

Jackson, Ohio G. R. GAST

Bobby Sand's article should be given special consideration by the Rules Committee.

I think that a poll conducted by your magazine and newspapers throughout the country would reveal favoritism for Mr. Sand's suggestions. Basketball would benefit. The only losers would be the gamblers.

Allen Park, Michigan JACK SCAGNETTI

ANY COLEMAN FANS?

. . . I would like to start a "Jerry Coleman Fan Club" but, living in Brooklyn, I have quite a bit of difficulty finding Yankee fans, let alone Coleman fans. If there are any Coleman fans interested in joining my club, will you please get in touch with me at 1529 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn? Brooklyn, N. Y. JOAN RATA

JUMPING OUT LOUD

In reference to your SPORT Quiz in the February issue, concerning question No. 9—"The basketball center jump is used to put the ball in play at least how often in a game?"—I believe the answer to be incorrect. Your answer was "Twice; at the beginning of each half."

Being a basketball official, I am sure you will find in the 1951-52 Rule Book that all games are to be played in four quarters. Therefore, I think the correct answer should be four times—at the beginning of each quarter. . . . Wilmington, Delaware A. H. PRICE

. . . Down here, where we have a pretty good basketball team, we have a center jump at least four times a game—once before each quarter. Lexington, Ky. DON MCBRIDE

Apparently, the only spot in the country where they do not have a jump ball at the start of each quarter is in the office of SPORT. We have decided to go along with the rule book and the rest of the nation. We are now playing with at least four center jumps per game.

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TIME OUT

WITH THE EDITORS



WHY NOT SUGAR RAY VS. MAXIM?

PEOPLE are always talking about what boxing needs. They say it needs a single controlling body. They say it needs more rigid medical supervision of boxers in order to cut down injuries and deaths. They say it needs relief from the hoodlums and the sharpies who infest its ranks. They say it needs a lot of other things. We've always thought the thing it needs most of all, at any given time, is more good fights. Nobody was talking about what was wrong with boxing the day after Joey Maxim upset Irish Bob Murphy, the day after Jersey Joe Walcott lowered the boom on Ezzard Charles, the day after Sugar Ray Robinson punched Randy Turpin dizzy in their return bout.

We don't pretend to be clever matchmakers but we think we have an idea what the public would like to see. That's why we'd like to offer this suggestion to the International Boxing Club—or any other enterprising promoter. Why not make it worth while for Sugar Ray Robinson to lay down his world middleweight championship and go after the light-heavyweight title held by Joey Maxim?

Maybe that sounds like a crazy notion at first but if you inspect it, it isn't so foolish. Sugar Ray probably does not intend to keep on fighting much longer. He's a smart businessman who can look forward to an exceedingly comfortable life after he retires from the ring. He isn't likely to stay around so long that he won't be able to enjoy himself after he quits. Nobody is at all certain that he wants to make another trip to England for a rubber match with Turpin. On the other hand, everybody who knows Ray well is aware that he always has nursed an ambition to go down in the record books as a man who held three championships. We think the right offer would tempt Ray to decide that a light-heavyweight title fight with Maxim would make a fitting climax to his brilliant career. Win or lose, he could quit after that one. And if he could pull it off, wouldn't it be a great way to go out of the game?

Maxim, of course, would have nothing to lose in such a match. The cutey from Cleveland hasn't made a fortune in the ring and he'd probably jump at the chance to share the kind of gate a Robinson bout would draw. Furthermore, he's bigger than Sugar

Ray and certainly could figure himself no worse than an even bet. Ray, on the other hand, would be likely to accept the match as a reasonable one because he knows Maxim isn't a fierce hitter.

The more we think about it, the more we like the idea. You can't tell us the fight wouldn't draw a crowd. It would be a natural. Boxing isn't in such good shape in this country that it can afford to turn its back on "natural" attractions. There aren't enough of them. Sadly, though, the few that do exist have an astonishingly hard time coming about. We have altogether too many non-fighting champions, too many challengers who are so good they can't get important matches, too many weak-kneed officials who allow champions to put their titles into the deep freeze and take them out only for a vaudeville appearance now and then. A good illustration of what we have in mind is the long vacation Jersey Joe Walcott took after he won the heavyweight championship from Ezzard Charles. Walcott was justly acclaimed for his accomplishment, which was a triumph of perseverance, but it is hard to do anything but condemn him (or, more appropriately, his manager) for his tactics afterward. He had a contract to defend the title against Charles within 90 days. He ignored it. He was required by the rules of the National Boxing Association to defend within six months. He ignored that, too. He threw a blanket of stagnation over the division, which is the bellwether of the entire sport. A whole string of good matches, involving Walcott, Charles, Rocky Marciano, Harry Matthews and others, were stymied by Jersey Joe's refusal to fight.

The worst blight that afflicts boxing today is the popularity among fighters, managers and matchmakers (but not among the fans) of the non-title or over-the-weight bout. This cozy little dodge enables a champion to keep in shape, to exploit his title for every dollar he can wring out of it, and still avoid any risk of losing it to a better man. It does the sport a lot more harm than it does good. It helps keep good challengers down and thereby helps reduce the number of good fights put on every year. And we still say, what boxing needs most of all is more good fights.

Wouldn't you like to see Robinson vs. Maxim?

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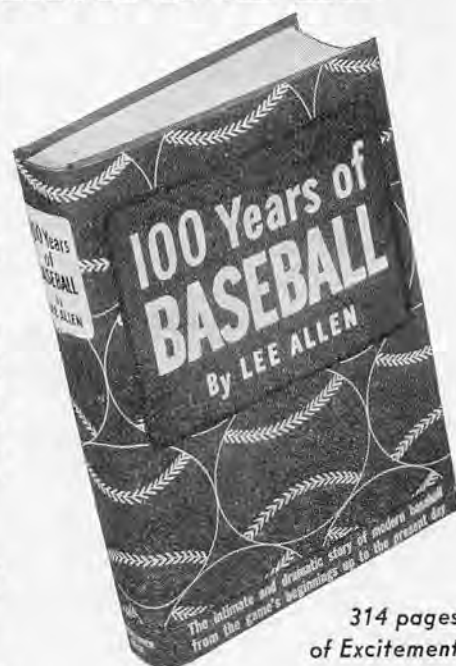
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WHAT YOU GET IN THIS AMAZING BOOK

LEE ALLEN

Read this table of contents

1. Harry Wright, Forgotten Father. 2. Bill Hulbert's Shotgun Wedding. 3. The Debutante National League. 4. The Louisville Crooks. 5. Melancholy Monopoly. 6. Beer and Whiskey Circuit. 7. St. Lucas and the Onions. 8. Strawberry Shortcake and Grass. 9. The Brotherhood Boys. 10. Year of Bitterness. 11. Pietro the Gladiator. 12. Lopsided Loop. 13. A Graveyard at St. Paul. 14. Conspiracy at Red Bank. 15. Era of the Dead Ball. 16. Cooperstown Pastoral. 17. Cork, Cobb and Controversy. 18. Feud With the Feds. 19. Baseball and World War I. 20. Baseball: Out of Commission. 21. The Sultan and the Czar. 22. A Few Final Scandals. 23. Rickey and His Redbirds. 24. Changing of the Guard. 25. Depression Baseball. 26. Six Thousand Full Moons. 27. "Break Up the Yankees!" 28. Under the Green Light. 29. Jackie! 30. In the Land of Tequila. 31. L'Affaire Durocher. 32. Peace, It's Wonderful!

The author of this splendid book is the noted sports writer, radio commentator, and author of *The Cincinnati Reds*. Some kids run off with the circus as soon as they are old enough to walk, but with Lee Allen it was the ball park. As a consequence, he's watched major league ball games for more than 25 years of his life. He knows his baseball thoroughly.

Another Springmaid Deb Nancy Brown

**Nancy Brown is well known
to all café society—that is, to
those who go to the right cafés
where her saga is still sung**



In the hills of West Virginia lived a gal named Nancy Brown;
She was pining for a hope chest filled with sheets as soft as down.
Now Deacon Jones and Nancy searched the mountain high and low;
They almost reached the summit but no farther would she go.
She came back down the mountain; she came back down the mountain;
She came tripping down the mountain shoutin' "No!"
Said she didn't think the Deacon sought the same thing she was seekin';
And to meet his forceful urgin' took a most resourceful virgin;
But she's still as pure as mountain driven snow.

Then came along a Trapper who, with phrases sweet and kind,
Took Nancy up the mountain but when she read his mind,
She came back down the mountain; she came back down the mountain;
She came riding down the mountain piggyback.
When he tried to get too pally, she headed toward the valley.
For she remained, as I have stated, not one whit contaminated;
And she's still as straight as Pappy's Applejack.

A Drummer came along one day, who wooed her with a song.
Took Nancy to the mountains, but she still knew right from wrong.
She came back down the mountain; she came back down the mountain;
She came tearing down the mountain breathing scorn.
But despite his smart deceits, she would not desert her sheets;*
So she left her bold companion to the coyotes in the canyon,
And she's still as green as West Virginia corn.

Then came a city slicker with his hundred dollar bills,
Put Nancy in his Packard and took her to the stills.
She came back down the mountain; she came back down the mountain;
She came skidding down the mountain with new life;
For that handsome city slicker made her girlish heart beat quicker.
So her Pappy, rising early, met a woman, not a girlie;
And his shotgun made the couple man and wife.

Oh, she's living in the city; Oh she's living in the city;
Oh, she's living in the city mighty swell.
For she's wining and she's dining,
On her Percal sheets** reclining,
And the West Virginia hills can go to hell.
No more scrubbing pots and kittles, for she's eating fancy vittles;
And our West Virginia gal has done right well.

Along came that depression, kicked the slicker in the pants;
He had to sell his Packard and catch a boat for France.
So she came back to the mountains, so she came back to the mountains;
Oh, she sneaked back to the mountains mighty sore.***
Now the Drummer and the Deacon furnish Nancy with her sheetin',****
For our Nancy's not as choosy as of yore.



* SPRINGMAID high duty Type 140 for mountain strain.

** SPRINGSCALE® Type 180.

*** She could not afford any sheets.

**** She has to hem her own SPRINGMAID sheeting but, if she omits the monograms and hem-stitching, they will last her the rest of her life, even in the mountains.

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